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The Ethos

VOLUME IV JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1931 No. 1

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The Ethos

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STYLE

(Underline proper word)

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ULL FABRIKOID
ULL CLOTH
ULL LEATHER

ACK & CORNERS
Morocco ½ ¾

IDES
Buckram
Fabrikoid
Cloth
Paper

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Dark Brown
Black
Green
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VOLUME IV JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1931 No. 1

Emmanuel

Emmanuel! A King? so poor?
  Why dost Thou hide Thy regal state
And homeless pass through towns and desert moor
  While countless slaves on earthly monarchs wait?
Emmanuel! Our Lawgiver! so gently mild!
  Why dost Thou bear all taunts and jeers,
And, patient, let Thy teachings be reviled,
  The same Meek Lamb e'en to these present years?
O see, my soul, the lessons of His life
  Enforced anew, our human hearts to school
Throughout our constant daily strife
  To seek conformity unto His rule.
For unto all will ope the Gate above
  Who well have learned humility and love.

MARY F. KELLEY, '32.

The Art Immortal

Music, which has charmed all races of men throughout all ages, was described by Longfellow as "the universal language of mankind." And indeed it is the only universal language. Consider the pains one must take if one wishes to read Homer, Vergil, Goethe, or Chateaubriand, to learn Greek, Latin, German, or French; whereas in music there is no such difficulty, since musical notation is identical in all languages. Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, and Grieg wrote in the same musical language.

To cultivate a lasting love and appreciation of music we must become familiar with really good music. How can this be accomplished? By listening attentively at a concert, a symphony, or an opera. Many times I have heard people say that they actually dislike good music, that they prefer a comic opera or a musical comedy, something light and snappy. What has brought about such a condition? They have merely failed to train their ears to good music and their minds to the language of music, they have not received the message which music bears to the soul, the message of perfect harmony and rhythm. What is it, they ask, that causes people at a concert to be so absorbed in a sonata of Beethoven, for example? There is only one answer to their question. These people who are true music-lovers are influenced by the religious passion and the elevating sentiment that is characteristic of Beethoven's music. The composer is speaking to them through his music and as the various movements are played the listeners can follow them as they would the acts of a drama.

There is no art which can give more pleasure or happiness to man. In these days of speed and glamour many are inclined to rush through life without having had time to live. The pleasures they choose for their leisure moments are momentary and fleeting. How much more they would enjoy life, if only they were brought to realize the benefits of repose, peace, and happiness that leisure properly used can give. The person who can spend an evening at home with Chopin, Beethoven, Liszt, or Mozart, really knows how to live. Music to her is food which refreshes and revives her tired soul. In her own simple way, almost unknown to herself, she is becoming truly cultured. Far wealthier is she than the wealthy society lady who must depend on the ability of others for her entertainment. It is interesting to note how many prominent men daily have recourse to music as a source of relaxation. Among them may be mentioned Lord Balfour, former Prime Minister of England, Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy, who spends a few moments with his violin every day, Charles G. Dawes, former Vice-President of the United States, and many others. To them music is something upon

which they really depend as a part of their daily life routine, just as they depend upon air, water, and food for their physical sustenance.

In order to appreciate music thoroughly one must understand it and have some knowledge of a musical instrument. What more worthwhile accomplishment can there be than to be able to play an instrument well? In this way music becomes more attractive to a person. Students must keep in mind, however, that they will never appreciate music fully by practising in a mechanical fashion. Thought must guide them, for we must remember that music is an art as are poetry, painting, and sculpture, and that these arts belong to the spiritual, not to the materialistic order. It is true that in order to sing, the organs of the throat must be in motion, and to play an instrument the fingers must move, but it is the mind which controls these organs. In singing, if we wish to make a lovely sound we must think a lovely sound. We must learn to use our imagination. How often my teacher says to me:—"You are not thinking." We often hear the remark:—"She plays so mechanically," or "she plays with so much feeling." What is the difference? Namely, that in the former case there is lack of thought in the playing, which is merely a rendition of notes, while in the latter case the player is concentrating and using her mind to interpret great and noble thoughts.

When we consider the hardships the great composers had to endure, and the struggles they had to undergo while writing their music, we should make a special endeavor to gain a better appreciation of their work by hearing it at every possible opportunity. To the end of his days Schubert remained poor. When lack of funds prevented him from purchasing manuscript paper, he was forced to write his songs on the cuffs of his shirt-sleeves. During the last years of his life Beethoven suffered from want of money and from deafness. Practically his whole lifetime Chopin suffered from ill health and died at the early age of thirty-nine.

Among the composers Beethoven is considered "the master of masters." His music is characterized by beautiful tonal quality and perfect rhythm. His subtlety of expression also attracts the listener. He was the first musician to give music its place as the supreme art of expression. If we examine his "Fifth Symphony in A Minor," we shall find this expressive characteristic which makes the selection so popular. There is a touching appeal of a slow movement in it which delights the music-lover. The composer is speaking to mankind like every great poet or artist. He is expressing the joys and sorrows of his own life in a language of tones which cannot be translated into words. In his music there is a spiritual element which takes us into a world of noble thought and reflection. When we listen to Beethoven and imbibe the grace and sublimity of his expression, we are transported into a realm of ideals

where we begin to conclude that the world is indeed of time, what is unseen, of eternity. Music which can raise the soul to such lofty heights is far greater than that which simply pleases and delights. Such music is divine and eternal. It comes from an inspired mind which contemplates eternity such as was the mind of the master artist, Beethoven.

The Church has always fostered and made use of the arts, music especially. Saint Thomas Aquinas assigned it "the first place among the seven liberal arts," and he regarded it as "the most noble of the modern sciences." During the Middle Ages, along with arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, it was taught as an art and a science.

In the monasteries of Syria, Chaldea, and Egypt, the Christian song had its first development. On account of their rare beauty the Psalms were used by the monks as texts for Chants. From the earliest centuries of the Christian Era hymns were written and are still used, among which are the "Pange Lingua," the "Veni Creator" and many others. It was through the endeavors of Pope Saint Gregory the Great, who lived from 390-604 A.D., that the liturgy of the Church was unified. He organized what has since been called the "Gregorian Chant," which is distinguished for its artistic and devotional qualities.

From the earliest ages most of the famous composers have found their inspiration in religious themes. Giacomo Carissimi, born in the seventeenth century, and one of the purest musicians Italy has produced, first introduced religious cantatas into the musical world. As subject matter he took the sacred histories ("historiae sacrae") from the Bible, such as "The History of Job," "The History of Abraham and Isaac," and "The Last Judgment." Johann Sebastian Bach, a very religious man, composed some of the greatest cantatas ever written. Handel also contributed to sacred music with his oratorio "Esther," his "Te Deum," and his famous "Messiah." One of the greatest compositions of Beethoven was his "Mass in D," which he called his "most finished work." Among the compositions of Schubert there are two beautiful masses which reflect the spirituality of the man.

Music is the most elevating of all the arts. It is so elevating that we are unable to translate the effect it has upon us into human language. With its power of consolation it points to our future life, it sings of our soul's immortality.

> Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
> Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
> But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
> The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.
>
> —*Browning.*

MARGARET O'CONNELL, '32.

Rejuvenation

Mrs. Henry Stevens rocked methodically back and forth, the rocker creaking dismally on each backward stroke and uttering a plaintive little rattle on each forward stroke as though catching its breath. She was seated on the back screen porch shelling peas, the discarded shells dropping musically into the empty tin beside her. She was watching Henry cultivate the corn—pushing the hand cultivator spasmodically. Homer followed in the dust at his heels, arching his back against Henry's legs at the rest intervals. Henry, she knew, was in diligent search of inspiration. This she could tell by the methodical way in which he worked. He had often said whimsically that he "picked his inspiration out of the dust."

The locusts droned lazily. Across the fence the Jones girl was hanging a few pieces of pink on the line. "Very inadequate," Mrs. Stevens noted to herself.

She carried a few pins in her mouth and pinned the clothes on the line with a determined little push.

Mrs. Stevens did not quite approve of the Jones girl, yet she envied her just the same. She had youth—youth. She went to dances and parties with Billy Waite. She wore rather scant clothing—none the less becoming.

Mrs. Henry Stevens thought back upon her own married life. She had had youth once—before she had married Henry. Somehow it seemed to her that her youth had stopped on that marital day—and age begun. Henry had been good to her—yes, in his careless way, but he had been wrapped up in his poetry and away all day at the box factory and she had been left much to herself. How little she had really had in life! A monotonous round of housework—day after day. She had stopped rocking and was shelling peas mechanically. Sixty-three did not make her such a very old lady—and Henry only sixty-five! Why shouldn't they enjoy the rest of life together? He was comfortably situated now that editors were bidding for his poetry. She suddenly decided decisively that they would start going out—as the Jones girl did.

To think was to act. She arose, the rocker uttering a complaining squeak, and went down the steps, across the lawn to the back fence.

"My, what 'pretties' you young people wear, Helen," she began. Helen looked up and smiled.

"Not only that, but they're cool too," she offered. "I guess the girls have the advantage, Mrs. Stevens. Poor Billy, I can just picture the way he's going to wilt in his Tux tonight."

"Oh, you're going to a dance tonight? My, you young people are fortunate, going out every night or so. Sometimes I wish——" she hesitated.

"Why don't you go too?" broke in Helen. "It's a charity ball and everybody is welcome. The more the merrier."

"Oh, but my dear, I don't think Henry would know what to do. We haven't danced in twenty years, and they don't dance the schottisches and polkas any more, you know. This new-fangled foxtrot——"

"Yes, but they play quite a number of waltzes, and foxtrots are nothing but walking," Helen hastened to say. "Do come, Mrs. Stevens, I'm sure you'd enjoy yourself. A number of middle-aged people come to the dances."

The "middle-aged" completely turned the trick. "At least she didn't think us old," thought Mrs. Stevens.

She went across the lawn to the garden, where Henry, the cultivating finished, had turned his attention to the baiting of a box trap. "Pesky crows aren't going to get the rest of my corn," he offered by way of explanation, "they got most of the Golden Bantam already."

It took persuasion, much persuasion, to win Henry around to her way of thinking regarding the Charity Ball. Since the twenty thousand dollar prize which had come to Henry as a windfall and so completely changed their lives, the new Prince Albert and the evening gown had hung unused in the closet. Henry was adamant on wearing black patent leather shoes. "Moccasins are good enough for me," he complained, "they give my feet room enough to breathe in, and that's more than shoes will." But on this point she was victorious too.

He came across the hall to her room that evening, one side of his wing collar protruding at a jaunty angle beneath his ear. "Abby, will you button this darned collar?" the height of exasperation in his voice, "I just get one end fastened and the other side flies off."

She arose from the chair before her dressing table where she had been deftly poking in a few last hairpins. She snapped his collar and tied his cravat, fussing over him a little, brushing a few specks of imaginary dust from his suit.

His mood changed when he saw his reflection in the glass. "Not so bad for an old duffer," he said proudly. "Well, get on your dress and we'll go."

"But I have it on," she said pirouetting before him. "Don't you like it, Henry?"

He stared at her in amazement. "You don't mean to tell me that's a dress," he gasped, "don't you wear anything over it?"

"Why, no." She colored slightly. "I've been thinking it is a bit too conservative. It has sleeves, you see, and most of them don't have any, and the neck is very high."

"Well, Abby, I guess it's all right if you say so. It does make you look younger." It was genuine praise.

Mrs. Henry Stevens realized that the ball was not a success. In the first place, it was a very warm evening even for June and Henry's feet bothered him unbearably, as did hers, although she would not have admitted it for the world. Then, too, they played only two waltzes, and the foxtrots were not so easy to learn as the Jones girl had prophesied. Henry couldn't seem to keep step. They had left early and the last glance Mrs. Stevens caught of the affair was the vision of the Jones girl clad in filmy chiffon, swaying rythmically to the music, her chin on Billy's shoulder, her eyes closed.

It gave her a stab of pain—not jealousy, but pain. That which she had hoped to obtain was gone forever—totally unattainable. She and Henry were old.

Ovid and Virgil met them at the door when they reached home, mewing happily, brushing against their legs—Henry stumbled over them as they rushed through the doorway. Homer was conspicuous by his absence.

It rained the next day but cleared at sundown. They both arose rather later than usual. She busied herself with the housework while Henry betook himself to the studio in back, his mood suggesting that a new "Il Penseroso" was about to be composed.

Homer was still missing, although they searched the house from top to bottom and called out the front door and back. This added to Henry's already overburdened spirits, and he spoke very little at dinner and supper except to suggest that if "they hadn't gone to that infernal ball Homer would not have been lost," and he, Henry, "would have a decent pair of feet to walk on."

She sat by the table in the studio that night, an ample basket of Henry's socks in her lap, her fingers busy with a needle. Henry sat at his desk in the corner, intermittent scratching of his pen sounding above the song of the crickets and katydids that drifted through the open windows. A light breeze rustled the curtains of the studio. Outside the moon was glorious-full. Suddenly the atmosphere of the studio seemed to stifle her. She rose quietly in order not to disturb Henry, and went out into the night.

The moonflower on the fence was open, its transparent loveliness ghostlike against the green foliage—the night was heavy with the scent of it. The cool grass was soft beneath her feet as she walked slowly down by the perennial border next to the fence. Suddenly she heard her name spoken and stopped to listen. Across the fence Billy and the Jones girl were sitting in the shadow of the Jones's grape arbor. She could make

out the two forms indistinctly, sitting close together. She was rather sure Billy's arm was around Helen Jones.

Their hushed voices came again across the hum of the June night. "Billy," it was Helen speaking, "Billy, aren't they fortunate? They're so settled, and so contented and happy. Billy, we'll be like that after we're married, won't we, dear?"

"We sure will, Hon," he answered. "I'm afraid I couldn't turn out the poetry the Old Boy does, but I can sit and read and smoke my pipe—if you will be there, too."

"And I'll darn your socks, as she was doing tonight. Oh, Billy, we'll be so happy and contented—and we won't want to go out to dances and parties, will we?"

"No," he answered decisively, "we'll just be enough ourselves."

Abby turned at a noise behind her. Henry was standing there.

He had been listening too. She didn't dare look at him. They moved off discreetly toward the vegetable garden. He reached over and caught her hand. She felt the tears well up in her eyes. He hadn't done so much in many years. She didn't quite know what to do. They walked up through the young corn. "Look," she said rather foolishly, "the box trap is sprung."

Henry's voice was a bit husky. "If there is a crow in there we'll let it go, Abby," he said.

He bent down and released the catch on the lid. Out of the box scuttled the black form of Homer. He turned and came back to them, mewing reproachfully. Hand in hand they turned back to the studio.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

Trees

Trees are lovely in the sun,
A green and silver show'ry mass,
Reflecting all their leafy glory
In the stream's clear looking-glass.

Trees are loveliest by night—
Shadows, breezes, all in tune—
Trees are lacy silhouettes
Swaying gently 'cross the moon!

RUTH M. ELLIS, '32.

The Tourist Instinct

The attraction of distant objects, stimulating as it does the wavering steps of the toddler, may be said to inaugurate the tourist campaign. The instant and happy gurgle of delight at the mention of the word "Bye-Bye," early manifests that baby is innately a tourist. A fond mother spends many anxious moments when, as a result of an irresistible urge to tour, her young son, without announcing his decision, sets out to see the world. The idea usually originates after his initial trip to the circus. Thenceforth in his estimation no more brilliant career exists than that of a circus hand with such unlimited possibilities for travel. As often as not his inclination is thwarted by a visit to the police station as a tired, forlorn, dirty, little stray. Her first trip to town to attend a matinée is for the young miss an occasion of red-letter-day importance. What a thrill comes with lunching out, with seeing the riot of color, and hearing the song hits of the performance! Young folks generally like to gratify their touring desires by trips to places about which their studies have woven a charm of attraction. The author finds in traveling, experiences which his alert mind treasures for material for subsequent narration. The languid convalescent finds a sea voyage a soothing antidote for the hardship of a long hospital confinement. The tired business man, prompted by the tourist instinct, seizes a brief period of relaxation from the press of duty to enjoy a freedom for thought, stimulated by the varied routine.

The wanderlust possesses us all at one time or another. Were we to indulge this nomadic turn of our nature constantly, our civilization would suffer. How Utopian a fancy it is to vizualize a carefree, happy, world-wide family on a tour of exploration! Yet a moderate gratification of this impulse brings a deeper appreciation of life. Instinctively as the vacation season approaches frequent abstracted moods steal over you. Lo! 'midst the rumble of subway traffic, the droning of classroom recitation, or the clatter of type keys, you are indolently lolling in a shaded, scented nook among towering pines, or if you are of a more energetic disposition, you are scaling dizzy heights in the far-off Alps, or still again a scholarly trend of thought sends you roaming about the treasures of antiquity and culture. You test and heartily agree with Horace's views on life in an Italian country villa; you witness on Grecian soil the birth of a "rosy-fingered dawn." These daydreams are pleasurable, but oh! the bliss of seeing them become possibilities, probabilities, and actualities.

There are humorous sides to the tourist question, too. Few are without experience in the matter of baggage-laden trips. One ignorant of the wearisome ordeal of baggage inspection usually makes the blunder of

carrying too much and wastes precious hours in checking up on wandering bags, generally finding that they follow rather than accompany him. During the actual trip this part affords little enjoyment but in reminiscences the ludicrous aspects occasion many a hearty laugh. Fortunate is he who has so placid a disposition as had a traveler whom I recently saw embark. Because of an oversight his baggage was untagged and sent to the dock. Before the liner sailed, it could not be located, yet he stood at the deck rail with as unperturbed a mien as any Stoic could muster and discoursed on the advantages of travel unhampered by luggage.

The tourist instinct can be satisfied in unpretentious ways too. One who has never felt the thrill of the explorer in guiding a car from a traffic-crowded thoroughfare into an unknown, winding road has missed an untold amount of pleasure. Invariably such a road has a badly rutted stretch but that is part of the fun and a real advantage, for you see much more since your speed is retarded. Such surprises await round each curve that your remarks, if recorded, would present an imposing array of exclamation points. Hours of leisure spent in such a manner are for mental invigoration what deep breathing is for the lungs.

Mary F. Kelley, '32.

Lex Divina

As the light that brightens
Is the sun that may blight,
As the breeze that freshens
Is the wind that may bite;

So the Glance that blesses
Is the look that may frown,
And the Hand that caresses
May also confound.

Teresa Delaney, '32.

Noblesse Oblige

"Happy birthday, Peter!" called Patricia Ann as her high-powered yellow roadster pulled up at the closed gate of the railroad crossing.

"And happy, happy birthday to you, Miss Pat!" exclaimed the old man who a few minutes before had been occupied lowering the gates for the oncoming afternoon express. His work over for a moment or two, he stepped nearer the shiny car, his face covered with smile wrinkles for the smartly dressed girl in brown.

"Good luck!" she said, quietly slipping a gold piece into his hand. "Get some of your favorite brand of tobacco, Peter."

"Thanks, Miss Pat," said the gate-tender, as the speeding train passed. "Sometime, perhaps, I'll be able to do something for you. I will do something for you. Wait and see."

The station of the town was several miles beyond this point and the speed of the trains at this particular crossing had caused it to be termed "the most dangerous grade-crossing in the State." But Old Peter was vigilant. He loved his work as gate-tender, and even now he fulfilled his duties with his customary look of pride. At his signal the automobile traffic started.

"Go slow, Pat," he called laughingly to Patricia, and she waved a smile in return. He had called, "Go slow" to her for so many years. Dear old Peter! And their birthdays! Today he was just three times her age, sixty-three and twenty-one. She remembered when Peter was in his forties. He was aging now. But why, ah! why should Patricia Ann think of age? She was twenty-one, gloriously happy and . . . in love!

Old Peter watched her drive away with a smile on his weather-beaten, wrinkled face and a chuckle for his companion and "crony," Sam. "Go slow," he called again to the quickly disappearing car. Sam looked up.

"I always say that, always," exclaimed Peter in response to his friend's inquiring glance. "Since the days when that little mite used to gallop her pony by here."

Sam merely shrugged, and the gate-tender continued as if defending his unconcealed admiration for Patricia Ledwidge, of *the* Ledwidges. "Why, Sam, that child has been a godsend to me. When Nellie was alive, Miss Pat was awfully good to her, and now . . . why, man, I'll never forget it, and I pray to God that sometime He'll let me be of some service to her."

"That's a long speech for you to make, Peter," offered his friend twinkling. "I guess 'mebbe' you must mean it."

"I do," was the solemn reply.

Into the sheltered driveway Patricia Ann drove her roadster, pulling

up directly in front of the stone steps of the Ledwidge mansion. She fairly flew up to the heavy door and greeted the trim, uniformed maid with that smile that only she could give.

"Any calls?" she asked.

"Several . . . birthday calls and a box of roses, too," was the answer.

Patricia dimpled as she glanced over the telephone list. Mary, Joey, Jack, Flo, and Father Tom. Birthday wishes from all, and from Father Tom the message that he would be at her birthday supper that night. Father Tom, her serious, pious cousin, who took her welfare so much to heart. She had always regarded him as an adviser, but it was clear that as a priest he wouldn't be likely to approve of the step she was about to take. Father Tom would not find Patsy Ann at home on her birthday night.

Calling a greeting to "Little Mother," as the Ledwidges all called the gracious lady of the house, Patsy Ann skipped upstairs to find twenty-one roses—twenty-one roses from Lester! Lester, the newest acquisition to the little town, Lester with his money and good looks, who had expressed his love for Patsy Ann—Lester, who in turn was loved by Patsy Ann. For she did love him, and she loved being loved by him. He was so much older than the "boys" with whom she had always golfed, danced, and driven. Lester was a man, and he had proposed seven times to Patricia Ann. Once that first night, five times last night, and again this very morning. Hmmm. And she'd almost accepted. Perhaps she would—if only . . .

Her reverie was interrupted by "Little Mother's" entrance. "Look, Mother. Flowers! Aren't they gorgeous?"

The "Little Mother's" smile took away all reproof as she said, "Seeing a lot of Lester, aren't you, dear? Out with him this morning?"

Patricia nodded, and her mother went on, "He's a little old for you, my darling."

Patsy Ann wanted to cry out, to tell her mother of their plan, that she wanted to be Lester's wife, and . . . tonight. But she couldn't. The Ledwidges would never consent to a mixed marriage, and Lester was a non-Catholic. All the tenderness of Patricia Ann's heart came to the surface as she kissed "Little Mother," now leaving the room. She hated to hurt anyone, but Lester—Lester meant happiness!

Moving to the window Patricia reflected on the events of the morning. Lester was leaving town and she had driven him over to Jaffrey, where he would take an evening train, and he wanted her to meet him there. "To meet Lester at seven," she mused. She hadn't really accepted his proposal. Her arrival at seven would mean the acceptance. A secret marriage! It wasn't the ideal way. "Still," Patricia reflected almost

aloud, "The family would never allow me to marry a non-Catholic." And Lester was such a dear! That morning in the glorious autumn air he had been gentle but firm on the subject of religion.

"Patsy Ann," he had said, "Worship as you please, darling, but don't ask me to join you." Well, she reflected, she would worship just as always before, only more so. It was with rather a qualm of conscience that she remembered the Holy Day the week before. She had missed Mass to go horseback-riding with Lester. But in the future, in the future she would reform. Yes, tonight she would meet Lester and together they would face the world. "More important to face the family," she mused smiling a little. With the new moon as witness she said at the open window, "Lester, I will meet you at seven—I will be your wife."

Packing a few things in her overnight case, she slipped downstairs and started out the side door, glancing rather wistfully at a birthday cake on the dining room console. There was to be a birthday party at seven, too. But Patsy Ann was resolute. Tonight was to be the final answer and she was ready. She hurried to her roadster, started the engine and slipped out of the driveway, on her way to Lester!

The air was rather chilly and Patricia Ann did not feel the exhilarating happiness which she had known earlier in the day. She cuddled closer in her big polo coat. Around the curve, up the hill, and down toward old Peter's railroad crossing. Automatically she pulled up at the end of the long line of automobiles, waiting for the train to pass. She was observed. "If only Lester . . . but why discuss it?" She reflected on the days, and they were not many in number, since she had met him. What a whirl of happiness! Grown-up Lester had swept her off her feet!

Suddenly she became alert to the fact that she was being delayed an unreasonably long time. Why had old Peter put the gate down so soon? Why she'd never make Jaffrey at this rate. Never! "What train is it?" she heard one man ask, and the answer "Must be a 'special,'" made her sit up and take notice. She looked at her watch. The express was due in about ten minutes. Why was the gate down now? Patsy drove her car over to one side of the road, jumped lightly to the ground and started to investigate, first making her horn say the "beep-beep" that Old Peter knew so well.

"What's the story?" she asked the quickly gathering group, and the answer was given by two roughly clad neighborhood boys just emerging from Peter's little signl tower. "I'm afraid he's dead," said one.

Dead? Peter dead! There was much excitement. A doctor who had been in one of the cars rushed up, and in a few moments he made his announcement. "Peter's dead," he said slowly. "A heart attack. He must have known that he would die before the six-thirty express came, and his

last thought and act was for the safety of his crossing. He put the gate down. A brave man, my friends, a brave man."

The whistle of the train was heard and when it thundered by, the gathering around the little house stood in silent homage to the man whose act had undoubtedly saved lives that night. The traffic was then allowed to move on, but Patricia Ann entered the downstairs room of Old Peter's signal tower. The police officers had arrived and the crowd was dispersed, but Patricia Ledwidge—well, a Ledwidge could do about anything, so the girl stood there, reluctant to leave.

Peter's watchtower and Peter's things! She couldn't believe him dead. She glanced at her watch. It was too late to meet Lester now. Too late. She looked up and saw burned on the wall with the stove poker by Peter the words, "Go slow." His message to her.

Patricia Ann drove her car back up the hill to her home and entered in time to greet the family and Father Tom all waiting for her birthday celebration. News had traveled of the death of old Peter, and the conversation was all of him and his bravery. A happy gathering! Patsy Ann herself felt strangely happy. She couldn't imagine why. Her old friend dead and her lover miles away by now. Her thoughts were interrupted by Father Tom's low, "Say, 'twenty-one-year-older,' I'm glad that Lester's gone away. I learned today that his wife and children are in New York. He didn't mention them to anyone did he?"

"No, I don't believe he did," Patsy Ann was able to say quietly, under cover of the general discussion of Old Peter's far-sighted act.

"Peter saved lives today," stated Mr. Ledwidge emphatically.

"More than lives," Patsy Ann whispered looking steadily into the eyes of the priest.

Louise Fielding, '31.

Grace

A leaf is pale and lustreless,
Shy of the sun's bright face;
A soul is faint and lost in gloom,
Hid from the light of grace.

Teresa Delaney, '32.

Carlylesia

We humbly offer the following addenda to certain famous essays in the hope that some of our readers may have the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with the redoubtable Professor of Weissnichtwo, the renowned Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and that those who have not as yet joined the circle of his ardent admirers will obtain a little of the enjoyment that we have derived from a study of this all-knowing professor of "things-in-general."

On Russia

The Editor had considered when he put the finishing touch to the "Philosophy of Clothes" last week that he was at last quit of the worthy Teufelsdröckh; that now indeed he might draw in peace a sigh of relief such as a man may do when he has concluded a work which at first sight seemed well-nigh impossible for a human being to accomplish. For while the "Philosophy of Clothes" has been profitable in more ways than one, yet the strain of editing, arranging, and even at times disinterring the Professor's philosophical system from his multitudinous paper bags, is not such as would endear the Editor to the thought of continuing the work or of entering into any further correspondence with the Author; or even, he might add, of hearing that individual's name uttered again in his presence.

Imagine his state of mind, then, when he received by this morning's post the following letter:

"Honorable Friend,

I find by some strange and awful mischance that the manuscript herewith enclosed was left out of the reckoning when I recently sent to you the writings of my esteemed patron, Herr Teufelsdröckh.

Accept my apologies for any delay this may cause you in publishing your volume and believe me ever your friend,

Hofrath Heuschrecke,
Councillor of Weissnichtwo."

Wondering what new madness this manuscript might disclose, the Editor opened its many pages and found it beginning in the Professor's usual fulsome style:

"O tempora, O mores! O sorry world, wherein is lost that spirit of idealism, of noble self-sacrifice, that so distinguished the early dwellers on thy surface, unhappy planet; wherein Might, alas! is conqueror over

Right, and the sword is used to make indelible principles of Revolt against convention, against law, against the very God; principles which would not enter the normal understanding unless force were used."

"Look well, Madmen of Russia, before thou takest the leap, lest perchance in thy blindness thou shouldst miss thy footing to go plunging headlong down into red consuming Ruin, dragging with thee thy whole tribe! Look well, before thou tryest to put into practice that idle dream of leveling society, of making mankind equal in power and possession, that theory which of all theories, History has shown to be most impracticable. Look well, I say, before thou raisest to too high an elevation the individual, placing in the understanding of a creature, qualities which wiser men than thee have reserved for the God whom thou in thy omnipotence hast repudiated and whose worship thou hast sworn shall be exterminated in thy land within five years."

"Five years, forsooth! Away with your five years! Dost thou think in thy puny might that five years means anything to Him who looks on Eternity and will continue to look on Eternity when thou art dust? It were well . . ."

But enough of such Teufelsdröckhian moralizing! The Author would ramble on, if we but let him, for pages and pages with his repetitious, "Look well." Look well indeed! What new viewpoint has he to set forth? what solution to propose that anyone should look well into these pages which were sent to us, we fear, merely in an effort on the part of the wily Heuschrecke to enlist our further interest in the career of his beloved idol? Lest this should come to pass, we hasten to put an end both to this hope and to this sentence, denoting that we have said our last say on Teufelsdröckh and all his ilk.

HELEN FOLEY, '31.

On Modern Aprons

Modern scientists are at their wit's end trying to ascertain for themselves and for posterity the underlying cause of the recent earthquakes which have become so numerous. To a student of Carlyle, it might easily occur that these volcanic eruptions are but the result of the turnings and groanings emitting from Teufelsdröckh's grave, when that famous Professor of Weissnichtwo was cruelly awakened by the thumping and hammering of modern Apron-Makers, directly above his unknown resting-place. Cruelly awakened indeed, for the thoughtless world, which had seemingly profited by the strange admonitions of the "All-Seeing, All-Knowing Teufelsdröckh," had become emblazoned with the very things

which the All-Learned German Professor had so uncannily warned them against. Savage indeed must be the modern world when it cannot even tie its Apron-Strings but must ever hammer them with Beast-like force even into the very Grave of a Teufelsdröckh, obliterated by the flight of time.

Even the humble homes of our little world are pushed aside (boastfully or otherwise), that these "All-Devouring," highly-deceiving "Aprons" might take their stand as scoffing Monuments to the ideals of tradition. These so-called "Aprons" deceive the Innocent, terrify the Learned, and literally transform the entire world into a gullible mask of Apron-Worshippers.

These concealing Vestures flash over every available space in the municipal world, mar the beauty of country scenery, and everywhere work destruction, which must inevitably follow in their footsteps. They conceal the wanted-to-be-concealed facts of the social, political, and economic world; they reveal their skin-deep "gullible offerings." These flashy Advertisement-Boards—Our Modern Aprons!

Lorraine Cassier, '31.

On the Sunday Driver

Considering the present state of our traffic regulations, the outstanding improvements made during the past two or three years, and the rapidity with which automobiles move even on our most crowded boulevards, there has been no need to write anything except in terms of highest praise on traffic as it is today. Our lighting system is as good as perfect; men of scientific ability have solved the problem, and the driver should have little or no worry as he approaches a cross-road. Or so we thought!

Imagine the surprise of the staff yesterday, when a letter from the well-known German, Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo, arrived in the office with a stirring account of traffic in the United States. The Professor has been visiting in this country for some little time, and this article (without doubt his most stupendous) was written Sunday night,—a night spent in deep and ponderous reflection after a day of misfortunes and mishaps, due to traffic and the Sunday Driver. "Men of science," wrote the Professor, "have done much. They have given us inventions which are marvelous, but they have not as yet found a means to abolish the 'pest' the 'Sunday Driver.' "

Then the Professor goes on to relate the harrowing events of his "day of doom," in other words, of his Sunday spent on the highways of

America. "Lights, Lights—everywhere!" his words fairly leap from the page indicating the wrath which the frequent necessary stops have aroused. "Everywhere," writes the Professor, "my car must stop at the mood of a prettily tinted electric bulb."

As Editor of the paper I must state that I am not in whole-hearted agreement with the Professor's wrath. Had he driven his car at a proper speed, had he found the "media via" (not too fast, not too slow), surely he would have found the lights of America properly cascaded.

The Professor continues with a strong and vehement criticism of "the officers stationed at intervals (close intervals), blowing little implements (whistles), at all those ill-fated motorists who exceeded the speed-limit of a particular town, city, village, county, state, or country.

Of course we of the staff know that it is only the habit of moderation which these worthy men are trying to instill in the citizens of our country, but the Professor disapproves.

He can "tolerate the signals and the officers," he says, "but not—not the 'Sunday Drivers.'" A term which he defines as "men, women, children, who touch the wheel of an automobile only on Sunday, a day which the Lord created for 'rest' and which is made a day of turbulence and unrest for the public at large, through the stupidity and cumbersomeness of these unskilled, 'day-a-week' drivers."

"To annihilate these people," the Professor concludes, "should be the profound duty of the American officer of the law."

Let us approach this subject with "open minds," let us consider the Professor's words carefully, and let us try to make Sunday as he advocates it, "a day unmarred by the burden of humanity, the 'Sunday Driver.'"

Louise Fielding, '31.

Current

Just as the sea her throbbing wave does hurl
Upon the shore of sand in fretful mood,
The human heart, enmeshed in passion's swirl,
Casts out, in faith supreme, an anchor crude
Of trust in man, by whom, in makeshift rude,
A miniature of happiness is contrived.
Vain hope to win before the ebbing tide!

Agnes Geary, '32.

Revelation

Richard Crane stepped back from his easel with a sigh which betrayed a sort of wearied satisfaction in the canvas he had just completed. Critically he surveyed the portrait from one angle and then another.

"Yes," he murmured half aloud, slowly wiping his long fingers, "I've done the best work of my life. Although I hardly dare guarantee myself the prize for the Masters' Art Exhibition I would love to win it, if only for the pleasure it would afford Ann." His eyes moistened just a bit as he drew the curtain across the front of his easel. And now to show Ann his work! For many weeks she had restrained her curiosity concerning the diligent work he carried on in the privacy of his studio. Today she would judge the results of his labor. Would she approve? Ann was a just critic, but a harsh one. True she had already approved of the model's appearance but the portrait remained as yet a secret to her.

Restraining himself no longer, Richard strode from the room calling at the top of his voice, "Ann, O Ann!" In an instant a tiny blonde person appeared skipping up the stairs laughing and answering, "Here I come!"

The couple formed a striking contrast. Tall, dignified Richard, whose shapely head and slender hands revealed his artistic tendencies, delighted in the exhilarating youth of dainty Ann. Life prophesied a great future for the young artist whose genius thrived under the stimulating companionship and timely encouragement of his young wife. Now with childish enthusiasm they entered the studio hand in hand.

Richard, with his palette still in hand and paint-besmirched frock half open, approached his easel. Slowly he pulled a cord at one side, saying, as he disclosed the life-size portrait of a really beautiful young woman in gypsy garb, "May I present Lita, the gypsy?" Apparently of Rumanian descent, her black hair and olive skin glowed with the freshness of the outdoors. Finely drawn brows outlined her deeply shadowed black eyes and the full curve of her lips suggested a characteristic gypsy boldness and insolence. Careless but studied harmony of barbarian color emphasized the natural beauty of the girl. The artist's hand had certainly depicted a startling representation of gypsy freedom from the top of the tilted head to the tips of the dancing toes.

"She is truly superb," Ann gasped, "a creature of the woods, reflecting their charm in every detail. You know, Richard, I think you have just finished the finest work of your career. I'm fairly certain that you could be a success on that portrait alone." Turning toward him, she saw a rather weary smile disappear from his countenance. Suddenly he seemed to falter a bit, and then, without warning, he collapsed upon the studio floor. Ann cried out, "Richard, what's the matter?" Bending

down over his prostrate figure, she realized in a moment that he had fainted. Calling to one of the servants for assistance, she succeeded in reviving him sufficiently to have him borne to his bedroom, where he lay for weeks in a semi-delirious state. The doctor's pronouncement had been "a complete nervous collapse due to strain and overwork."

Days and nights dragged interminably for the young wife who zealously kept watch at Richard's bedside. Vainly she hoped for a semblance of recognition from him but not once did he show any indication of knowing her. The only name that he constantly uttered in his incoherent ravings was "Lita." Even whilst fever racked his body he would call intermittently, "Lita, where are you? Lita!" Oftentimes exhausting his feeble strength by these ravings, he would lapse into a deep sleep.

To Ann the situation became almost unbearable. Gradually she began to torment herself by mentally asking how Richard's mind could be so imbued with the thought of an ordinary model, that he called constantly for her. Had overwork been the only cause of his breakdown? Despite her inclination to entertain these ideas, Ann finally determined to retain her faith in Richard and make every effort to assist him in his struggle for health.

One day Ann entered the sick room, bearing a long, white envelope in her hand. She greeted the invalid gaily, for he was now convalescing sufficiently to sit up a few hours each day. She sat down on the edge of the bed. "I've a surprise for you today, Richard. I won't offer you the slightest hint as to what it is, but I'll give you three guesses."

Richard regarded her a moment indulgently. "Let me see, is it that volume of poetry you promised me?"

Ann shook her head.

"Oh, I know, it's some new dessert."

Ann laughed merrily, crying, "No, no, you're all wrong."

Richard pondered a moment. "Could it be a letter from your brother Bill?"

"That's more like it, but you're wrong again. Shall I tell you?"

Richard smiled his assent.

"In the weeks following that last day in the studio, I remembered the portrait of the gypsy over which you had labored so diligently. Recalling your intention to enter it in the Masters' Art Exhibition, I carefully packed the canvas and sent it on to the exhibition. This morning's mail brought the letter saying that your painting had been awarded the prize." Ann impulsively threw her arms around Richard's neck crying, "Isn't it too wonderful to think that your reputation is established?"

Richard, who was visibly moved, regarded his young wife for a moment. "The credit of my success belongs to you, Ann, you alone. You

entered the picture in the contest, but you performed an even greater service for me, for you see, dear, you inspired that painting."

Memories of past days, when Richard continuously called for "Lita" clouded Ann's mind, causing her to interrupt him. "But surely some credit is due the young woman who modeled the picture for you, don't you think?"

Richard paused a second. "By Jove, Ann, that's queer. Your mentioning her reminds me of a horrible nightmare that nearly distracted me during my sickness. As much as I can recall, Lita, the gypsy, was supposed to guide me through dense woods but she became separated from me so that I had to try to find my own way. I remember calling her name again and again in the hope of finding her once more. Do you recall my raving about anything like this?"

Ann, perched on the edge of the bed, smiled happily. "I never heard anything very coherent or tangible, dear. What were you saying about inspiration when I interrupted you?"

DOROTHY MULLIN, '32.

A Challenge

The rim of distant moon is fringed with mist
And sends a cold, pale lumination far
Upon the silent earth. The stars have kissed
Each wisp of grass; reflected on a bar
Of silver mist, the dazzle is returned.
So mingles heaven with earth. The atmosphere
Of silent ecstasy withal is spurned
By grumbling breakers lashing 'gainst the pier.
The waves bring in a message through the gray,
And grovel in the sands of time and might.
The sun bursts forth and revels in the day.
The grass bejeweled in crystals in the light
Laughs now, a silver shower so intense,—
The sun must take it up in his defense.

MARY E. BARRY, '32.

A Birthday Gift

A fluffy robe of Heaven's divinest blue,
Star-decked, caressing in each gentle fold,
Is gift of sky, O royal Babe, to You!
Earth casts an ermine couch in beauteous mold,
As downy snowflakes hasten to enfold
The blessed Child, o'er whom the golden moon
Keeps tender watch, and warns the north wind bold
That Heaven has sent to earth a priceless boon!
The wind is still, and then it softly croons
To the divinely sleeping child, a lullaby,
A melody that echoes from above,
A magic, a sublime, angelic tune.
Such wondrous gifts doth Nature bring,—while I
Can offer but a heart of human love.

AGNES GEARY, '32.

Glimpses of Other Lands

Oberammergau

We left Munich eagerly one afternoon to go to Oberammergau. I say "eagerly" not because we had tired of that interesting city, but because during our whole trip we thought of Oberammergau as our destination. Indeed, all we had seen proved to be but preparation for the charm, fascination, and wholly indescribable impression that we carried away with us.

As soon as we arrived in the station at Oberammergau, certain customs of the natives made us realize that we were truly in a foreign land. The porter who carried our baggage presented a novel yet attractive appearance which we were to see duplicated many times in the village. He was attired in true Tyrolean costume, consisting of hob-nailed shoes, heavy woolen stockings, shorts, short jacket over a varihued shirt, the whole ensemble being crowned with a shapeless hat with a brave feather stuck in it. We were to see again these porters with hair so long that it reached their shoulders, though in different costumes. They were, of course, members of the cast of the great play, but along with their theatrical duties, they did not neglect the homely tasks that kept serene the necessarily transient nature of life during the play season.

Instead of being met by automobiles at the station, a variety of horse-drawn carriages, odd beyond imagination, were waiting to take us to the homes where we were to be lodged. The house to which we were assigned was on the outskirts of the center of the village, at the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which was a huge cross erected during the plague, now long ago, for the alleviation of which the play is offered in thanksgiving. We crossed two streams on the way to our house and it was along the banks of these streams that we saw numerous women washing clothes in the clear water.

We stayed with the family of Hans Scheck, where we had numerous and humorous difficulties, owing to the fact that they spoke and understood only German, and we only English. The house itself was painted a bright pink, with a portrait of the Sacred Heart in beautiful colors over the front door. It was immaculately clean and the people beamed their true hospitality. Our room had two high beds which were provided with steps so that we could climb into them. The daughter of the family was a member of the chorus of the play, and the father a member of the Red Cross detailed for duty to meet emergencies during the performances. After dinner each night preceding a performance there is a parade. This parade, led by the band, who wear green Tyrolean suits, is composed of

villagers and visitors who march through the village streets singing. We did not know just what they were singing, but nevertheless we tried to join, thus sharing in the friendly spirit of the occasion. At Mass the next morning we were extremely impressed by the little altar boys. They were very busy serving numerous masses at the seven altars of the delightfully impressive church. They all wore their hair long, having the expressions of little angels, parts which they would no doubt take in the play later in the day. The amount and variety of woodcarving in the church is the best exhibition possible of the chief industry of the villagers. After breakfast we went to the theatre, carrying cushions and blankets, because even in the middle of July the weather was rather cold and the duration of the play long. From 8 A. M. until 6 P. M. with a two-hour interruption, we were enthralled with that most wonderful play in the world, which baffles human description.

MARIE OWENS, '31.

Paris--and Then London

Paris! All my ambitions realized at last and all my dreams come true! We arrived in Paris about 10:30 one evening after a ten-hour train ride from Geneva and tired as we all were, we were thrilled with everything. It was the beginning of ten glorious days in this famous city and we enjoyed every minute of it.

We spent the first few days in taking one sight-seeing trip after another. We went through the famous boulevards, made a tour of the Louvre and many other famous museums. In the Louvre I liked best the original of the famous painting "Mona Lisa." One could spend years in this museum and then not be satisfied. It seemed very vast and we spent about four hours in just walking around, yet I am sure that we did not cover half the ground. Our interest was very much aroused by the artists who were sitting everywhere attempting to copy one or other of the famous paintings. Some of them were succeeding very well, while others were making vain attempts indeed.

Later we visited the tomb of Napoleon, a most impressive building, the very vastness of which inspired us with awe. In these few days we visited things and places that we had read and studied about all our lives. We saw the rich and poor districts of Paris and learned to know all the different phases of Parisian life. We were fortunate enough to hear "Faust" one night and it was all we had hoped for. Every character was portrayed perfectly. Between the acts most of the audience promenaded in the famous lobby of the Opera House, an immense room for

that special purpose. It was a delight to see this gathering so beautifully and formally attired. Since it is characteristic of the French people to love their music, we saw people of all classes of society there. We were told that the house is always crowded, and we found it so each time we went there.

Eating is one of the main interests to the Parisian, so we visited one wonderful restaurant after another and enjoyed as many as thirty-five different varieties of hors d'oeuvres at one meal.

Most of our time, however, in Paris we spent shopping. In fact we left most of our money there but one could not help it, for the shops were so attractive and inviting.

Regretfully we realized at last that our time was growing short and that we must prepare to leave. We took a plane from Paris to London and just think! it took us only two hours and ten minutes to cross the channel, but I must admit that I was happy when that plane landed. Twenty people crossed with us in the plane and each one of them looked equally relieved to land. When we left France the steward on the plane gave each of us pieces of cotton to put in our ears to dull the noise which is so trying and when, on landing, we took the cotton out of our ears, we experienced the queerest of sensations.

We liked London but not nearly so well as Paris. Everything is more conservative there and much like our American cities. But the English country districts are truly beautiful. We visited the Stratford country and found one part more beautiful than another. Shakespeare's birthplace is remarkably quaint, also the cottage of Anne Hathaway.

We had a wonderful boat ride up the Thames to Kew Gardens and had tea in a garden on the river. It is no wonder that the English people love their tea, for they have such attractive places in which to enjoy it. We found Kew Gardens so indescribably beautiful that we spent all one afternoon walking around, just admiring the orchids and other rare flowers. Every inch of the ground is utilized to the very best advantage.

Later we visited Hampton Court, Windsor Palace and Eton College, which are very interesting. At Eton we saw, among other things to be remembered, where Shelley had carved his name on the wall of this famous old school.

We explored the city of London itself many, many times but as all good things must pass so did our trip. We left London by train for Southampton and embarked, a happy group, on the *Homeric* for United States, New York, and home.

GERTRUDE MURDOCK, '31.

Vita Amoris

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

Let one be the first startled glow of the candle,
The break of the morning on grayness and drab,
The flight of the bird into regions of cloud.

Though its life be the calm, steadied burning of candle,
The unchanging brightness and blue of the noon-day,
The nesting of bird in a tree close to earth,

Let its death be the flickering death of the candle,
The burst of the sunset all red and all golden,
The bird's flight at even towards the west and towards heaven.

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

(This poem was included in *This Light*, the Anthology of College Verse recently published by the Literary Society of St. Joseph's College Alumnae of Brooklyn, New York.)

"Not That I Am Superstitious"

Everybody is superstitious. We are born with just a sprinkling of superstition in our nature. Like many other things in life, when carried to a great extent it may prove detrimental, but a touch of it adds a spice to living.

By superstition I do not mean a fanatical fear of an invisible force which exerts itself when prompted by some meaningless action. No, for taken seriously such superstition would eventually enslave a person's mind and might even lead to disbelief in Divine Providence. The pleasant superstition of which I speak is merely superficial and entails no disastrous results. It is a slight suggestion of the unknown, a whispered hint of the mysterious. It is not an idiosyncrasy but a remnant of the ancient beliefs of our tribal ancestors innate in all of us. The primitive savage believed that trees, rocks, and other inanimate objects had human emotions and when angered, they could vent their wrath upon them in various terrifying ways. To appease the anger of such objects or to avert the rage of the elements they used charms, the remains of which everyone is employing constantly in his daily acts to ward off evil or to bring good luck. For example, if you return to your home for a forgotten article, you feel you must sit down and count ten or the remainder of your day will be unlucky. If you meet a cross-eyed person you search for a four-leaf clover to take away the hoodoo. You go without dessert for your luncheon to avoid spending your lucky piece. You cancel all business ventures on Friday, the thirteenth. Should you see a horseshoe in the street you risk your life to acquire it and, counting the nails in it, you carry it home, treasuring it as an omen of good fortune. All these and countless other similar practices are observed by people who would become very indignant if they were accused of performing the black art.

I have a friend who introduces all her kindly advice, which amounts to approximately sixty-five per cent of her conversation, with "Not that I am superstitious, but——" and goes on to tell you of all the hair-raising escapades and heart-rendering disappointments that have followed when a black cat crossed someone's path. Her favorite pastime is warning the early morning songsters in the midst of their early serenades with the ominous threat, "Sing before breakfast, and you'll cry before night." Should you accidentally spill salt at her table, you are instantly requested to throw a pinch of it over your shoulder. I am positive that she has always taken care to put on her right shoe first; not, of course, that she is superstitious, but she has always heard——yes, we have all always heard from our cradle days these strange precepts which will be passed on to the genera-

tions which will follow us. Even if we do not put quite so much faith in them as some of our neighbors, still we wake in the morning shuddering if we have dreamed of snakes or any of a dozen other things which forebode evil.

True superstition which, as the dictionary tells us, is "a reverence for, and belief in, the supernatural, or objects which are not worthy of worship," belongs to the uncultured and the uneducated. Our American Negro gives a real place in his life to spirits, ghosts, and hoodoos. One can easily picture the whites of his eyes instantly becoming prominent as he contemplates the powers of the devil, witches, serpents, and demons that have dominion over his ideas of destiny in general. To say that superstition in this form should be fostered is indeed contrary to the teaching of Christianity. The person who regulates his activities according to the advice of fortune tellers, or the woman who becomes physically indisposed through worrying over the interpretation of her fantastic dreams, which have been caused usually by midnight repasts of queer combination,—these indeed place themselves in the class with the imaginative Negro.

As for myself, I feel a little elated when I knock on wood after boasting of some good fortune or when, with no little air of mystery, I cross my fingers to exempt myself from impending danger. After receiving a pin as a gift from a friend, I consider myself discharging an imperative duty when I give a penny in return for it, in order to avoid having our friendship cut by the sharp instrument. I consider the day well begun when I have taken pains not to pass under a ladder. These add a flavor of importance to my most trifling actions and revive my interest in life at times when I have begun to consider my existence humdrum and ordinary,—not that I am superstitious,—but merely that I do not wish to tempt the fates.

Jeanne H. Steinbrenner, '32.

Aftermath

"Are you coming, Mary?" called an exasperated voice. "You know the play starts at eight-fifteen. I never knew anyone who took so long to dress——"

"I'm not dressing," a calm voice interrupted, "I'm writing a short story."

"You're what!"—Joan raced upstairs and found her sister dressed for the theatre, but diligently writing at her desk.

"Are you crazy, Mary? What shall I tell Anne? What shall I do with your ticket? What have you got your coat on for? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing is the matter with me except that this story is due tomorrow, and I want to see that play tonight. I'm trying to write away the temptation," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"You can think up the most idiotic things to do. Why didn't you write your story all week? You knew it was due. Oh, when I think of the two dollars and a half I've wasted on a ticket for you," groaned Joan.

"Now you appeal to my sense of economy," Mary replied righteously, as she carefully tucked away her literary attempt and put on her hat.

"Thank goodness you have some sense!" her sister bluntly remarked, as she turned to leave the room. "Hurry up, Anne will be waiting."

As the two girls bundled into their Ford roadster, Mary said:

"I wish we didn't have to go way out to Tilton to see this play. Why did Anne insist on going tonight? She could have waited until it came to Boston."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Joan. "I only hope it doesn't get too cold, because the car will surely freeze."

"What a dilemma!" laughed Mary. Then musingly, "Not a bad plot for a short story."

"Will you forget that short story!" broke in Joan impatiently. "I don't know why you took the course, it bothers you so."

"I guess I was suffering from an optimistic delusion at the time," Mary conceded wryly.

As the car drew up at an old-fashioned yellow house, Joan blew the horn deafeningly. A figure appeared in the door. Mary called:

"Ready, Anne?"

"Why, yes, I've been ready for the past fifteen minutes," Anne smiled reproachfully at Joan. "But I know Joan, so I always allow fifteen minutes at least after the time appointed, before I expect her arrival."

"That's what a reputation does for you," Joan said with a grimace.

"I'll confess," Mary laughed. "It was my fault this time, Anne. I have a short story due tomorrow, and at the last minute got conscious-stricken and almost stayed at home. I believe I would have, if it hadn't been for Joan's persuasive powers."

"Humm!" grunted Joan, unimpressed. "What's this play all about, Anne," she went on, "and why must we see it in such a small town?"

"Well, I was about to say that this is a coincidence—for Mary anyway. You see this play is the dramatic biography of Edward Dunham, the famous short-story writer, and I thought it would be interesting to see it tonight, because Tilton is Dunham's home town, and he is playing the title rôle himself tonight. The play is supposed to contain some sketches of him actually in the process of writing a story."

"How thrilling!" cried Mary.

"How fitting!" said Joan ironically. "Perhaps Mr. Dunham may dash off a real story during the play, and hurl it into the audience as a souvenir——"

"And Mary would catch it, of course," supplied Anne. "And then—"

"My problem would be solved!" finished Mary with a gay laugh. "No, I guess I'll have to get up at four tomorrow morning and write it. 'A rocky lane, the road to fame!' " she concluded solemnly.

By this time the car had drawn up at the Tilton Theatre and the girls, cramped and chilled from their long drive, hastened in expectantly.

Two and a half hours later as the three girls left the theatre, they were the center of an envious group of townspeople.

"You're a very fortunate girl, indeed," remarked an acid-tongued gossip who concentrated the jealous darts of her beady brown eyes on Mary. "Very fortunate," she repeated with a sniff, "to have a story from the hand of a great author like Edward Dunham."

"Why, I'm honored," gasped Mary, and her sincerity was so evident that the jealous individual was somewhat soothed. "But who would ever expect an author to throw a story into the audience instead of autographing programs?"

"That's just like Eddie Dunham," was the reply of the completely placated woman. "He never did things like ordinary folks. Always was queer—like all genuises."

By degrees the three girls extricated themselves from the throng. Once settled in the car the three looked at one another, and Joan and Anne laughed uproariously. Mary stared at the paper in her hand. It was a plot roughly sketched, marked in various places with helpful details. More than that, it was the plot sketched by Edward Dunham before her eyes in the action of the play.

"Why, it's like a fairy tale. I deliberately leave my short story to

go to a play, and at the play a plot is thrown into my lap. It's positively uncanny," Mary mused wonderingly.

"Uncanny!—it's horrible, it's terrific!" shrieked Joan. "I can't start the car—it's frozen! What shall we do? We might as well be in a desert as here. No garage, not a light in a house. What shall we do?"

"It looks as if we'll sleep in the car," Anne remarked dryly.

"We can't—we wouldn't fit——," was Joan's practical answer. Joan could never conceive of herself sleeping anywhere but in a soft bed. "Besides we'd freeze to death," she added. "My teeth are chattering."

"Well, I'm going to walk," Mary answered calmly. "I must get home and write my short story. It's due at nine tomorrow." And suiting the action to the word she started walking in the direction of Melrose.

"But you can't," protested Joan and Anne together.

"You can't write a short story at this hour, Mary—Mary, wake up!"

And Mary opened her eyes to find herself in the middle of her room wth Joan standing in front of her, a terrified expression on her face.

"Thank Heaven, you woke up! I didn't dare leave you to call Mother. Oh, what a fright!" exclaimed Joan in one breath.

"What time is it?" Mary asked dazedly.

"It's four o'clock in the morning. You've been walking in your sleep. I've been chasing you for the past fifteen minutes, trying to wake you up. You were trying to write a short story. I thought you stayed home from the play tonight to write one."

"I did," said Mary, "and I wrote it too. I must have been dreaming about it."

"Well, do come to bed now," pleaded Joan. "I wish you would drop that course—I'm tired of suffering from your writer's urge. What are you doing now?"

Joan sat bolt upright in bed as Mary snapped her desklight on and began to write.

"What are you doing at this unearthly hour?" she demanded.

"Something you wouldn't understand," Mary laughed. Then in a pompous tone, "This is the hour when only authors are abroad."

"Oh, you're hopeless," Joan mumbled in her pillow.

But Mary was smiling as her pencil raced over the paper, and she softly whispered: "What a dream—what a plot!"

AGNES GEARY, '32.

Their Quest

Three regal heads adorned with jeweled crowns
Turn anxiously toward Heaven's only flame,
With eager steps they seek the natal place
Where ancient prophecies are to unfold
Those mysteries old, the long-sought birth
Of One whose might is infinitely great,
Whose sacrifice redeems all sins of men,
Whose judgment is both just and merciful,
The Christ-Child born of Mary, Virgin pure.
Three regal heads bow mutely to adore
The Infant King, found 'neath His astral sign,
The Promise, now made manifest to man.

Jeanne Steinbrenner, '32.

The "American" Contest

In order to arouse and stimulate interest in current economic questions, the *Boston Evening American* conducted recently a metropolitan contest on the subject, "How to make the most of today's dollar." A series of articles written by prominent women of Massachusetts was the basis of this shopping economics contest in which students of Radcliffe, Wellesley, Simmons, Jackson, Emmanuel, and Boston University College of Business Administration competed, by writing letters of comment on any ten of the articles. Employees of Boston stores and members of the Women's Trade Union League were also eligible for the contest. A total of five hundred dollars in prizes was to be awarded; a capital prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best letter from the metropolitan district. Also to each of the competing colleges, stores, and Women's Trade Union League individually, three prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars were offered for the best letters submitted.

When the contest was closed and the judges' decision made known, Emmanuel students were happy to hear that the letter written by Ruth Grush, Emmanuel, '33, was considered the best and was therefore awarded the capital prize of one hundred dollars. Margaret Culver, '31, won the first prize offered for Emmanuel, while Gertrude Parsons, '32, and Anne MacNamara, '30, won the second and third prizes. Letters submitted by Margaret Leahy, '31; Mary F. Kelly, '32; Ann L. Grady, '31; Ann T. Noone, '33; and Eleanor K. Stafford, '33, received honorable mention. The Ethos is happy to print the letters of Ruth Grush and Margaret Culver.

Dear Editor:

I have heard that the very latest style among the well-informed is "thrift." All kinds of useful hints have been given about this new vogue, so that now even the poorest and most stupid may join the ranks and be in style. The entire country is crying "thrift,"—and why all the fuss? Well, to me it is sensible, economical management, in a word, making the most of today's dollar.

We go into a store. We are looking for something good as well as cheap. We don't want those bargains that mean loss to the merchant in money, or loss to ourselves in quality. What we want is plain, honest value,—our money's worth, nothing more, nothing less. Now it seems to me, that if we help the merchant and he helps us, we are all bound to acquire this smart new thing called "thrift."

How can we help the merchants? Oh, yes, we know lots of ways they can help us. First of all, they can train their salespeople to be

helpful and interested at all times and to all people, down to the most humble appearing shopper. Then as regards the articles they sell, let them be honestly priced, and honestly manufactured with honest materials. That is all we ask. After all, the truth will out, and if the people are getting "stuck," they will find it out sooner or later. The store that sells on its integrity is the one we will stand by every time.

On our part, we can, as one woman suggested, especially during the holiday season, reward good service by not demanding too much. That is, we can drop many small packages into our shopping bags instead of having them delivered; we can make up our minds finally on a purchase instead of exchanging several times. If we do our share we can save the stores tremendous expense and I am sure our thoughtfulness will be appreciated and used in some degree to our benefit. These are only a few of the ways in which buyer and seller can help each other.

Already we are hearing people say, "I cannot afford to give Christmas gifts this year." Why not? Any one can give a Christmas gift if he is willing to put something of himself into it. It is the thought behind the gift that counts; so let us buy until it hurts. Buy dolls for the young ones; furs, radios, etc., for the older ones; and make people happy. We are thereby helping to stimulate business and industry. Now is the time to buy; prices are at low ebb and values at high tide. If you have the money, go to it!

All these hints which so helpfully have been given in the *Boston Evening American* will, I think, aid everyone to get into the "swim" again and will aid everyone to come out "swimmingly," as one would say, in this business depression and in the face of Old Man Hard Times.

I close with the final hope that every one is going to get out into the merry hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping with their new knowledge of buying and thrift, so that they may spend as perhaps they never have before—wisely. May the day come when the customer and the merchant will become bosom friends with an ever bigger and better understanding of each other.

Optimistically yours,

RUTH GRUSH.

Dear Editor:

May I introduce myself as one of the many college students who delighted in reading and weighing the various articles on "Making the Most of Today's Dollar"? The *Boston Evening American's* stimulation of interest in this all-important topic is a clear demonstration of what that paper stands for, namely, leadership and public welfare.

To these women leaders who have so generously proffered their sound advice we owe a sincere "thank you." They have urged us to

prepare powerful weapons with which we can combat encroaching dangers to our social safety, weapons such as budgeting, intelligent buying, circulation of money, spirited salesmanship, and a mutual appreciation of duty towards Employer and Employee. They have also successfully shown us how "shopping economics apply to our future safety."

We have just witnessed a dramatic business climax. Are we going to stand by and allow the fear of an insurmountable depression to be molded into a reality or are we going to spur our efforts towards a "rehabilitation of business on a profitable basis"? The latter, of course, is our goal. And women must help. They must learn how to make the most of today's dollar. If that problem has hitherto been a perplexing one for them, the several articles published in the *Boston Evening American* have thrown considerable light upon it and made of the problem a pleasure rather than a task.

Predominantly necessary it is that there be a sympathetic understanding between merchant and consumer. What does it profit a merchant who sells hundreds of dollars worth of over-valued goods? Does he not know that volume sales does not always mean volume profit? The writers of these articles edited in Boston's leading newspaper have most accurately voiced the sentiments of the women's world toward the merchant, in saying that women of today are interested in wise buying. They fear these "high pressure sales." They know that in the long run "the really good article is sane economy." Good quality at a fair price is a test of the integrity of the merchant and an incentive to constructive buying and normal circulation of money. Intelligent women do not demand goods from the merchant at a no-profit price. They merely expect a full dollar's worth for a dollar.

It is true that people must help themselves if they want to be helped by others. But it is also true that the women of today look for interested service and trained advice on the selection of their merchandise. They want to be shown by willing and adept salespeople how to make the most of their dollar, thereby aiding their community to flourish on an American-worthy basis.

Unquestionably, the *Boston Evening American,* through the writings of these able women, has fully convinced its thinking readers that "Making the Most of Today's Dollar" is of absolute importance, and that the intelligent spending of money and not the hoarding of it will insure future happiness for the individual citizen.

I remain, dear Editor,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET M. CULVER.

The Gypsy Call

Know you a maid as fair as a gypsy maid?
A lithesome, dancing, gypsy maid, with eyes
As bright as the twinkling stars, and lips so red
As the holly, and a charm that never dies?
Know you a heart as light as a gypsy heart?
A happy, daring, gypsy heart, that quaffs
The brimming cup of care, the bitter dart
Accepts from life's indifferent hand, and laughs?
Know you a life as free as a gypsy life?
A carefree, roving, gypsy life, of dawn's
Red glow, of sun-drenched noon, the scarlet knife
Of sunset's flame through gray cloud-armies drawn?
Leave dreams that Time has caused to dim and fade—
Build dreams anew with me, the gypsy maid.

Mary Clancy, '32.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

MR. CHESTERTON COMES TO BOSTON

"Culture is the process by which things, whether they be books or bricks, produce their fullest effect on the soul of man. It is really the transferring of the material from a condition of less use to mankind to one of more value to mankind. Culture does not mean the producing of masses of books and pictures. It means the producing of things in such a manner as to transform the mind into a feeling of wonder and noble enthusiasm."

With this as an introduction, Mr. Chesterton began his lecture on "Culture and the Coming Peril." He speaks as he writes, with simplicity and clearness and frequent satire, not gentle to say the least, and here and there humorous little asides which he seems to enjoy as thoroughly as his audience.

The "coming peril," Mr. Chesterton stated—indeed the peril which had already arrived—was overproduction which appeared "not only in all forms of merely financial and economic activity but also in all artistic and philosophical matter and things of the mind." Overproduction has so stultified our imagination that in a world of wonders we have lost our capacity for wonderment; we have substituted for our sense of discrimination a desire for endless, monotonous repetition; but worst of all we have become, as evidenced by our present-day method of advertising, devastatingly vulgar in everything we do or think or say. "Whatever there was of wickedness or wrong thinking in the culture of the past," said Mr. Chesterton, "at least there was no vulgarity. It has remained for our modern civilization to invent that evil."

Mr. Chesterton concluded his lecture by saying that the only way out of this condition was "a return to the religion of our fathers and to the moral culture of Christendom. There is at this moment a sort of Gordian knot which cannot be cut by violence, but which can only be disentangled by intelligence, and my appeal to you is that you will try to cure the chief evil of our time."

HELEN B. FOLEY, '31.

RUSSIA

Since the days of Peter the Great and his pioneer work in bringing his vast empire up to the standards of western civilization, Russia has held the attention of the world because of the fascination that its peculiar

blend of east and west holds for the occidental. In the years that have followed since the Great War, revolution, political turmoil, and most particularly the attempt to exterminate Christianity has centered attention on that unfortunate land. It was our good fortune to hear the true facts of the situation in present-day Russia from one who is thoroughly familiar with the state of the country, when the Reverend Louis Gallagher, S.J., lectured recently on Russia at Emmanuel under the auspices of the Historical Society. The more important points developed by the lecturer were the extent of the country today, the explanation of the various terms which we think of in connection with Russian politics but are more or less uncertain of in regard to their exact meanings, a tracing of the revolutionary spirit in a brief sketch of the nation, and a definite account of the present-day government.

The Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, the Russia of this period, is composed of the Russian, Ukranian, White Russian, Transcaucasian, Turkoman, Tadjikistan, and Uzbek Republics, maintaining their capital at Moscow. The area of this turbulent country is no less than 8,187,253 square miles which, according to the census of 1926-27, is occupied by some 146,304,931 people, an appalling number of human souls living in an atmosphere absolutely hostile to all that is Christian. Many of us are prone to think of these people as Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, and Bolshevists, with no discrimination of terms. Reverend Father Gallagher brought out clearly that there was a decided difference in the connotation of these words and that by no means did they all originate with the Russians. The first great advocate of Socialism was a German, Karl Marx, who, in 1848, published "The Communist Manifesto," the embodiment of many of the present-day principles of Socialism. It is to be noted that the word "communism" was used by Marx to distinguish his theories from those of the "Utopians," who were at that time known as "Socialists." When this latter party expired, the term "Socialism" was adopted as an equivalent of "Communism" and finally supplanted it. The popularity of the Marxian theories grew, even though confronted with the rivalry of a similar creed known as Anarchism. Supported by Proudhon and later by Bakunin, its tenets differed from those of Socialism in that its members maintained that any form of authority was an infringement on individual liberty, and, under Bakunin, that reform should be obtained not by the peaceful methods of Marx but by direct action of general strikes. The last of these terms, Bolshevism, which has come to denote all that is evil in revolution, means no more than the "rule of the majority party."

To make more intelligible the present state of affairs in Russia, Father Gallagher made a survey of the history of the country, tracing the revolutionary spirit from the earliest revolt to its culmination in 1917. In 1825

the Decembrist Revolt was made by the people in protest against the succession of the new Czar. Despite the mercilessness with which this was crushed, the clamor for reform continued until in 1861 the Emancipation of the Serfs was obtained. Meanwhile the revolts of 1831 and 1863 in Poland carried on the spirit. Various parties arose, the Nihilists, the Anarchic Socialists, and the Terrorists, all determined on reform which came gradually, as assassinations of officials proved that the people must be placated. In January, 1905, a revolt occurred which, although immediately suppressed, paved the way for the establishment of the Duma or national legislature in the December of that same year. From that time on events moved swiftly to the inevitable end, when, in 1917, the abdication and assassination of Czar Nicholas II brought the regime of the Romanoffs to a close.

In 1917 Professor Milukoff and Prince Lvoff, in establishing a constitutional monarchy, formed a moderate revolutionary cabinet, including Kerensky, a Socialist, whose party soon overthrew the conservatives, to be replaced in turn by the Bolshevists under Lenin and Trotzky. At present the final authority is nominally vested in the All-Union Congress of Soviets, which meets biennally and elects the Union Central Executive Committee as supreme executive and legislative power. Stalin, the Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Communist party, is the most important figure on the political horizon of the country today.

The Reverend Edmund Walsh, S.J., one of the most eminent living authorities on Russia, reduces the atrocities of religious persecution to a single, clearly defined purpose: "The rights which the Soviet government denies to the majority of its own citizens and intends to deny to the entire world, the Catholic Church holds to be inalienable, flowing from nature itself, constituting, as they do, the necessary means for fulfilling our social instincts and achieving both our natural and supernatural destiny." Religious organizations, by means of drastic decrees, the denial of judicial rights and legal standing, which are slowly making their existence unendurable, are being crushed. Schools are not only non-religious but thoroughly anti-religious and this influence rather than being offset, is increased by the coöperation of parents and the home. "Wherever the spearhead of Communism penetrates, its shaft is clutched by an iron fist sworn to smash all the altars of Christendom."

Such is the present position of Russia, the country which has cast out religion of every type and put in its stead Materialism and Atheism. It presents a problem that the civilized Christian must face and eventually solve.

Clare L. Martell, '31.

THE CHESTERTON-HAMILTON DEBATE

"Is divorce a social asset?" This was the question which was to be discussed by two authors of note, Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English author, poet, and critic, one of the greatest figures in contemporary literature, and Cosmo Hamilton, a novelist of some repute. The real issue was definitely evaded by Mr. Hamilton, when in his first address he turned the course of his remarks toward maintaining that the abolition of marriage was the only satisfactory solution to the present-day problem. Mr. Chesterton endeavored to lead back to the point in question by contributing some irrefutable arguments against divorce, in spite of the fact that it had been practically ignored by his opponent. He then proceeded to overthrow most of the contentions introduced by his opponent and to defend ably the position which the Church adheres to in these matters. In treating this latter Mr. Chesterton brought to the attention of the audience the fact that it was not he, but his opponent, who had introduced the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church into the debate. Since Mr. Hamilton persevered in his course of treating the main question as secondary to his own personal idea of a Utopia, Mr. Chesterton was forced to follow his example in replying to his unquestionably irrelevant arguments. In conclusion Mr. Hamilton acknowledged that he had been defeated, but staunchly retained his views despite the complete destruction of all his theories as illogical and therefore untenable.

There can be no doubt but that the sympathy of the audience was entirely with Mr. Chesterton. It was surprising that the manifestation in his favor was not more marked, though the frequent applause during his speeches was indicative of approval. Of course for Catholics there could be no debate on such a question, for right and wrong are never debatable, but are firmly established by the laws of God and not open to the variations of opinion. It was most startling, nevertheless, to hear such modernistic ideas as those put forth by Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Chesterton admirably proved, however, that such views were not so new as some of their adherents fondly supposed. To speak from personal experience, we would say that it was not the subject that drew the numbers to Symphony Hall, but the reputation, wit, and personality of the great Chesterton, whose very name adds glamour to any topic. It would seem well that this is so, for whoever attended, lured only by the issue itself, was doomed to disappointment. This we did not share, for the brilliant rebuttal of this famous Catholic furnished us with just another opportunity of falling under the spell of the inimitable G. K. C.

CLARE L. MARTELL, '31.

Anticipation

Half of the fun is in planning
The pleasure the morrow will bring.
Half of the joy of a bluebird's song,
Is waiting for him to sing.

Life is full of the thrill of expecting
And reality can not compare
With the roseate dreams, which a fanciful mind
Conjures in moments rare.

But one can't go on always expecting
Unless some dreams sometimes come true,
For the red flames of anticipation
Must be fanned by experience, too.

So I'm hoping and wishing each hour
Is bringing me nearer to thee,
For thou art the reality bearing
All the joys of my fancy to me!

Catherine M. Grant, '31.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Many of us,—Seniors determinedly, Juniors philosophically, Sophomores and Freshmen rather wonderingly—are contemplating that goal of goals, an honor degree. We all know what an honor degree signifies, but how many of our students know of the existence of Kappa Gamma Pi, the scholastic Honor Society of Catholic Women's Colleges to which a degree with distinction gives entrée? There are no doubt many students who, while being cognizant of the name, are ignorant of the aims and purpose of this society. If this editorial results in encouraging those who are nearing their goal, and if it will cause others to strive for degrees with distinction, its purpose will have been achieved.

Kappa Gamma Pi, organized in 1927, is a national scholastic and active honor society of Catholic Women's colleges. All honor graduates from Catholic Women's Colleges on the national chapter's list, are eligible for membership. This nation-wide organization has besides a national chapter several local chapters,—twelve, to be exact. There are national officers who control the interests of the whole field of activity, and local officers who superintend the work of each chapter. The local chapter is, to quote the *News Bulletin,* "the working unit of Kappa Gamma Pi. It is through the local chapter that the individual shows her active co-operation and it is through the local chapter that the national chapter recognizes individual importance." But enough of organization!

It is the aim of any society that constitutes the measure of its merit, and Kappa Gamma Pi aims high. It purposes "to bring Catholic ability to the foreground wherever American Catholic women are at work," in all professions and in all phases of endeavor; to make Catholic thought and ideas known to the world at large and to have a constructive effect on society, for society looks to college graduates for leaders.

Membership in this organization offers active contact with contemporary Catholic thinkers, and in working side by side with other young women of one's own age and similar training, one's interests are broadened by receiving and sending forth a current of fresh ideas.

That Kappa Gamma Pi is an "active" society is proved by its brief history. Regional meetings were held in 1930 in the East in Washington, and in the West in Chicago. The Washington meeting was held August thirtieth and thirty-first under the auspices of the members from Trinity College, with headquarters at the Hotel Mayflower. Ten chapters were represented and seventeen colleges. The president reported on the accomplishments of the year, the adoption of the emblem, the establishment

of twelve local chapters and the addition of five colleges to membership. The publication of a circulating bulletin was decided upon as a literary activity.

The Chicago meeting, held on the eleventh and twelfth of October, had its headquarters at the Palmer House. Eight chapters and sixteen colleges were represented. Miss Helen Gancy, Dean of Women at Loyala University, addressed the meeting. In her speech, "The Uniqueness of You," Miss Gancy stressed the importance of personality and declared it one of the strongest single factors influencing life. "The world is in dire need of a host of girls of dynamic personality," she said. "You members of Kappa Gamma Pi have the two keys to dynamic personality. They are embodied in your motto—Faith and Service." We all agree that the world needs girls who are imbued with a sense of their own responsibility to society, girls who assume the duty of "making the world a happier place for others to live in."

The first *Kappa Gamma Pi News Bulletin* was published in December, 1930. This trial edition, published by the St. Louis, Missouri, chapter, gave accounts of the meetings of the society and of the activities of the members. Each local chapter is to undertake, in turn, the publication of this bulletin for the entire membership.

The 1931 National Congress, the second of its kind, will take place in the early summer in Detroit. The invitation from the Detroit chapter and Marygrove College was formally accepted by the National President, Miss Cecil Mary Ronan, at the close of the western regional meeting in Chicago.

In the East, Kappa Gamma Pi has a large membership, including Trinity, New Rochelle, Mt. St. Vincent, St. Elizabeth's, Seton Hill, D'Youville, Marywood, St. Joseph's, Rosemont, Notre Dame of Maryland, Georgian Court, and Emmanuel.

Emmanuel has approximately sixteen members in Kappa Gamma Pi, and of these, five were recruited from the class of 1930. This is a most favorable showing particularly when we consider that the movement was not organized until 1927. Miss Ruth Keleher, '27, is the National Vice-President of the society; Miss Esther Turnbull, '28, is president, and Miss Mary Fowler, '29, is secretary of the Boston Chapter.

In view of the nature of this society and its splendid aims, there can be no doubt about the advantages of belonging to Kappa Gamma Pi.

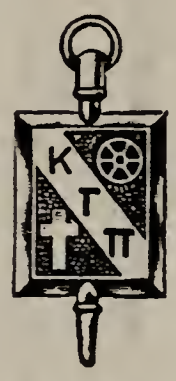
Let each one of us urge herself to begin today to work with this objective, not merely for the social advantages entailed, but for the moral benefits as well. The very soul of the movement is embodied in its motto, "Faith and Service."

KATHRYN LANE FLYNN, '31.

"In This Sign"

RUTH KELEHER, BOSTON

National Vice-President of Kappa Gamma Pi



Front

Back

Have you ever paused, momentarily, to reflect on the use of emblems? From Biblical times to the present day they have played an ever increasing rôle in the social relations of mankind.

By a unanimous decision of the charter groups of Kappa Gamma Pi—swayed, possibly, by the fact that a key is the accepted insignia of honor societies—the choice of an emblem took the form of a key. I like to think, however, that though to seculars our selection of a key may seem only conformity to convention, to the initiated it reflects an earlier instance of the use of "keys" in a symbolic sense. Viewed in this light, are we presumptuous, then, in thinking that in our key, not alone learning and scholastic success are implied, but also, "power," authority, influence, leadership?

It is freighted with meaning: the cross of faith and the wheel of St. Catharine of Alexandria, separated by the panel bearing the Greek initials of our motto. The cross of faith, gleaming in one corner, is easily the most universal and cherished of all symbols; what more fitting than that it hold a place of honor on our shining shield? To complement its idea of faith, the opposite corner bears a rather mystical design, the wheel of St. Catharine of Alexandria, brilliant Doctor of the Church, thus indicating another feature of our organization: scholarship breathing of faith. How much more appealing to us is an emblem than, say, the laurel wreath or the victor's palm! We realize, then, that ours is a twice precious heritage, including not only the treasures of secular learning, but also the glories of Catholic culture.

KAPPA GAMMA PI is not purely honorary; that would indicate a goal achieved and mark a stopping place; it would set a premium on past achievement rather than inspire to new endeavor. As an organization, K. G. P. will receive acclaim through its members, rather than the members through the society. Let us, then, use this emblem as a primary

means of arousing interest and stimulating inquiries! Let us display our key everywhere! We should glory in the fact that we have earned the right to wear one. It can never be common; our very qualification of leadership prevents that; but it can and should be well known; and that must be accomplished through the instrumentality of individual members. We are proud of it and what it represents; and remember—we are thus advertising in the best possible way, ourselves, our colleges and our society. "Visual presentation" is an important feature of modern psychology—witness our advertising system! Let us recognize the principle by our use of this precious emblem.

(This article is printed through the courtesy of the *K. G. P. News Bulletin)*

Captive

Outside the weather's bright and cheery
And all is gay.
Inside the place is damp and dreary
All through the day.

Outside one hears the happy voices
Of young and old.
Inside I crouch so sad and lonely
In the cold.

Outside is love and life and freedom
And sun and stars.
Inside is naught but empty silence
And prison bars.

Margaret Budds, '32.

E. C. ECHOES

DID YOU KNOW—

That the Historical Society sponsored the lecture on Russia given by the Reverend Louis Gallagher, S.J.? Father Gallagher has recently returned from Russia and consequently was able to give us some first hand information on conditions in that country. The five-year plan of the Soviet Union for the building-up of industry is rather slow in working out, and in the meantime several thousands of the poor are starving to death. Russia evidently has no qualms about accepting food supplies for her people from other countries particularly our own, even while she is in the process of biting the hand extending the food.

That the Freshmen, all in white, were received into the Sodality on December the tenth? The sermon, in which we were urged to a greater imitation of the sinlessness of the Blessed Virgin, was given by the Reverend Father John J. Lynch, professor of Economics and Political Science.

That this year the Sophomore and Freshman members of the Dramatic Society presented our annual Christmas play? It was entitled "Bethlehem" and was written by the late Reverend Joseph A. Murphy of St. John's Seminary, former professor of Scripture at Emmanuel. The play was as brilliant in the fine acting of its cast as it was beautiful in its simplicity.

The most attractive feature of our Christmas play always is the presence of the little orphans from the Home for Destitute Catholic children and the good Sisters of Charity who care for them. This year about one hundred and forty little boys and girls began to arrive about one-thirty on the afternoon of the play. During the hours following, the students played games with them in the Gymnasium and seemed to enjoy it fully as much as their gleeful guests. After the play Santa Claus (this year, Betty Killion) arrived all the way from his treasure home with bags and baskets of gifts. He so won the hearts of the children that they clamored around him eagerly, and voiced their approval of his generosity by sending up three cheers for Emmanuel.

That you have reason to be proud of Emmanuel? Ruth Grush, Sophomore, won the hundred dollar capital prize in the recent *Boston American* contest, which makes Emmanuel triumphant over the five other colleges competing. Mary Margaret Culver won twenty-five dollars; Gertrude Parsons, fifteen; Anne MacNamara, ten; and Margaret Leahy, Mary Kelly, Ann Grady, Ann Noone, and Eleanor Stafford were given honorable mention. Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart distributed the prizes and congratulated the winners at Assembly.

That at the Assembly of the last day before Christmas holidays, Sister Superior and the faculty were present for the special program of Christmas Carols? The Senior president addressed the faculty for the students, giving them assurance of our best wishes for Christmas. Sister Superior said a few words to the student body.

That the French Club had its second meeting January the fifth, when Mary Delaney and Doris Donovan, members of the class of 1930, presented a scene from "Monsieur Beaucaire," last year's Commencement play?

That the Musical Society has held its Bridge? It was very successful as anything sponsored by our largest and best society deserves to be.

That the Classical Society has produced "Captivi," a play by Plautus? The cast included the Misses Lee, Gallagher, Rich, Keating and Martell, whose acting was in no way impaired by the amount of sheeting used.

That the annual Senior Bridge was held December twenty-ninth at Filene's? The chairman of the bridge was Helen Martin-

eau, while the committee consisted of Susan Brennan, ex-officio, Mary Mullaney, Dorothy Groden, Mary Macken, Mary Bradley, and Gertrude Murdock. The afternoon was a financial success, and the proceeds were added to the college Building Fund.

That the Musical Program in Costume given by Miss Marie Houston with Miss Ruth Russell, assisting artist, was one that we shall long remember? The charm of the personality of the singer was enhanced by her costumes, which were typical of her lovely melodies. Her group of Old Italian and Italian Street Songs was most pleasing and entertaining. In the French song group, Miss Houston, beautifully gowned in Colonial costume, was indeed attractive. The Songs from Shakespeare lent a bit of quaintness to the delightful atmosphere created by the singer. "La Paloma" and "Estrellita," perhaps two of the best known and loved of Mexican melodies, gave to the program a note of rare sweetness. The group in which Miss Houston appeared most delightful was that of the American Indian Songs, in which costume and lighting effects made her a perfect Pocahontas. She rendered two of Lieurance's appealing works, "By the Weeping Waters," and "She Stands There Smiling."

HISTORY CLASS VISITS MUSEUM

Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Grace Seyward, the Senior class in Ancient Civilization enjoyed a very interesting hour in the Egyptian Galleries of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The first gallery revealed treasures of workmanship in pottery from the bimillennium before Christ. In the large gallery on the second floor were seen the likenesses of King Mycerinus and his wife. In another room were magnificent displays of jewelry which had been taken from tombs, some of these treasures having been purloined. The personalities represented by the mummies were of course of greatest interest with their miniature painted sarcophagi. The class agreed that studying Egyptian history from the products of excavations is far more interesting than studying it from books.

WE THANK OUR ALUMNAE

In compliance with the request of our Dean, certain members of the Alumnae, who are now engaged in various fields of professional activity, have written letters for the benefit of the Student Body describing their responsibilities, opportunities, the value of the preparation they have received at Emmanuel, advice to an undergraduate desiring to enter their field, and appreciation for what a Catholic college education means to them.

We, the undergraduates of Emmanuel, through the ETHOS, extend a sincere vote of thanks to the Alumnae who have entertained, informed, and inspired us during the past weeks at Assembly by means of the interesting letters that they have written. These letters have not only aroused interest but have proved decided incentives to many of us who are only too prone during undergraduate days to take the attitude of "letting the future take care of itself." They have been the subject of much conversation, a general comment being: "I did not realize there were so many fields of activity for us to enter." For the interest, therefore, that they have aroused, and for the benefits derived, we heartily thank the Alumnae contributors.

A NEW SCHOLARSHIP

It will be of great interest to Emmanuelites to know that beginning in September the Aristos Club of Boston will open its scholarship to Emmanuel. This scholarship, in memory of two beloved members of the club, is offered to any eligible Catholic young girl in the diocese. Information concerning it may be obtained from Sister Helen Madeleine, Dean.

Confession

My dogfish lives in a glass jar
In the Biology Lab.
I don my smock as Science calls;
He waits the scalpel's jab.

With ruthless stroke I separate
My dogfish fin from fin.
I gain applause and high renown,
I owe it all to him.

Dissection done, I clip and cut,
My fish has met his end.
Rolled up in paper there he lies,
Reposing with a friend.

Such cruelty to treat him thus
Who never showed defiance!
But woe is me! it must be done,
Without him, where's my Science?

MARY C. OMAR, '32.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1928

Marguerite Coffey is substituting in the Lawrence High School.

Eleanor Groden is teaching in the Cambridge Latin School.

Ethel Morris has been appointed to the Taylor School in Cambridge.

Mary O'Shea is teaching in the Cambridge Latin School.

CLASS OF 1929

Marie Farrell is substituting in the Revere High School.

Alice Johnson is appointed in the Western Junior High, Somerville.

Muriel Lambert has a position in the Evans Memorial Hospital.

CLASS OF 1930

Frances Callahan is teaching in Cambridge.

Esther Doyle has a position in the State House.

Anne Hogan is teaching in Cambridge.

Catherine Lawler is teaching in a Junior High School in Holyoke.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION DANCE

The annual Supper Dance of the Alumnae Association was held in the State Ballroom of the Copley-Plaza Hotel, on Wednesday evening, November 26, 1930. The decorations carried out a blue and gold color scheme; an effective incident of the evening was the playing of "Alma Mater," during which the spotlight was focused on the two college banners at the rear of the ballroom. The music was furnished by Charles R. Hector and his orchestra. Another feature of the evening was a program of entertainment presented by popular artists of the city. Supper was served to some eight hundred people. The affair, under the direction of Miss Helene Stout, '27, chairman, was another of the many successful achievements of our Alumnae Association.

ALPHA LAMBDA CLUB DANSANT

Congratulations are due to the members of the Lawrence Emmanuel Club for their most successful and enjoyable annual Christmas Dance, held on January 2, at the Merrimac Valley Country Club, Methuen, Massachusetts.

The committee consisted of Margaret Doherty, '29, chairman; Madelyn Mahoney, '29, president; Julie Sullivan, '27; Marguerite Coffey, '28; Helen Cox, '33; Pauline Sullivan, ex. '33. Music was furnished by Joe Burke's Swan Club Orchestra of Boston. The dance was one of the outstanding social events of the Christmas season, and marks another success for the Lawrence Emmanuel Club.

THE SOMERVILLE EMMANUEL CLUB DANCE

The first Christmas Dance sponsored by the members of the Somerville Emmanuel Club proved to be a most successful one. The dance was held December 30 at Heineman House in Somerville. Music was furnished by Joe Burke and his "Royal Canadians."

The following committee is to be congratulated: Anne Mullin, '30, chairman; Mildred Crowley, '30; Ruth Kelley, '30; Dorothea Forrest, '31, and Rosemary O'Neil, '34.

WORCESTER CHAPTER EMMANUEL ALUMNAE BRIDGE AND TEA

The Bridge and Tea under the auspices of the Worcester members of our Alumnae Association and student body was one of the outstanding social events of the season. It was held January 31, at the Hotel Bancroft, Worcester. The success of the affair may be attributed largely to the efforts of the committee which comprised Miss Katherine O'Connell, '27, general chairman, assisted by Mrs. William Bowen (Anna Flanagan, '26); Isabelle Brosnan, '28; Agnes Keenan, '27, and Mary Leland, '30.

JOHN McCORMACK RECITAL

The Emmanuel College Alumnae Association scored its greatest success on the evening of January twenty-first, when it presented the inimitable John McCormack to an audience that filled auditorium, balconies, stage, and every available standing space in Symphony Hall. Assisting Mr. McCormack were Edward Schneider, accompanist, and Alfred Boyington, violinist, who was said to have disclosed a talent and charm which completely captivated the audience, in rendering Bach, Sarasate, Handel, and Paganini.

Mr. McCormack long ago established a reputation and won a place in the hearts of American audiences that is strengthened as time goes on. We quote from some of the newspaper articles concerning the concert:

"This admirable artist and incomparable singer of ballads has succeeded as few others have, in the complete fusion of word and tone, until his singing could almost be described as infinitely musical speech. To this he adds a marvelously controlled and apparently inexhaustible breath. Since all this was the ideal—clearly expressed—of the old Italian masters of singing, his singing of the old Italian airs—and for that matter, of old English, French, or German—is almost inevitably worth hearing."

"Mr. McCormack's beautifully clear and immediate enunciation is no small factor in his success in rendering folk songs and ballads, though the charm of his voice and manner, and his power to convey convincingly the humor and the sentiment of the songs of his race, are equally essential ingredients of the enduring popularity of this delightful singer."

"Last night, as at any concert of his, the beauty of his singing of the old classic airs and modern songs was inevitably overshadowed by the native charm and effortless humor, and occasionally the passionate warmth, which pervaded his Irish folk songs."

"In response to its spontaneous and delighted applause, Mr. McCormack showed himself at the height of his power to please, and lavished upon his audience countless encores, chiefly Irish folksongs, each more unforgettable and appreciated than the preceding."

In spite of their enthusiasm these clippings fail to record the immense satisfaction of the Alumnae Association for the unprecedented success of this undertaking, which is due to the loyal zeal of Miss Elizabeth C. Logan, '23, President of the Association, of Miss Marion H. McDonald, '25, Chairman of the committee, and of their indefatigable committee.

May many more such eminent successes be in store for Emmanuel's Alumnae Association!

ENGAGEMENTS

Florence G. Duris, '29, to James Cully of Dorchester.

Grace Carney, '31, to Leslie C. Warren of Detroit.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cahowet (Mary Jordan, '23), on the birth of a daughter, Mary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hewes (Frances Fallon, '23) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Winkel (Margaret McCusker, '24) on the birth of a daughter, Gretchen.

To Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell (Marie McPherson, '27) on the birth of a daughter, Thérèse Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Homer W. Bourgeois (Juliette Marin, '27) on the birth of a daughter, Jean Josephine.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Carey, mother of Gertrude Carey, '23.

Mrs. McDonald, mother of Marietta McDonald, '27.

Mr. Frank DePrizio, father of Olympia DePrizio, '33.

Mr. Thomas Dolan, father of Mary M. Dolan, '33.

Mr. Frank Murphy, uncle of Mary Handrahan, '33.

Mrs. Catherine McKey, grandmother of Catherine Leonard, '33.

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The Ethos

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"I Thirst"

Oh, not the lance that pierced,
  But the callous soul
Tore ope the side of Christ,
  And caused His dole!

The chalice of His heart
  Is broken quite;
The precious vessel crushed
  By hatred's might.

The chalice of His blood
  He offers thee,
To quench thy soul's great thirst
  In misery!

Oh, let thy love be dew
  Upon His lips;
Thy love, my soul, the spring
  Where Jesus sips.

Catherine L. Boucher, '32

Of Unhistoric History

"Every extension of the field of knowledge and every improvement in methods of work make it inevitable that history should be rewritten." This is the answer made by Miss Lucy M. Salmon, late professor of History at Vassar College, to the self-imposed question: "Why is history rewritten?" The alert student, however, can offer another reason, and if, as it has been stated, "the characteristic manifestation of democracy in the present age is an all-pervading sense of equality," we must present one in the case of Ireland's contribution to American liberty and civilization. Why is history rewritten? In her case, surely, because most existing accounts are unhistoric. A complete revision of the story of Ireland in America would be a task so colossal that at present it must remain only an aspiration. It is my purpose to present here what might well be called a mere outline of Ireland's rôle in the great drama of American independence and progress.

In a noble attempt to render unhistoric history historic, much scholarly research work has been accomplished in regard to the activities of the Irish race in this country. List after list of Irish names has been compiled to prove that a large number of Irishmen fought in the war of the Revolution; or to record the number who blazed trails into uninhabited territories and colonized them under the American flag; or to publish the number who became eminent in the political life of our nation. To my mind numbers are of relative importance only. Although it is traditionally true that there is strength in numbers, it is equally certain that quantity never yet outweighed quality in a crisis. Why should it in Ireland's case? The exploitation of men as individuals or as groups of individuals in order to prove Ireland's part in the foundation, moulding, and progress of America, seems to me a poor manner in which to express that powerful influence of the Irish as a race for spirituality, for perseverance, for democracy, for all that is noble and inspiring and good, which our forefathers brought to bear upon the early and later days of our loved country. Was it not, rather, the spirit of Ireland that spread itself like a cloak of mystic optimism over the hardships of pioneer days? Was it not the lilting laughter of Irish hearts that turned sorrow into joy during many a dark hour of war and desolation? Was it not the soul of Ireland that taught men and women of America to suffer and to die for an ideal? Not individuals, but the spirit of Ireland embodied in those individuals, in their clean hearts and in their sturdy pioneer bodies, made a tremendous contribution to our birth, our structure, and our progress.

In order to point out the Irish contribution to the colonization of the United States, I have chosen three typical states, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and California, through which to demonstrate the fact that the Irish played no insignificant part in making American ideals become realities. The exact number of Irish who came to Massachusetts will never be known, but it is clear that they came, and that they came in goodly numbers, for reliable history shows many of them socially and economically prominent in the later days of the colony. During the period from 1655 to 1697, the names of many Irishmen were listed as property owners. Among them are the familiar ones of Kelley, Corbett, Cogan, Gill, Cushin, Cosgrove, Foley, Healey, Collins, and McCarthy. There were Irish soldiers in Massachusetts, too. On the roll of militia who fought against the Indians there are at least one hundred Irish names. Indeed, there was no phase of human activity to which the Irish did not lend themselves with characteristic generosity and cheerfulness. At the end of the seventeenth century in Massachusetts there was at least one doctor of medicine, about twelve teachers, several fishermen, seamen, farmers, servants, and between two and three hundred property owners. It must be remembered that under the Cromwellian government many Irish people were sent to New England as servants or as slaves. After a few years, when they had "worked out" their temporary slavery, these independent lovers of freedom made homes for themselves, brought up families, and developed, in many cases, into worthy and highly respected members of the community. Although the obscurity which envelops much of their early history is due to the prejudice of the New England colonists against Irishmen, it is nevertheless true that New England owes to the Irish immigrants, among other things, the introduction of the potato and the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, two articles without which it would have been exceedingly difficult to live comfortably!

The capital city, Boston is well known for its large Irish population. As the most important city in the state, Boston's activities have included those of every phase of life, and into each of these the Irish people entered. James Sullivan, an early governor of the state, was an ardent and distinguished patriot of the Revolution, noted for his masterly ability as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator. The man who conducted the trial of the English captain, Preston, accused of murder during the Boston Massacre, was an Irishman, Robert Treat Paine. The maker of the first bass-viol in America was an Irishman, Benjamin Crehore, descendant of old Teague Crehore of Ireland. These men, and many others too numerous to mention, brought to Massachusetts in her first days the spirit of Irish love for freedom, and of Irish devotion to home

life, which laid a firm foundation for the coming years of her glorious statehood.

A nationally famous wit became serious one night a few years ago when he proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Kentucky, long reputed to be the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, is in reality an Irish settlement. Irvin S. Cobb maintains that fifty per cent of the mountain dwellers of the South, particularly of Kentucky and Virginia, are lineal descendants of runaway indentured men from the Virginia plantations. In one community he shows that at least one-half of the population bears one of three names: Mayo, Patrick, or Powers. In his own inimitable way, Mr. Cobb has shown that the state of Kentucky was colonized largely through the determination and the persevering optimism of Irishmen. Indeed, he proves himself an Irishman, much to his own surprise and satisfaction. In the forces that went to construct the state of Kentucky, the Irish were a noble corps of workers, and to this day the fruits of their labor exist.

There is no state in the Union in which the Irish have taken deeper and stronger root, or thriven more successfully than in California, in whose amazing progress—material, social, intellectual—they have had a conspicuous share. Side by side with the good missioners, the ranchers, and the Indian, the Irish struck root in the West. Prior to 1848 comparatively few persons not of Spanish nationality settled in the new territory, but among those who did brave the pioneer days were many Irish of every class who proved in themselves the true pioneer qualities: courage, enterprise, faith, and love of adventure. They came principally from the Southern provinces of Ireland. The Reads and the Dens of Waterford, the Allens of Dublin, the Murphys of Wexford, the Coppingers of Cork, with their families which quickly sprang up around them, vigorous in body and sound in intellect, formed the nucleus of the Irish Catholic element which has grown so wonderfully strong in California. Patrick Clark, Captain J. S. Smith, and Don Timoteo Murphy are splendid specimens of Irish courage and daring in the beginnings of the state. In the expedition of John C. Fremont there were many Irishmen, who remained in California, constructed cities, erected foundries, schools, churches—in a word, brought civilization to the West. It was the spirit of Ireland once more carried aloft by her sons, this time across a continent, to plant the seed of Celtic life in the fertile ground of beautiful California. There are forty-five other states which were blessed with Irish pioneers during the period of colonization but lack of space prevents their mention here. A glance at the three typical states we have considered authorizes us to deduce that the same spirit which prevailed in them, prevailed in the others, until the conquering vitality of

independent Irishmen and of liberty-loving Ireland had permeated every corner of the Union.

As young America emerged from the vicissitudes which insured her permanent separation from English rule, Irish hearts, which had suffered under English tyranny in their native land, rejoiced at freedom's triumph and with the indomitable will and the holy fervor which had made them great in time of war, they turned their hearts and hands towards the moulding of a nation. In New York the Erie Canal was planned and constructed under the direction of Governor DeWitt Clinton, an Irish immigrant from Longford, Ireland. In California, Jasper O'Farrell, an Irish surveyor, laid out the city of San Francisco. Railroad transportation felt the influence of Samuel Sloane, a native of the north of Ireland, and Eugene O'Kelley, a Catholic Irishman of San Francisco and New York, stands out as type of the successful merchant and banker. Robert Fulton, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Cyrus McCormick, inventors respectively of the steamboat, the electric telegraph, and the mowing machine, traced their lineage back to Ulster in Ireland. Patrick Tracy Jackson, who founded the city of Lowell, built the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and erected at Waltham, in 1813, the first complete cotton mill in the world, was the son of an Irish immigrant. These men and hundreds of others were Irishmen; they were also moulders of American economic and social life.

The touch of magic and of grace which Matthew Arnold says is the chief contribution of the Celt to literature and to art, made itself evident here in a veritable galaxy of Irish-American litterateurs. The work of John Boyle O'Reilley, of Theodore O'Hara, of Father Abram Ryan, of Louise Imogen Guiney, poets; of Edmund O'Callaghan, John O'Kane Murray, and John R. G. Hassard, are only a suggestion of the multitude of other staunch Irishmen who made a powerful and permanent contribution to the intellectual civilization of America.

The inherent gifts of leadership, of silver-tongued oratory, and of militant faith in the ideals of democratic government, stunted by oppression across the sea, flowered into everlasting fruitfulness in the land of their adoption. Irishmen were the natural leaders in American politics. Statistics prove that nearly one-half of all the presidents of the United States were of Celtic extraction, and that at no time since the establishment of the government has the Irish race been without representation in Congress, in the judiciary, in the diplomatic service, and in the cabinets of the presidents. Andrew Jackson, Thomas Addis Emmet, Patrick Collins, Burke Cochran—these are the names which will never die. In our own day, the brilliant Irish Catholic gentleman, David I. Walsh, senior senator from Massachusetts in the United States Senate, is an

outstanding type of Irish-American idealism in politics. He is representative of the contribution of the Irish race to the progressive civilization of the American state.

The Irish names that might be mentioned here as vital factors in the establishment and growth of Americanism in America are legion. The name of Margaret Haughery is a synonym for Christian charity; those of Ephraim McDowell and Joseph O'Dwyer for medical achievement; Victor Herbert and Edward MacDowell for musical genius; Thomas Crawford, creator of the statue of Armed Liberty surmounting the dome of the Capitol in Washington and of the bronze doors of the same building, for sculpture; John Singleton Copley for painting; Asa Gray for botanical research, and John Drew for dramatic art.

The hierarchy of the Church counts among the seven Americans who have been elevated to the Cardinalate, six who were the sons of Irish parents. "Cardinal Gibbons," says James J. Walsh in *Our American Cardinals,* "as every one knew, had a very tender spot in his heart for Ireland and the Irish; though he was proud to have been born in the United States, he felt toward Ireland almost as if it were his native land, because it had been the birthplace of his father and mother." Cardinal O'Connell, the present dean of the American hierarchy, and our own Archbishop, born the seventh son and the eleventh child in a large Irish family, has attained an international reputation for learning and holiness, and has achieved unprecedented success in building up Catholic institutions and the Catholic spirit. As the Irish immigrants to America have borne sons who have been leaders in every phase of secular life, so they have also given to the Church in America her most illustrious representatives.

The soul of Ireland is her Catholicism. The fundamental force which has made the influence of Ireland so great in America is, without doubt, her Catholic spirit. In the nature of Irishmen, the faith is elemental. They have proved it for sixteen centuries. They have gone through the reddest martyrdom in the history of the world to prove that Catholicism is more than a myth. The persistent and inhuman efforts to exterminate and to annihilate Catholicism in Ireland have been met with repeated failure. Countless sons of Ireland have migrated to all corners of the globe, bearing always with them the spirit that has made her great. In America, Irish Catholics have perpetuated the nobility of the Irish spirit, because they have perpetuated the Irish faith in Catholicism. Catholicism in Ireland and Catholicism in Irish Americans can never be killed, for Catholicism is the soul of Ireland, and the soul is immortal.

In the face of such evidence who can deny that "American history

is only partially written when it leaves out of the story, the chapter that the Irish race has contributed thereto"? Why is history rewritten? Why should Ireland's history in America be rewritten? Because existing records of popular circulation are perversions of history; and because true history proves that of the many racial elements that have been melted into the cosmopolitan unit of American citizenship, no one race deserves a more distinctive place than does the Irish race. Irish fealty to American ideals, Irish brawn, and Irish brain have been quite as conspicuous in the peaceful as in the militant development of America. No line of endeavor that has brought honor and prestige to the Republic has lacked enrichment from contributions of the Irish. They have been the greatest of any contributing nation to the winning and guarding of our liberty, and to the moulding and sanctifying of our civilization.

Anne M. McNamara, '30.

Easter

Christ's glorious resurrection, foretold by Him of yore,
The consummation of a life that He, to save us, bore;

That wondrous day of days, when, girted in a cloud,
He rose triumphant over sin, mighty, and unbowed;

The greatest of all miracles that e'er was known to be,
Transpired on that first Easter morn; it spoke Divinity.

Mary K. Clancy, '32.

It's Spring

Fairies are weaving a magic spell,
Elf-children frolic in grassy dell,
Earth sprites are dancing,
Sunbeams entrancing,
"It's Spring," the message they gayly tell.

Violets, stirring with drowsy sighs,
Peep at the world in shy surprise.
The West Wind comes tapping,
To find them still napping:
"It's Spring, you sleepy-heads. Rise!"

Songbirds are flocking from far and near
Flying homeward. Each feathered seer,
So swiftly winging,
So joyously singing,
"It's Spring," they're caroling clear.

"It's Spring!"—what wonder the words impart.
"It's Spring!" that comes like a gleaming dart,
With hope aflame,
And love in train,
Spring—in heaven and in my heart!

Agnes Geary, '32.

The Easter Tulip

I heard the tulip and what it said
Of thoughtless man, and the Christ that was dead.
Perhaps you saw the tulip, too,
And wondered at its crimson hue?

Ah, yes, I'm sure you've seen it oft, of old,
And perhaps have guessed its story bold.
It's God's little messenger, you know;
Each March it peeps above the driven snow.

Mother told the tale to me, oh, long ago;
Showed me the tulip budding there, and lo!
A little heart was touched; its message kenned.
Shall I tell the tale to you, dear little friend?

A little white gate opened and closed, and two tiny bare feet pattered down the dusty road. Who but Baby Innocent could so happily trip along? Innocent was quite grown up for her four short years. That was because she had no other children to play with. Daddy John was her only companion. God willed it that way, when He called her own father and mother to open with Him the gates of Paradise.

Innocent loved stories, and "Daddy John" told her the longest ones about all the fairy folk; but he knew only three or four, and she had heard them so very often that she could recite them all by heart. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the child was a bundle of anticipation today, for Mother Mary, the beautiful lady who lived in the brown thatched house, had promised her a real, new story? And so the little four-year-old was hurrying, quite as fast as her thoughts could carry her, to the promised story. Suppose the Lady had forgotten? But she hadn't. Mother Mary was sitting under the shady sycamore, awaiting her child guest. As the tiny feet stirred the grass, Mary looked up.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you didn't forget your story, dear child."

What a funny thing to say! thought Innocent. "How could I? I love stories!"—and the child's sad blue eyes prompted Mary to gather her in her arms and give her a bit of the mother's love she had never known. If a tear fell, it was not of sadness; rather, it was of happiness; for didn't the child bring her nearer to her own son? Innocent belonged to Him, too.

The little tot's "May I have the story, please?" broke the reverie, and Mary began her tale.

"Some years ago, long before there was any little Innocent, a babe was born at midnight in Bethlehem. He was the king of men, your king, Innocent. But His home was not a beautiful palace, for He was poor, and was born in a cold stable, on far-off hills. A beautiful babe, He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And His mother and foster-father, Joseph, watched over Him. They called Him Jesus. You would have loved Him, Innocent, and if you had been there, you might have held Him in your arms. When He grew to be a young man, His father's pride and His mother's solace, He reminded the people that He was their King, a token of love sent from God to them. The people merely laughed and scoffed at Him. He had only love to give them, they said, and the promise of a beautiful land, and a reward for goodness when they died. They were cold-hearted and cruel. They did not want love. They wanted wealth and fame, they wanted a king decked in jewels and waited upon by frightened slaves. So they schemed to put away our King. They sold Him for thirty pieces of silver, Innocent. And that was not enough; the very souls He loved cried, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' They jeered at Him, and tortured Him. They dragged Him through an angry mob, and when they reached the Hill of Calvary, they hung Him on a cross, and left Him there to die. There His mother watched and prayed, and after a while she tenderly took Him in her arms and placed Him in a tomb. A suffering mother—her Son was dead. But He proved to those thoughtless people that He was truly God, for, three days later when some holy women went to His tomb, they found it empty. White lilies were blooming there and a beautiful angel gave the tidings, 'He is risen. He is not here.' And this was the first Easter morn. That was our God-King, Innocent, and even today He watches over us and loves us."

"But what happened to His mother?"

A tear fell, and Mary held the child closer. "He left me here for you, dear."

Silence blessed the tale. A beautiful picture, the Lady and child—suffering mingled with joy. And the story—? Heaven listened while Mary spoke her prayer. And a tulip lifted a crimson chalice and drank the beauty in.

MARGARET M. CULVER, '31.

Discernment Counts

"I'll show Mr. Lee what I can do, now that I have an opportunity," murmured J. Livingstone Stone to himself as he emerged from the law offices of Lee, Webster and Gould into the midst of the bustling crowd which swarmed through downtown New York. "I've waited three years for this chance and I'm going to make the most of it."

Jubilantly the young junior partner recalled the moment when Mr. Lee had informed him that he was to sit in on the renowned Foster case. He knew that outstanding work in this case which had attracted attention throughout the state, would secure his position with the senior members of his firm, and establish his name in the legal profession.

Despite J. Livingstone's determination, the day of the Foster case trial arrived without the young man having rendered any particularly valuable assistance to Mr. Lee. Rather dejectedly he made his way into the corridor of the court house, where he saw Mr. Lee conferring with two men.

"Good morning, Mr. Lee," he began.

"Just one moment, Mr. Stone, if you please," said the older man beckoning him aside. "Did you secure those papers last night?"

"Yes, Mr. Lee," replied J. Livingstone quickly, "and I took care that they were properly signed and sealed, sir."

"Very well—and now, if you will talk to some of those witnesses for a few moments, I think our case will be called shortly."

They parted. Mr. Lee, calm and assured, slowly lighted a cigar and resumed his place in the group of men. The young man, nervous and perturbed, was hastening to the other side of the corridor when suddenly he heard someone say, "Hello there, Jack." Turning around, he perceived a man who was a well-known member of the Bar and a prominent man in society circles.

"Good morning, Mr. Evans," replied the young lawyer pleasantly. "Trying a case today?"

"Oh, I don't know—rather waiting around, I guess. Have a cigar or a cigarette?" he asked.

"Not just now, thank you," replied J. Livingstone.

"How is the badminton lately, Jack? I haven't been around to the club for a week or so."

"Pretty fair," responded the young man, "but I've been so busy I haven't had time to practise."

"That's right. I suppose you have been rushed with this Foster case on hand. I hear you're going to sit in with Lee during the trial."

A pleased smile flashed across J. Livingstone's face.

"Incidentally," continued Evans, "when the jury is being drawn, watch out for Greene, Wilkins, and Lane. We've had them investigated and they're bad ones! You won't have a chance if they are on the jury. Challenge them."

J. Livingstone's eyes lighted up. "You mean that?"

"Surely I do," replied Evans.

"Thank you very much for that tip, Mr. Evans. I hope I can reciprocate sometime." He extended his hand to the older man.

Evans grasped it, saying, "Well, it's no more than you would do for me. Best of luck, Jack. See you some evening at the club."

The day assumed new interest for the earnest youth. At the crucial moment he had gained this information which would be invaluable to his senior partner. Already he could hear Mr. Lee's words of commendation and the praise of the other members of the firm. As he started toward Mr. Lee, he heard the clerk of the court suddenly call, "Mr. Lee, Mr. Lee!"

The Foster case had been reached for trial, so J. Livingstone hurried down to the fifth session where he knew the case was to go on. Slipping into his place beside Mr. Lee, he leaned over toward him with a confidential air and began excitedly: "Mr. Evans just told me to warn you to challenge Greene, Wilkins, and Lane if they were drawn."

The senior partner nodded his head as though he understood, but he made no reply. J. Livingstone, observing him closely, noticed an expression of stern determination appear upon his face.

The trial opened and with it began the empanelling of the jury. To J. Livingstone's delight all three men's names were drawn. Now the information he had received from Mr. Evans would prove most valuable. Though a trifle puzzled in regard to Mr. Lee's attitude when he had given him the message, nevertheless he rejoiced at the service he felt he had been able to render him. With the greatest suspense he awaited the moment when Mr. Lee would challenge the three men.

At last the entire jury was empanelled and the clerk of the court rose, and asked, "Is the jury satisfactory to the plaintiff?" The opposing counsel nodded assent. Then turning to the defendant's counsel, the clerk asked, "Is the jury satisfactory to the defendant?"

Instantly Mr. Lee replied a determined "Yes."

J. Livingstone could hardly believe it. Hadn't Mr. Lee heard what he had said? Thinking this to be the case, he whispered again, "You heard what I said about those three men, didn't you, Mr. Lee?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lee very calmly.

J. Livingstone settled back in his chair, his mind whirling with doubts and uncertainties.

In the course of a week the trial of the famous Foster case was completed, and a favorable verdict was rendered for the client of Lee, Webster and Gould.

To J. Livingstone the affair was simply incomprehensible. Uppermost in his mind was the fact that Mr. Lee had not challenged the three jurors. Why had he disregarded the valuable information that he had obtained for him? J. Livingstone finally resolved to talk to Mr. Lee. One afternoon he presented himself before the senior partner who was working on some legal papers in his office.

"May I ask you a question, Mr. Lee?"

The older man nodded encouragingly.

"Why didn't you challenge those three jurors, about whom I warned you on the day of the Foster trial?"

Mr. Lee looked at J. Livingstone for a moment. "Young man, I had a very good reason for not challenging those three men. The man who gave you that information did so to further his own interests. He had the next case coming up in that session and wanted those men excluded from our jury, so that they would be available as jurors in his case. I had had all the prospective jurors looked up and I knew that those three men were friends of his."

J. Livingstone gasped. "You mean that Evans deliberately tried to mislead me?"

Mr. Lee smiled. "Well, he certainly was not trying to help you. You know, in a battle of wits, the information that you gain through your own power is your only reliable weapon."

DOROTHY MULLIN, '32.

"Domine, Videam"

Teach me, Lord, to see life
  E'en as Thou hast willed;
Not as a cup to empty,
  But a chalice to be filled.

ELINOR D. RICH, '31.

Abraham Lincoln

(After reading *Knight Errant* of L. I. Guiney)

Spirits of old that bore him,
And set him like a star
Between the fates of ages past
And dreams of those that are,
Knowing the destiny of men
Vowed to the ways of God,
You set his feet upon the road
The Liberator trod.

Spirits of old that bore him,
And breathed into his eyes
The seeing of all lowly things,
The sight that pierced the skies,
Knowing the martyrdom of pain
His epic life would be,
You showed his dedicated soul
The road to Calvary.

Spirits of old that bore him,
And sent him from afar
To be the light of ages past
And the love of those that are,
Knowing the testament of tears
Life to the bravest brings,
What weapon had this holy one
Against unholy things?

Spirits of old that bore him,
In what did he endure?

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

Anne McNamara, '30.

The Knight Errant and His Squire

Many years seem to have passed since I first heard of Don Quijote and the windmills. For the space of ten years at least every reference to that fact strengthened my wonder why such an apparently foolish story should be considered a great classic. Serious study of the *Quijote* has made me realize the deeper significance of the various episodes which appeared so meaningless before. On September 15, 1930, I was handed a bright red book proclaiming that between its covers was the true history of "El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha." That flame-colored book and I became inseparable. Honesty compels me to admit, however, that it was not all literary interest, but, in part, a desire to pass Spanish 12. Not that I enjoyed it at first. No, indeed, it took some time to get interested in it.

It is difficult to realize that the book was written by an old man who had seen and suffered the hardships of life, for cheerfulness and optimism are expressed throughout the book. At times it is impossible not to confuse the author and the hero. Indeed, Cervantes must have realized how deeply he had interwoven his personality with that of his hero when he said, "Don Quijote was born for me alone, and I for him; he knew how to carry out his adventures, and I how to describe them; we two might pass for one."

Byron asserts that "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away." Far from it. On the contrary Cervantes gave a new zest to the fading chivalry of sixteenth-century Spain. He pointed out the existing errors and by so doing corrected and idealized Spanish chivalry. Cervantes did, however, give the fatal blow to the chivalry novels of his day, for it was they that injured true chivalry by representing it very erroneously. Cervantes admits that he attacked his beloved Spain, but it is with love and charity that he does it, and only in order to fulfill the purpose of his book which was "To undo the harm and to lessen the malevolent influence of the existing class of novels."

Don Quijote is a library in itself, for it is said that if all previous Spanish literature were lost, the *Quijote* would offer an adequate substitute for all pre-existing Spanish classics. The book tells not only the story of one knight of the Mancha but has also within its covers seven shorter novels of various types. Taken all in all there are a great many characters in the book, yet the story depends mainly on Quijote and Sancho.

The *Quijote* is the story of one Alonso Guijada, whose imagination, crazed by reading chivalry novels, leads him to become a knight errant and to ride forth, accompanied by his squire, Sancho, to defend the

oppressed, and to aid the injured. The two set out in search of adventure, and their search does not go unrewarded, for the "wise fool," as Quijote is called, allows his imagination full sway with the result that he thinks windmills are giants; flocks of sheep, armies; galley slaves, ill-used gentlemen; and inns, castles. Quijote, with a certain pathetic dignity, goes through each new adventure with a spirit of bravado, fondly imagining that he is the victor in each encounter, whereas there is only one occasion when he really vanquishes his opponent. Sancho, on the other hand, sees things as they really are, but although he cannot fully appreciate his master's movement, never loses his faith in Quijote. Like every knight of old, Quijote had his lady, "the imaginary Dulcinea," for whom he sought to accomplish these great feats and to overcome stupendous difficulties.

The book presents "true pictures of human nature, with all its absurdities, its aspirations, its materialism, its realism, and its enthusiasm." It has immortalized the Spanish peasant, for each and every one of its characters are prototypes of the district of which Cervantes writes. The plot is based on the mania of Don Quijote to reform the world, a task which he undertakes singlehanded, and which he very naturally fails to fulfill. Quijote, the man, dies at the end of the book. His spirit is crushed, but his ideal lives on, influencing the thoughts and strengthening the hearts of the people who have read his history.

In order to appreciate the book fully, the reader must understand the deep symbolism underlying the story. Both Quijote and Sancho are symbolical characters; the former represents the ideal, the latter the practical in life. They both possess the ability to teach in an unforgettable manner. Don Quijote discourses in erudite and intellectual phrases; Sancho expresses his ideas in a shower of apt proverbs which have immortalized him.

All in all, the book is human. We laugh at the pranks of Sancho, and we are able to see the humorous side of many of Quijote's adventures; yet at the same time our hearts are saddened at the plight of these two boon companions. It was with true regret that I closed the *Quijote*. I felt as though I were standing over the graves of two close friends, while haunting shadows of the past flashed before me.

Sally D. Carroll, '31.

Indefinitely Postponed

"That's great work, Buddy!"—and Muriel Du Pont was at the side of her brother's plane, intensely thrilled by his splendid flying. "How do you feel about Saturday?" she asked, with unusual concern.

One hundred and sixty pounds of limberness jumped to the ground to the side of his smartly dressed, vivacious sister. He was an overgrown and overjoyed boy, actually beaming on account of the new speed that he had attained. "I wish today were Saturday. That's how I feel about it!" and his closed fist struck a blow on the hood of Muriel's low-slung roadster. This was one of his pet methods of exhausting his excess enthusiasm.

As the two sped homeward, Muriel did most of the talking. "I heard some rather encouraging news today, Buddy. Hugh Adams is going to be in town for the races. Isn't that marvelous?"

"That's a new one on me," said Buddy, lighting up his pipe. "I've never even heard of him."

Muriel sighed and shook her head quite despairingly at her brother's ignorance.

"Buddy, you're impossible! He's that enormously wealthy bachelor, who proposed to me seven times when I was at school. Isn't that enough to make him famous?"

"Muriel, don't you ever think of anything but money in a man?"

Muriel's nonchalance came to her rescue, and she tossed her head back a little, and said, "One needs a little money now and then. Don't you think so?"

Buddy continued his unfinished thought: "I wish that you had never gone to that school. Why—you've lost everything—even your religion."

A dead silence fell, and Muriel kept her eyes on the road, until she piloted the aviator into the driveway of their stately home.

For the first time, Buddy had hit the nail on the head, in the matter of religion. He could not have failed to notice Muriel's pronounced laxity since her return from college. She was careless about Mass, and confession, and talked in high-sounding language about freedom and independence. "Why should a girl give up clothes, wealth, and position," she had said, "just because the man she wants to marry happens to go to a different church?" She had associated with atheists and pagans, and found them good companions—modern, sensible, and free. In fact, she had found one who particularly appealed to her. That was Hugh Adams, a smooth, flattering bachelor, of thirty-five "falls," or summers, perhaps.

Friday, the day before the National Air Races, and the day of Hugh Adams' arrival, found the Du Pont household a hot-bed of excitement. Muriel simply could not decide which dinner gown to wear. Just when she seemed to be on the point of making the weighty decision, she would be called to the telephone, only to accept another tea or reception. Buddy was busily engaged in the business of receiving best wishes for success in his first big race. As he hung up the receiver after a press-man's call, he was attracted to the window by the sound of taxi wheels grinding up the driveway. As the machine stopped, a rather distinguished-looking man stepped out, with a particular ease of style. He was very well dressed, and as he approached the house, Buddy thought: "I'd do anything in the world to make Muriel realize her mistake in wanting to marry that man who is not of her own religion."

At dinner, Buddy and Adams became better acquainted. They talked at length about aviation and its possibilities, about politics, and about sports. Muriel was delighted with their apparent friendliness, for in her heart she had felt, but not feared, the friction that would surely result from her decision to marry Adams. As her contribution to a pleasant evening, she suggested a few hands of bridge, to be played before the guests began to "drop in" to meet the great Adams.

"I'm sorry, Sis, but you'll have to count me out on the bridge idea for now. I have to be at confession at eight!" He looked straight into Adams' eyes. Adams lit up a cigarette, and smiling a bit cynically, said: "Sorry, but I'm not up much on this religion question, so I guess I can't join you."

"That is quite too bad," Buddy said as he prepared to go. "You know, somehow, I feel that I may need God and religion, some day." And he turned briskly, and left the room.

By noon on Saturday, the spacious stands were rapidly filling for the greatest of air classics: the National Air Races. Motors were roaring, propellers twirling, and planes taxiing into starting position on the field. Society was in its element, and the whole audience anxiously awaited the start. Muriel Du Pont and Hugh Adams occupied choice seats, and were accompanied by a host of friends, all anxious for Buddy's victory.

At last they were off. There was a deafening roar that gradually lessened itself into a whirring noise. Buddy was enthroned in the cockpit of the "Blue Cloud."

"I hope that Buddy wins," Muriel said to Adams. "I told him if he did, we would announce our engagement tonight, before you go back." As she spoke, Buddy's strong disapproval loomed up in her mind, like a

haunting ghost. He had begged her in their last talk together not to plan on marrying Adams.

Tensely silent moments followed, as Buddy gained the lead. Suddenly, a unified scream pierced the air, a whirling mass of flames fell through space, and crashed to the earth. In a moment, Muriel was at the side of her dying brother.

"God always wins," he said, as he sank into his sister's arms.

ANN L. GRADY, '31.

Up the Lane

Winter slyly creeps away,
Fades in light of springtime day,
And the world is very gay
Once again!

Smiles and laughter everywhere,
Music filters through the air,
Gone is sadness, grief, and care,
Banished pain!

Lucky mortals are we here
Living at this time of year.
Spring has come and summer's near—
Up the lane!

MARGARET BUDDS, '33.

Invictus Versus Victus

In the essay, *A Renegade Poet on the Poet,* Francis Thompson says that "Poetry is the teacher of beauty; and without beauty men would soon lose the conception of a God, and exchange God for the devil . . . whence it was, doubtless, that poetry and religion were of old so united, as is seen in the prophetic books of the Bible." No better illustration of this statement can be given than the contrast that exists between Francis Thompson's own poetry and that of a compatriot who was living in London during the very years that Thompson was lost and found there—William Ernest Henley.

On August 23, 1849, Henley was born in Gloucester, England, and later attended the grammar school there. As a child he suffered with a tubercular disease which finally necessitated the amputation of a foot. During the time of his convalescence at the Infirmary at Edinburgh, he wrote *Hospital Verses,* which have been described as giving the "sights, sensations, and even the actual smells of the sick-room." Henley's poetry is not great in volume, the principal reason of which, as he tells us in his Preface to *Poems,* which was first published in 1888, is that "after spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry I found myself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable, that I had to own myself beaten in art, and to indict myself to journalism for the next ten years." After having read his poetry, we realize why he was "beaten in art." His poetry is decidedly not "the teacher of beauty," therefore, "without beauty he lost the conception of a God, and exchanged God for the devil. . . ." The evil spirit in his case took the form of a fatalism and grim defiance of religion which we read in his poetry.

As magazine editor he was fearless, exceedingly prejudiced, and violent in preferences and antipathies. In 1892 he published three plays in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson, one of his closest friends. In 1894, the death of his six-year-old daughter broke his heart, although he had described himself as "bloody but unbowed." He died in 1903.

His poem "Invictus" is typical of his attitude toward life, one of reckless fearlessness, a false courage, and decided fatalism.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody but unbowed."

Afflicted by physical infirmities, he shouted for "more life—life, no matter how undisciplined, at any cost . . . and the more boister-

ous the better," in order, no doubt, to prove to the world the courage and fearlessness he had ascribed to himself:

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid."

"Invictus" ends with self-sufficient defiance:—

"I am the master of my fate:—
I am the captain of my soul."

Francis Thompson's youth also had its disappointments and sufferings. He was born at Ashton in Lancashire, December 16, 1859. His parents were Oxford converts and were intensely Catholic. Thompson was sent to Ushaw, a preparatory school founded by one of Cardinal Newman's friends, but because of his nervous timidity he was not received into the seminary at the end of his course. He began to study medicine at Owens College, Manchester, but he had no interest in it and proved a failure. While at Manchester he acquired the opium habit during a serious illness in the hospital when it was administered to allay his suffering; this habit wrought havoc with his life for a time, but he did later overcome it. Poverty and ill health in London followed. His attempts to earn a living were successive failures. He was at various times a book-agent, a boot-black, a soldier, a seller of matches—and a failure at all these occupations. Thompson used to sit reading for hours in the public library until finally his apparel became so shabby that he was refused admittance. The story of what Mr. and Mrs. Meynell did for Thompson, how they found him, saved him, encouraged him, and inspired him, is one of the most attractive pages in the history of literary friendships and beautiful Christian charity.

His best known and best loved work, "The Hound of Heaven," gives us a glimpse of the beauty of the poet's soul. This magnificent ode is autobiographical, but it is not that feature that evokes our interest and appreciation. It is rather that in this classic poem Thompson proves his own statement that "Poetry is the teacher of beauty," and, as he says in *Form and Formalism,* that "a great poet, be it spoken with reverence, who is likewise a great thinker, does for truth what Christ did for God, the Supreme Truth."

The "Hound of Heaven" may be analyzed like any drama. The keynote of the dramatic action, his forecast in the first passage of the poem, is sounded in "I fled Him." With the rise of the dramatic action,

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
. . . . . .

Up vistaed hopes I sped;

we follow the flight of the soul, "down labyrinthine ways," "up vistaed hopes" and "down Titanic glooms of chasmed fears." The soul flees through all the beauty of external nature, in pursuit of all the swift things of nature, and finally in vain flight seeks comfort in children's love. Nature, however, which is but a symbol of God, betrays the soul to its Creator.

"But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah; we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences."

The poet then, in a beautiful tribute to nature explains the proper attitude of human beings toward those mysteries of nature which we can never fully understand. The poem reaches its climax with the complete surrender of the soul, when we see the fugitive awaiting punishment:

"Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!"

With the fall of the dramatic action, we follow the soul in its submissive retreat when it recognizes the hand of God in human suffering, learns of its own unworthiness, and of the infinite love of God.

The crisis of the poem is reached in the complete victory won by the tender love of God, wherein we find the solution of all the vexatious ills of life.

"All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

The flight and retreat of the soul are over, and as the poem draws to its conclusion, we receive the final and satisfying solution of the mystery of life's suffering, the mystery which Henley and so many unfortunates have been unable to solve—a failure that has darkened their lives, crushed their hopes, and made baneful their influence:

"Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?"

The soul then sees itself as God sees it, and hears the answer:

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!"

Finally, the soul recognizes that God is real, and that He is near:

"Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest me."

Lorraine C. Cassier, '31.

Buried Treasure

"Wait a minute, let me give you a lift there," Jim Landson called to the young man beside him, vainly struggling to loosen a shovelful of the hard, unyielding earth. He had sympathetically noticed the twitches of pain on his neighbor's face as blisters began to appear on his hands, and tired muscles unused to such exertion began to register their complaints. Jim was a veteran on the city street department force and quite inured to its hardships, but the young fellow beside him was on his first job and could hardly be said to be enjoying it.

"Thanks, guess I've struck a ledge there. Do we have to go any deeper?" half imploringly came the question.

"Oughtn't to be any ledge around here," commented Jim with the wisdom of experience. "Let's have a look there."

Sure enough, something hard harshly grated, as his shovel struck it. With a powerful thrust he succeeded in moving it a bit. Two more thrusts were sufficient to dislodge a heavy, queer-shaped jug. Jim lifted it to the top of the trench in which they were standing and the two men examined it.

"Guess I'll take it home. The young lad will be interested in it."

Accordingly, when the whistle dismissed him that evening, Jim picked up the jug as well as his empty lunchbox and trudged off towards home.

"What do you think of this for buried treasure?" Jim inquired, displaying his find to the family.

"Junk!" scoffed his daughter after a hasty glance.

"Whatever possessed you to bring that thing home! A dirty old jar! If it were Jimmy, there'd be some excuse. He's just the one to be set on fire with wild imaginings about it. But you!—'buried treasure!' indeed," Mrs. Landson concluded with a sniff of disgust.

Jim, somewhat abashed by his wife's exclamations, half-apologetically ventured, "Well, I just thought it was a sort of curio. I never found anything like it before!"

"Wild imaginings" had already begun to run riot in young Jimmy's mind, for he interrupted excitedly: "Look! It has carving on it! Wouldn't it be great if you'd found some prehistoric relic, Dad!" I've been reading about some wonderful discoveries they've made just recently, not around here, of course, but perhaps—"

"There! what did I tell you? You and your foolish reading! You are your father's son all right; he bringing home 'buried treasure,' and you going on about 'historic relics,'" Mrs. Landson impatiently chided.

An imploring glance from Jim senior quieted Jim junior, and he dropped the subject of "buried treasure" for the evening.

There was no reluctance in young Jim's departing for bed that evening, and his father, looking in before retiring himself, learned the reason why. The old jug stood on the floor near the boy's bed, dirty no longer; the figures graven on it were quite distinct now that the dirt and grime were removed.

"Can I keep it, Dad? I want to take it to school."

"Sure, but don't say anything more to your mother, it would upset her!" Thus did the father negotiate for family peace.

In the weeks that followed Jim made no more such discoveries, although the results of the first one would hardly have prompted him to make them known if he had. Work grew slack during the winter months and as Spring drew near the Landsons reluctantly faced the facts. There could be no Ford this year. They had long been looking forward to owning one. Jim had gone so far as to talk with the salesman and had come home weighed down with pamphlets not at all moderate in their claims of its merits. Every month since circulars had arrived by mail to assure Jim that "Now was the time to buy" and "The new car would improve one hundred per cent upon the old." The last one, with its alluring views of the sedan and coach, had been wistfully glanced through by all the Landsons, but it just couldn't be! Perhaps next year, so they consoled one another.

Jim returned one night to find the family awaiting him in a state of suppressed excitement. For some time he could get no coherent explanation from them.

"Jimmy did it," exclaimed his sister.

And finally it was Jimmy who explained away his Dad's confusion. "You see, Dad, I brought the vase to school and my teacher became quite interested in it. She asked me all about where you found it, and then advised me to take it to the museum to see whether it had any value. There they asked to keep it for a while till some man could inspect it, so I left it with them. This note came today." And Jimmy extended the paper to his father.

Hurriedly skimming it, he was startled to read:

"And so we are enclosing a check for a thousand dollars. It will make a valuable addition to our collection of early Indian handicraft as well as serving as an example of their symbol writing. We should appreciate your father's own account of the discovery to include in our catalogue."

"A check for a thousand for that old jug! Imagine it! Well, mother, where's that auto catalogue?"

"Here, Dad, see if you choose the one we like!"

MARY F. KELLEY, '32.

Analysis of the Symbolism
of the
Seal of Emmanuel College

(The following explanation of the Coat of Arms of Emmanuel College was read by Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, '31, at the ceremony of the blessing of the first Emmanuel flag in the College Auditorium on February 24, 1931.)

The field of the arms is blue, the azure known in heraldry as Our Lady's color. At the base of the shield in gold is the heraldic charge called a trimount. This appears also on the arms of the Archdiocese, as the old Latin name for the See was *Dioceses Tremontinensis*—symbolic of the fact that Boston was built on three hills. The use of the trimount on the arms identifies Emmanuel as a College in the Archdiocese of Boston. From the trimount springs Our Lady's lily of silver purity, with three blossoms, one for each Person of the Blessed Trinity, and symbolic of the three vows of Our Lady's daughters. The lily reminds us also that the Sisters of Notre Dame originated in France, the land of the fleur-de-lis. The lily supports an open book, in silver white, with gold edges, in academic heraldry the symbol of learning. This book, like that mentioned in the Apocalypse, has seven seals or clasps in gold. Across its pages is inscribed the Sacred Name, *Emmanuel,* in the original Hebrew, so placed on the arms to signify that a knowledge of Our Lord is the aim and the crown of all learning. His Name, Emmanuel, God With Us, is not only the title of the College, but a pledge of His Real Presence there. The Coat of Arms is set in a circular background of Gothic design, a reminder of the architecture of the College buildings, English Collegiate Gothic.

When the Coat of Arms is surrounded by outer circles enclosing the formal Latin inscription, "Sigillum Collegii Emmanuel Bostoniensis,"

which translated is: "Seal of Emmanuel College in Boston"—it becomes the Seal of the college. The most significant feature of this outer inscription is the cross, so placed that the inscription begins and ends with it. The cross is the most significant of all symbols and links Emmanuel's traditions to those of the Catholic Church, than which there can be none more inspiring and more ennobling. An institution that pledges allegiance to and faith in the cross is founded on a power that will live forever. As in ages past when it was customary to sign documents with a cross, or for those unable to write to use a cross instead of a signature; as in present times it is customary for Bishops to use a cross as part of their signature, so does Emmanuel use this same sign of hope and of salvation in her signature.

Let us never forget, then, the richness of our heritage, the glory of our possession, the dignity of our ideal, and the burden of our responsibility to live worthy of the gifts that are ours and that are symbolized in our college flag of Blue and Gold.

Traffic

Officers and colored signals,
These are now a common sight,
But I've always had my conscience
To tell me to "keep to the right."

Elinor D. Rich, '31.

The Easiest Way

Ruth Jason burst into the room she shared with another student at Winslow College and collapsed on her bed in a convulsion of laughter.

"You have evidently had a good time," Betty Mason observed from her desk.

"Good—it was wonderful! Oh, Betty, if you only could have seen me skiing. One foot went east and the other went west, and never the twain would meet. You should have come. I never had so much fun in my life. Skiing, tobogganing, skating, a night of winter carnival—it was scrumptious!" Ruth hugged her knees in reminiscent delight, and then turning to Betty, she said slyly:

"I suppose my little student knows her history upside down and inside out?"

"That's just it—I don't," Betty answered ruefully. "I envy you, Ruth, you're so clever. Here I've been studying madly all night while you've been having a glorious time. And what will be my reward? A seventy, if I'm lucky, while you will carry off a ninety! How do you do it?" she asked enviously.

Ruth, lying full length on her bed, looked at Betty quizzically and asked:

"Don't you really know how I do it?"

"No, how should I know the intricacies of your brain?"

"My brain isn't intricate at all, Betty dear." Ruth sat bolt upright. "But I thought you knew how I got my marks, everybody else does. You see, I borrow."

"Borrow what?" began Betty, "not marks—"

"Of course not, silly,—information," laughed Ruth.

"You mean you—"

"Don't say it, please," begged Ruth. "It's a horrible word and besides I don't cheat. Peggy Jenkins is a wizard at English and History and I often help her out in Math, so you see it really is a case of even exchange," she finished convincingly, and then noting the frown on Betty's face, she added, "besides it's the easiest way."

"But," Betty was still worried, "what if Peggy Jenkins doesn't show up?"

"I suppose I'd get life imprisonment," Ruth replied with mock gravity. Then she laughed merrily, "Don't be such an infant, Betty, come and get your beauty sleep."

"But," Betty was still worried, "what if Peggy Jenkins doesn't show up for the test tomorrow?"

"Then neither shall I," was the calm rejoinder. "Good-night, darling."

"But if you were in the room?" Betty persisted.

"I'd get out," was the impatient answer. "Faint, or something. Do calm your conscience, Betty, and go to sleep."

At ten minutes of nine the next morning, Betty and Ruth left their room and joined the crowd of girls en route to classes. Falling in with a group of girls bound for the History test, Ruth remarked casually, "Anyone see Peggy Jenkins this morning?"

"No," someone answered, "and nobody will see her for awhile. She has the grippe."

"What a shame!" Elsie Benson remarked. "She certainly knows her history."

"And mine, too," Ruth murmured to herself, then as Betty called her to one side, she said, "Well, you certainly prophesied the truth last night."

"What will you do, Ruth?" Betty demanded seriously.

"I'll employ my time well, my dear, and clean our room; after that I'll visit the sick, and try to console Peggy."

"But what about the test? You will have to take it some time."

"Of course, I'll take the make-up with Peggy."

"But you are not sick," protested Betty.

"Yes, I am. Tell Mr. Sykes I have amnesia. Hurry, it's aimost nine! Good luck."

That afternoon as Ruth and Betty were coming from a class, Elsie Benson joined them.

"What happened that you were not in History this morning, Ruth?"

"I didn't want to appal Mr. Sykes with my ignorance," was the careless reply.

"How considerate," Elsie smiled. "Will you take the test in Shakespeare tomorrow?"

"No," Ruth responded promptly. "Peggy won't be up for a week."

"Too bad," Elsie said. "Well, I'll see you later. I'm going to the library."

"You shouldn't have satisfied her!" Betty was indignant at Elsie's attitude.

"I had to get rid of her," Ruth explained. "I have a letter from Ted. Would you like to hear it?"

Ted was Ruth's brother, of whom both girls were extremely fond. He was a senior at Yale, and Ruth was very proud of him. She slit the envelope with a triumphant gesture and began reading enthusiastically:

"My dear little sister,

"I trust you receive this in your usual health. How is Betty?"

"Isn't he devoted to me?" Ruth observed ironically.

"Tell Betty I shall be delighted to promenade with her on the twentieth, and be grateful, little sister, that I am bringing a gentleman with red hair for you"——

"The wretch!" Ruth exploded. "It's nothing to laugh at, Betty, you know I detest red hair."

"He's only fooling," consoled Betty. "Go on."

"Nothing much happened here this week except that a fellow got expelled for cheating yesterday. The faculty made a terrible rumpus about it. Nice fellow, too, but an awful sponger."

Ruth hesitated and then continued slowly:

"So the password around here now is 'Beware the roving eye!' "

She finished the last page, and then tossed the letter to Betty with a casual, "Like to read it yourself?"

While Betty was reading the letter, Ruth roamed about the room. Finally she announced abruptly:

"I think I'll take a walk, would you like to come, Betty?"

"No, thanks," said Betty, as she noted Ruth's relief at her refusal.

Ruth walked for an hour and had practically convinced herself that she was an idiot and a victim of scrupulous conscience, when the recollection of the afternoon encounter with Elsie Benson brought the overwhelming truth before her. She was a sponger, a cheat—and so stupid that she wouldn't believe it of herself when everyone else realized it. Entrenched in her own conceit, she had created for herself a position a trifle more respectable than that of a common cheat, a borrower. For two years she had cheated everybody, herself included.

Despite this alarming conviction there was nothing penitent in Ruth Jason's demeanor as she ran up the stairs to her room at five o'clock. She met Katherine Bates, who greeted her with:

"I was just looking for you. We're going for a sleigh ride tonight. We can count on you, can't we?"

"I'm sorry, Kay, I'd love it, but I'm having company," Ruth replied regretfully.

"Distinguished visitor?" Kay asked in surprise.

"Yes," Ruth said gravely, "a gentleman of the 'old school.' " Then very confidentially, "I'm entertaining Mr. Shakespeare tonight."

AGNES GEARY, '32.

Quizzical

Did you like to listen to fairy lore
Of banshees, witches, and fairy folk?
Were you eager to seek their glens and haunts,
When you were a little boy?

Did the flocks you tended give you joy,
When they came to fold at even-tide?
Was the three-leafed shamrock your favorite flower,
When you were a little boy?

Did you long to conquer Druid realms,
And yearn to win a holy cause?
Did you wonder at warrior, priest, and seer,
When you were a little boy?

And when you launched your mission bark,
Were there doubts and blinding fears?
Were you heartened when naught of blood was spilled,
When you were a priest of God?

Do you watch your favorite children still
And rejoice that faith is strong?
Are you carefully saving a place for each,
Saint Patrick, Apostle of God?

ELEANOR K. STAFFORD, '32.

The Emmanuel College European Tour

With the approval of the Dean and Faculty, we take pleasure in announcing that an official tour to Europe has been selected for students, alumnae, and recommended friends of Emmanuel College for the forthcoming summer vacation.

For several years this plan has been under consideration, but the opportunity to offer such a tour, under approved auspices and with favorable rates, accommodations, and itinerary, has not presented itself. For the first time we are now able to sponsor a European trip which meets all these requirements and we believe that the success of the 1931 tour will be so outstanding that similar European visits will be an annual feature of our school and vacation life.

The initial Emmanuel College party will sail from New York on June 30 in the steamship *Carmania* of the Cunard Line. We shall land at Havre on July 7 and go immediately by boat train to Paris. Sightseeing, theatre parties, visits to Versailles and Malmaison, and motor trips throughout the French capital will be our introduction to the Continent. The famous Opera House, the Louvre, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Arc de Triomphe, the Trocadero, the Champs-Elysées, the Invalides, and a score of other world-celebrated places will be visited at a time when the city and its suburbs are at the height of their late-spring beauty.

From Paris we shall go by train to Lourdes, with its great shrine and the spectacle of thousands of pilgrims from every part of the globe. We shall spend a day there, ascending the Way of the Cross on the mountainside and going through the basilicas and the famous grotto. It is only a short distance to Avignon, another place of deep interest to all Catholics as the former seat of the Popes, and of historical significance as one of the notables relics of medieval life, symbolized by the ancient Papal Palace, the old walls, and the cathedral.

By contrast, our next stop on the tour will be in one of the world's most brilliant modern centers of gaiety—Monte Carlo and Menton on

the French Riviera. Motor trips over the picturesque roads skirting the sea, and a visit to the Casino will be part of our visit of two days there.

July 16 will find us in Genoa, from which Columbus set sail for the New World. The great explorer's house still stands there, and we shall visit it. We shall walk in the Campo Santo and the Piazza Ferrari, and explore the myriad attractions of this fascinating Italian city.

We then go to Rome, and there the most memorial experience of our tour will take place. The long-cherished desire, so dear to the heart of every Catholic, comes true the moment the members of our party will be granted an audience by the Holy Father. There are no words adequate to describe the emotions which will overcome us when we shall be in His august presence. His Holiness will raise His hand and bless our group. There will be in our party those who are in their youth, their middle age, and perhaps some who are approaching the later years. Fortunate are those in the dawn of their lives, as longer they will retain the memory of such an event.

Our sightseeing trips will include the whole scope of the grandeur of the city. The Forum, the Coliseum, and the Palatine, with their impressive relics of paganism, are sought by pilgrims no less than the Catacombs, majestic St. Peter's, the basilicas, and the churches which proclaim the birth and growth of Catholicism. We shall go to the Sistine Chapel, the Scala Sancta, the Pantheon, the Arch of Constantine, the Appian Way.

An excursion by motor will take us to the Tivoli waterfalls, Hadrian's Villa and the Villa d'Este. In the Vatican Museum are thousands of priceless treasures, and the famous fountains, palaces, gardens, parks, and drives are examples of the world's finest created beauty.

At Milan we shall visit the great cathedral, the Galleria, and the opera house. We shall traverse the Po valley, skirt the shores of Lake Como, and pass through the famous St. Gothard Tunnel to Lucerne. At Strasbourg we shall visit the Cathedral, the Kammerzel House, the Rohan Palace, and the Historical Museum. For three days we shall be in Lon-

don, with trips to the National Gallery, the Thames Embankment, Trafalgar Square, London Bridge, the Tower of London, Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral. There will be a day's excursion to Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, Eton College, and Stoke Poges.

On July 25, we shall go by boat train to Southampton, connecting there with the *Tuscania* and arriving back in New York on August 2.

The price for the entire trip will be $490. This is all-inclusive, providing tourist third accommodations on the Atlantic crossings, stops at Class A hotels, all meals, land and inland water transportation, guides, entrance fees and tips to all places visited, couriers, hotel accommodations, taxes that will include the special United States tax of $5.00 on every ticket, and free transportation of baggage.

The educational value alone of such a trip is evident, and is the prime consideration in our long-debated plans for an annual tour as part of the school routine. Our tour this year will be made under the auspices of the Catholic Travel League, with national headquarters at 10 East 40th Street, New York City. Miss Josephine C. Gillis, of our Faculty, is in charge of organization, and inquiries addressed to her will be answered fully and promptly. Our Boston agent is Mr. J. M. Shea, at 80 Boylston Street.

The Fens

The favorite child of Oberon was sent out on a quest
To find a spot where fairy folk might choose to take a rest.
He flittered here and fluttered there, far from the haunts of men,
At last he found a sheltered place, a place they call a fen.

A murky stream sulked sluggishly, hemmed in by copse-like reeds,
Thick, melancholy hedges grew, below them straggling weeds.
The fairies paddled down the stream and teased it into play,
They brushed the hedges as they passed, the arid stalks grew gay!

The Fens became a beauteous place under their magic spell,
The elf-folk choose it every Spring, an ideal place to dwell.
And if you wish to know the time they take up their abode,
Just slyly watch for tell-tale signs along the River Road.

You'll see a fairy footprint in the warm, responsive earth,
And tawny crocus heads appear—Spring has had rebirth.
Those golden flecks of sunshine that have fallen in a heap
Are bright forsythia petals—the couch where fairies sleep!

E. K. Stafford, '32.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

CHESTERTON AND BELLOC

The renaissance of Catholic literature which it has been the privilege of the twentieth century to witness, has been prompted in great measure by two definite classes of writers, the Catholic who from his earliest wielding of the pen has devoted himself to making the Catholic spirit an important factor in the literary field, and the convert, the man who has risen to fame outside the fold, but finding his goal in the church, has turned his endeavors and his talents to the propagation of its doctrines and its philosophy. It is a notable fact that the two outstanding figures of present-day literature represent these types. Predominant in the first group is Hilaire Belloc, whose varied and prolific production ranges from nursery rhymes through essays, political economy, history, biography, and travel, to distinctive verse, who is conceded by his enemies to be a writer of note, by the more impartial to be one of the masters of the age. About five years ago there came to contend with him under the same standard another warrior, new in the ranks of Catholics, but a veteran of the pen, one who had already carved a name on the honor roll of English authors, Gilbert K. Chesterton. Into the war which Belloc was waging against the false theories of materialistic philosophy and the degenerating weakness of modern morality, the new convert brought all the power of his dominant personality and his brilliant, versatile genuis. They have taken their attack into current periodicals, both British and American; they have woven issues and proof into the compass of the short story and the familiar essay; they have torn down the erroneous beliefs of history so carefully built up by their opponents, in a word, they have engaged their energies in giving the modern world, that which for some time it has been denied, truth. It is their achievement to have paved the way for young Catholic writers who perhaps would have lacked the courage to blaze the trail for themselves, to have created a wide Catholic reading public, ardent enthusiasts who give their support not as a matter of duty, but because they know that these men have the power to express the ideals and the spirit that they hold as a common heritage.

These two writers are by no means, however, periodical controversialists only, as we see in one of the latest works of Chesterton, *The Resurrection of Rome,* which is rich in Chestertonian spirit; while Belloc's *Wolsey* is acclaimed his best biography.

Claire L. Martell, '31.

"THE RESURRECTION OF ROME"

The purpose of this book, according to the author, is not to serve as a guide for tourists or to convert confirmed haters of the city, but to aid the traveler who feels that he would like to like Rome in spite of many of its aspects that are distasteful to his Nordic sense. To accomplish this, Mr. Chesterton has presented the physical aspect of the Eternal City in its relation to the symbolic that has been an integral part of the power, glory, and of the true essence of Rome as a vital force in the history of the world. Only by an understanding of the religion which is its very mainspring, its life, can one ever hope to grasp the spirit of Rome.

In his introductory chapter, "The Outline of a City," the author tells us of a vision that came to him as he watched the sun set over the dome of St. Peter's, a vision that brought before his mind's eye all that Rome has meant to civilization throughout the ages, and will ever mean. "The complete thing broke," he tells us, as he saw it, "and all that follows here is but a litter of the fragments." These "fragments" are so intensive, so deeply philosophical, and so intriguingly paradoxical, that, as one goes on, one's motive of giving an adequate review of the book must necessarily be forsaken. It is necessary, therefore, to turn, however reluctantly, from the innumerable fascinating twists of thought and philosophy and to consider only the main theme, of which Mr. Chesterton says: "It is the whole point of this book that the pomps of Rome are rightly meaningless until we know what they mean." In order to explain them, he traces the history of the city from the dark hour when the Caesars deserted it to build a court of splendor in the east, and the Pope saved it and the civilization of the west, by refusing to follow his example, through the equally difficult period of the Papal residence at Avignon, through periods of heresy, schism, and the seizure of the Papal States, to Fascism and the Lateran Treaty.

Then he turns to the external aspects of the city and presents a defence for that apparent superficiality that one finds in Roman architecture and art, which is particularly opposed to the northern ideal of simplicity. The Infant Church had had to make its choice in art as to whether it would express the simplicity of Christ in simplicity or the glory of God in glory. In that it chose the glory of God, it is only fitting that the glorification should be glorious. The art of Rome is the outward expression of its religious history for two thousand years, and to consider it in any other light is to misrepresent its mighty significance.

The chapter entitled "The Return of the Romans" links the past with the present and stresses those features of modern Rome which verify the term, "resurrection," that is used to describe it. Behold, in this new

city, Fascism, with a salute that is two thousand years old, and as Italian as the land itself; at its head, a dictator, Mussolini, the Julius Caesar of modern times. At this point Mr. Chesterton completely demolishes all arguments to the effect that this new régime has destroyed the liberty of the Italians, by proving that what the Italian government does openly, other nations have long done in practice while boasting a different theory. The strongest contention in favor of this ancient-modern rule in Italy is the part that it played in bringing about the true rejuvenation of the country, the reconciliation of the Church and the State in the Lateran Treaty, and the establishment of the Papal Sovereignty in Vatican City.

The key then to an appreciation of Rome is the realization that it is a city of triumphs, both Pagan and Christian. This note is echoed in every phase of its history, its structure, and its art. It is fitting, therefore, that we try to understand this even though we do not approve of all its manifestations. We must try to realize that it underlies all that Rome that has been and is to be. When this fact is universally recognized, there may come to us a glimpse of the vision of the Eternal City that was given to Chesterton, and then we may say with him, "In a word: what I saw written across Rome was *Resurgam*."

CLARE MARTELL, '31.

"WOLSEY"

In his clear graphic prose, Hilaire Belloc has reconstructed in his latest biography the vivid, glowing pageantry that typified Henry's court, with Wolsey the central figure. Old loves and hates, schemes and in trigues long forgotten, are revived and again run their course. A great play truly, for it is in this manner that Belloc's sense of the artistic has led him to portray it. The drama has for setting the glamorous court of Henry VIII, in a period of ferment and strife, a time of strong governmental centralization and increasing national disrespect for the chair of Peter, a time of discovery, wealth, a golden age. It has for characters a trio of youthful rulers, Henry VIII, a vacillating, vain man; Francis I, ambitious, unscrupulous, but a daring soldier; Charles V, perplexed, but learning rapidly; and for women, Catherine, the aristocrat, the good; and Anne, designing, strong-willed; for plot, the religious fate of England—truly a great play!

From the beginning one is impressed with the clear, logical sequence of the whole volume. The author has divided the book into main parts, or rather, has chosen to view it from two aspects. In the first section we regard the whole affair in the abstract; we get the setting, the characters, the circumstances, the plot—just like a program in the theatre.

The circumstances forming and molding the characters are carefully and analytically explained. We see Wolsey in his proper setting, and observing the influences forming his character, do not wonder greatly at the infamy of his life. Also, in this first part a resumé of the main action of the drama is given to refresh the mind briefly with those factors which shall be enlarged upon when the plot is developed in detail. We find this latter method of treatment common to the whole volume. Belloc first gives a concise statement of the facts; this is followed by an exhaustive explanation.

In the second part of the volume, he ceases playing a detached rôle, and, plunging into the drama itself, lives the happenings with the characters. In the five acts of the drama Wolsey's life is played. His power begins in 1513 with the taking of Tournai by the English; from 1514 to 1518 he progresses rapidly; he is made Cardinal, Legate à Latere, and finally Chancellor of England, nor is any means too lowly to help him in his upward struggle. In the years between 1518 and 1529, afterwards referred to by himself pathetically as "my triumphant glory," Wolsey was supreme, conducting the foreign policy of the country, establishing colleges, and intriguing interminably. With the year 1527 we first hear definite mention of the king's divorce. At this point Wolsey's hold begins to slacken; and Anne Boleyn's star begins to rise.

Belloc stresses, again and again, Wolsey's lack of foresight; for all his astuteness the Cardinal was blind to the religious upheaval taking place right under his eyes, so to speak. He was absolutely oblivious of the really great issues of the day; he lived in the present, worked for the present, and reaped of the present, failure, disgrace, and ingratitude.

From the beginning the book is a series of vivid word pictures of great dramatic intensity which are in direct contrast to its cold logic. Finally, with vivid, burning strokes Belloc paints the climax of the play, the divorce of Henry from Catherine.

When Wolsey's death approaches the author becomes gentler, the drawing is done with calmer hand, and in more subdued tones. We see the old man, broken, surrounded by the holy monks of Nottingham, warning, with the wisdom of the dying, against the evils which he himself had precipitated.

"Wolsey" is considered the best biography that has as yet come from Belloc's facile pen. The volume is a product of a finished style, a style formed gradually by his earlier biographies; it possesses a novelty of treatment all its own. His previous books "Danton," "Robespierre," "Joan of Arc," "Marie Antoinette," and "Richelieu" form an ascending scale culminating in this latest work.

KATHRYN LANE FLYNN, '31.

Chivalry

Saint Patrick was a gentleman—
I don't care what you say,
He may have been a shepherd-lad
On hills far away,
He may have lived a shepherd's life,
But I'm sure that many a day
He dreamed young dreams of other times,
Of courtly room and dance,
Of sunny days and stormy nights
In his beloved France.

But even when a shepherd boy,
He played a courtier's part;
For he loved a Lady fair and good,
And in his shepherd-heart
He longed to do some daring deed,
Some feat of chivalry,
To prove his love for Mary, Queen
Of love and fealty.

And so, one night as he watched alone
Beneath the clear moonshine,
He heard a voice above him say,
"This island must be mine!"

Now, Saint Patrick was a gentleman
(As I have said before),
And what his Lady wanted,
He'd give her—yes, and more!

So he made a gallant struggle,
Fought the foe with holy power,
Won a nation and a people
For his lovely Lady's dower.

You know the age-old story—
How he conquered pagan things,
How he stood and preached the Gospel,
In the courts of pagan kings.
How the gift he gave his Lady
Lives today 'neath Irish skies,
Lives today and all tomorrows
In the faith of Irish eyes.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.

Sesame

A new day dawned, revealed the hazy span
Of life, and brought more wonderment to our Spring;
In vision there, a maiden beckoning.
"Oh, tell us what your place in life of Man,"
We cried, "May we not know God's perfect plan?"
She smiled. And inspiration answer brings.
"That you may better know and serve your King,
Oh, follow me, the coals of Truth to fan."
A new sun rose. We entered Knowledge Hall,
Each robed in royal colors carefully spun,
Each eager noble tasks to do; for there, all
Struggles bitter-sweet are paid by merit won.
"God-With-Us," watchword proud, our call
To speed our infant efforts just begun.

MARGARET M. CULVER, '31.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

BLESSED MÈRE JULIE

Although it is usually with some difficulty that one ascribes an outstanding virtue to a saint, nevertheless I felt impressed throughout the reading of the life of the Blessed Julie Billiart that all she has accomplished for God through her Congregation is the result especially of that fascinating simplicity of her character that illumined her life and made possible the remarkable union with God that she attained amidst the most arduous, time-consuming occupations. We know the story of her life. A peasant girl of Picardy, wonderfully favored and enlightened by God, she was known as the little "Saint of Cuvilly" during the French Revolution, when she afforded comfort and courage to the great ladies from Paris who used to visit her in her humble village home. Although confined to her bed by paralysis of the lower limbs, she received her visitors with perfect simplicity, giving them with the same charming manner a share in the spiritual treasures with which her "good God, so very good," as she loved to call Him, had enriched her.

"Even at that time," writes Père Sellier, S.J., "she was raised to a very high degree of contemplation, and spent several hours a day in this holy exercise." This union of her soul with God was the secret of her simplicity, her absolute forgetfulness of self, and her dependence on God alone.

Thus, when the Countess Baudoin, who had learned to love Julie, was bowed down with grief by the loss of her father and her husband, both victims of the Revolution, she turned for consolation to her "bonne Julie" and succeeded in bringing her, though a cripple, to Amiens. It was there that Providence had desiged that the Foundress, aided by the noble Françoise Blin de Bourdon, was to begin her great work; and there, two valiant women, united in their great zeal for souls, became the foundation stones of the first little Convent of Notre Dame, in Amiens. There "frank straightforwardness, dear to the simplicity of Julie's character, marked all their intercourse. Their mutual understanding was so perfect, and the detachment and singleness of intention on either side was so genuine that, as religious superior and subject, their relations were as nearly as possible ideal." The simplicity of these relations still prevails, by the blessing of God, throughout the Congregation of Notre Dame of Namur.

The schools established by Blessed Mère Julie were at first for the

poor only, but when the value of the teaching given in them became known, other pupils were of necessity accepted. In training her sisters Mère Julie considered it so important that they should acquire the beautiful virtue of simplicity that it has become one of the fundamental and most characteristic marks of her Congregation. She regarded it as essential that each of her teachers should cultivate, first, "in her own soul the solid virtues which she was required later to instil into the souls of the children committed to her care." She also believed that a teacher should be perfectly mistress of herself. "To know how to combine sweetness and strength in reasonable proportions she must be on her guard against first impulses, especially if she is of a lively and energetic disposition." "The joy of the Holy Spirit," she says, "must be graven in our countenance, to the glory of God, so that we may draw souls to His service."

These are some of the principles on which her work is based, and through the strength of which it has developed during a century and a quarter. That her schools and convents have spread through Belgium, England, Scotland, South Africa, Congo, in the United States from California to Massachusetts, that they are established in Japan and China, and that the latest house opened in November, 1930, is in the Eternal City, is but a proof that the blessing of God has been upon her work. That the day of her canonization will arrive in the near future is the prayer of all Sisters of Notre Dame and of all students who have been privileged to be under their care.

Is it not fitting in this fourth decade of the twentieth century which is so truthfully characterized as materialistic and superficial, that we who are learning the lessons of Blessed Mère Julie should pause a moment to consider the charm of manner, the strength of purpose, and the glory of success with which God has rewarded her simplicity?

Lorraine Cassier, '31.

E. C. ECHOES

SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS

The following election of class officers for the second semester was made in January:

Junior Class

President: Mary F. Kelley of Lynn.
Vice-President: Helen Shanahan of Lynn.
Secretary: Elizabeth McCarthy of Cambridge.
Treasurer: Mary Omar of Dorchester.

Sophomore Class

President: Catherine Leonard of Dorchester.
Vice-President: Mary Feeney of Medford.
Secretary: Mary Koen of Salem.
Treasurer: Mary Curran of Cambridge.

Freshman Class

President: Dorothy Hughes of Cambridge.
Vice-President: Eleanor Stankard of Watertown.
Secretary: Charlotte Bigelow of Lynn.
Treasurer: Margaret O'Neill of Pawtucket, R. I.

EL CLUB ESPAÑOL

The first activity in the second semester of the Spanish Club, on February 2, was an illustrated lecture on Murillo. The lecture not only increased our knowledge and appreciation of the great Spanish artist, but deepened our love for all things artistic that find inspiration and expression in the nation that has remained Catholic amid the assaults of heresies throughout the ages. The members of the Spanish Club will not soon forget the interesting "Murillo meeting."

SOPHOMORE HOUR

Sophomore Hour was given on February fourth in the form of a radio program with Anne Crowley, chairman of the committee, as the announcer. The program was particularly enjoyable, since the Sophomore class possesses such varied talent. Hélène Crosby played the violin; Dorothy Hatch, the harp; Barbara Hall, the cello; Mary Koen, the mandolin; and Ada Erlandson and Louise Theriault, the piano. Louise Hollander, with Mary Frances Murphy as accompanist, sang; and as a last touch, Mary Barrow did a tap-dance.

JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Promenade, held in the State Ballroom of the Copley-Plaza, was, it seemed, even a greater success than ever this year. Since it came the night before St. Valentine's Day, red hearts featured largely in the decorations. Streamers of red and white, the colors of the class of 1932, and confetti, made the room colorful. The principal attraction was a large red heart, which at the proper time, let fall a shower of balloons. The promenade was led by Helen Good, chairman of an unusually active prom committee, followed by the class officers, the Misses Mary Kelley, Helen Shanahan, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary Omar.

The music was furnished by Ruby Newman's Orchestra.

SCENES FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Dramatic ability and personal charm combined to make the recital given by Miss Theresa Chisholm on February 11th, one of outstanding excellence. Her choice of scenes from "Twelfth Night" proved to be an admirable one. We thoroughly enjoyed the skilful character portrayal which this program afforded.

EMMANUEL HEARS HIS HOLINESS

On February twelfth the entire student body assembled in the auditorium and listened with the rest of the world in awed silence to the voice of the Vicar of Christ on earth, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. It was a significant coincidence that the Pope's broadcast should have been scheduled for Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

THE LITERARY MEETING

The third meeting of the Literary Society was devoted mainly to Joyce Kilmer. An appreciative lecture was given of Kilmer as a man, a poet, and a Catholic. This was supplemented by the reading of his best known poems: "The Delicatessen," by Miss Louise Fielding; "Trees," by Miss Lorraine Cassier; "The Servant Girl and the Grocer Boy," and "Dave Lilly," by Miss Susan Brennan; "The House With Nobody in It," by Miss Catherine Grant; "The Blue Valentine," by Miss Sally Carroll; and "Multiplication" and "Thanksgiving," by Miss Eleanor Rich. Other features of the meeting were an interesting discussion of Owen Francis Dudley and his three popular books: *Will Men Be Like Gods, The Shadow on the Earth,* and *The Masterful Monk,* and a review given by Clare L. Martell, '31, of Chesterton's *The Resurrection of Rome.*

MUSICAL SOCIETY CONCERT

The afternoon spent at the Concert given by the Musical Society, February 15, was one of great enjoyment to lovers of good music. The program was varied and entertaining, and consisted of selections by the Orpheus Club, under the direction of Margaret Savage, '31; vocal selections by Louise Hollander, '33, Lillian Collins, '32, Grace Sullivan, '31; harp solos by Agnes McHugh, '34, and Dorothy Hatch, '33; selections by the Glee Club, under the direction of Grace Sullivan, '31; violin solos by Lorraine Cassier, '31; piano solo by Agnes Knox, '32; and violoncello selections by Barbara Hall, '33. The accompanists were Carolyn Noonan, '31; Agnes Knox, '32; Ada Erlandson, '33; Louise Theriault, '33; and Mary F. Murphy, '33.

A PRIZE WINNER

Miss Laura Dixon, '34, was awarded second prize in an essay contest recently conducted by the Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H. The subject was, "Ireland's Contribution to American Liberty and Civilization."

OUR NEW EMMANUEL FLAG

Assembly on February twenty-fourth was devoted to a unique ceremony, that of the blessing of two beautiful flags, one, the national flag, the other, the first Emmanuel College flag, both of which have been presented to the college by a generous Emmanuel alumna. As the college orchestra played a processional, Miss Susan Brennan, president of the Senior class, carrying the national flag, led her class into the auditorium in a procession that was followed by Miss Alice Gallagher, vice-president of the Senior class, who carried the Emmanuel flag.

After the ceremony of the blessing of the flags, at which the Reverend John J. Lynch, S.T.L., professor of Political Science and Economics, officiated, Miss Brennan introduced the two speakers of the occasion: Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, of the Senior class, who read an explanation of the symbolism of the Emmanuel seal, which is artistically represented on the Emmanuel flag; and Miss Alice Gallagher, who explained the significance of our national flag. The college songs were sung with orchestra accompaniment by the assembled student body during the course of the program, which closed with the "Star Spangled Banner."

LE CERCLE LOUIS VEUILLOT

The third meeting of the French Club took place on March 4. The awarding of the prizes of the Oratorical Contest came first: Margaret Keating, '31, first prize; Jean Douville, '32, second prize.

Four Freshmen: Catherine Lane, Marion Buckley, Elizabeth Dempsey, and Helen Keating, gave a little play entitled "La Carême de Madame."

FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

A Bridge in aid of the Foreign Mission Society was held in the gymnasium on March second. The officers of the society, Elizabeth Loughran, '31, president; Margaret Ahern, '31, vice-president; Mary Kenney, '32, secretary; Mary Koen, '33, treasurer, worked hard to make it a success.

FRESHMAN HOUR

On March 11, the Freshmen held a very successful and well attended Fashion Show. Miss Mary Clarissa McCarthy introduced the models designating the salient points of the gowns. The revue began with something typically Freshman — gymnasium suits. Following were two smart-looking beach costumes; then spring suits, street dresses, coats, and hats followed in order. The next attraction was afternoon dresses in which were featured flowered chiffons, combinations of lace and velvet, and of lace and chiffon, dainty organdies with puff sleeves, and dresses with the popular short jackets. Next was a splendid array of dinner dresses, evening gowns, and evening wraps. Black relieved by white gardenias or fur, gorgeous lipstick red, and pastels in green and pink were the predominating colors. An orchid taffeta wrap was effective with a green point d'esprit gown, while a very new sleeveless velvet jacket looked extremely chic with a black transparent evening gown. A charming little bunny wrap made a delightful contrast with a stunning black evening gown where the only adornment was a fur-trimmed peplum. The Freshman Fashion Show ended appropriately with the presentation of the costume to which the Freshmen as a whole aspire—the dignified cap and gown.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Saturday, March 14, 1931, twenty members of the Classical Society, accompanied by Miss Gillis and Miss Rogers, spent an enjoyable and profitable hour at the Boston Art Museum. Although the study of Classical Art is inexhaustible, the subject was most satisfactorily treated by Miss Sayward, a member of the staff of the Boston Art Museum.

ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT

The annual concert in honor of St. Patrick was held on Monday afternoon, March 16. It consisted of vocal solos by Grace Sullivan, '31, Louise Hollander, '33, and Lilian Collins, '32; harp solos by Dorothy Hatch, 33, and Agnes McHugh, '34; a flute solo by Lilian Collins, 32; a violin solo by Lorraine Cassier, 31; a violin-piano-cello trio by Lorraine Cassier, 31, Agnes Knox, '32, and Barbara Hall, '33; and the reading of a poem by Gertrude Quinlan, '31.

"IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS"

"In the Shadow of the Cross," a Lenten drama in four acts by the Reverend John J. McMahon, was presented on March 27, 28 and 29 by the Dramatic Society. The play depicted Roman life during the reign of Nero, and dealt especially with the early Christians in Rome.

The cast included the following characters:

Servia—Ann L. Grady, '31.
Faustus—Margaret R. McLeod, '31.
Paula—Gertrude Quinlan, '31.
Paulinus—Catherine Grant, '31.
Sylvia—Madeleine Navien, '32.
Priscilla—Mary Keenan, '33.
Nero—Collette Fulham, '33.
Thrasyllus—Catherine Boucher, '32.
Farbellus—Louise Fielding, '31.
Phoebus—Mary Farnham, '33.
Marcus—Mary McInerney, '34.
Sybillus—Helen Morgan, '33.
Master of the Games—Mary Flatley, '33.

Committee for tickets and patrons included the following students:

Carolyn Noonan, Mary Clancy, Louise Theriault, Katherine FitzGerald, Dorothy Mullin, Geraldine Soles, and Agatha Hiltz.

THE ARISTOS CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

Readers of the ETHOS will rejoice to know that a new scholarship is being offered by the Aristos Club of Boston to any Catholic girl who has graduated from an accredited High School, public or parochial, in the Archdiocese of Boston, and who wishes to enter Emmanuel College.

The award of the scholarship will be based upon the results of the entrance examinations in June.

Application blanks may be obtained from the Dean of Emmanuel College or from the chairman of the Scholarship Board of the Aristos Club, 1 Arlington Street, Boston.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1927

Katherine E. Murphy and Irene Fontaine are teaching in the North High School in Worcester.

Fourteen members of the class of 1927 spent the week-end of the 22nd of February at the Monadnock Inn, Jaffrey, New Hampshire, where winter sports were enjoyed.

CLASS OF 1928

Agnes Shaw is teaching in Revere.

Sister Ann Bartholomew (Mary Grady), now teaching in St. John's High School, Peabody, and Sister Thomas Marie (Catherine Maloney), assisting in the Mathematics Department at Trinity College, were professed at the Notre Dame Novitiate, Waltham, in February.

CLASS OF 1929

Sister Catherine Joan (Katherine Skelley) entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in Waltham, in February.

Mary Walsh entered the Postulate of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in Waltham, in February.

The Class of 1929 sponsored a Farewell Tea, on January 24, at Filene's, in honor of Miss Mary Walsh.

CLASS OF 1930

Sister Mary Dolores (Mary Cleary) entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in Waltham, in February.

Ruth Kelley and Margaret Kiley, ex-'30, entered the Postulate of Notre Dame of Namur in Waltham, in February.

Mary Hoye is doing Chemical research in the Health Department of the State House.

Doris Donovan is doing substitute work in the Boston Schools.

Madeleine O'Brien is teaching Chemistry in the Practical Arts High School, Boston.

A Farewell Dinner was held by the Class of 1930, at the Southern House, Brookline, in honor of Miss Ruth Kelley.

RECOLLECTION DAY AT ALMA MATER

On Sunday, March 1, 1931, the Reverend Francis E. Lowe, S.J., conducted the annual Day of Recollection for our Alumnae. It was significant that Father Lowe's talks centered about the theme, "Happiness." It was indeed a happy day for the eighty fortunate members of the Assocation who were able to return. Father Lowe's simplicity, his eloquence, his interest as he defined "happiness" negatively and positively, and described "happiness attained" was a delight to everyone who heard him. After the exercises of the retreat day,—Holy Mass, Communion, three sermons, and Benediction,—a business meeting was held. Among the notes of interest, two social events were tentatively planned to be carried out sometime in April and May. Alumnae who were not present will be happy to know of the phenomenal financial success of both the November Alumnae dance and of the John McCormack concert.

ENGAGEMENTS

Margaret McCaffrey, '25, to James A. Campbell.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Slattery (Margaret Hession, '28). on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Savage (Frances O'Brien, '23), on the birth of a son.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Judge Philip J. O'Connell, father of Katherine O'Connell, '27.

Mr. John Shanahan, grandfather of Elizabeth Loughran, '31.

Class of 1933

Class of 1934

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME IV MAY-JUNE, 1931 No. 3

Baccalaureate Sermon

Delivered by the Reverend Joseph J. Keenan
Emmanuel College, June 7, 1931.

"A certain man made a great supper, and invited many." (Luke xiv, 16)

The great supper of the gospel story is an image of the Church, a picture of God's Kingdom on earth. The invitations are the manifold promptings of Divine Grace, the persuasive whisperings of the Master, Who invites all to the joys of eternity. In every land and in every clime the same word of God is spoken, the same invitation is given. To every creature of God, whatever be his age or condition, the still, small voice of the Creator speaks with heavenly charm, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." The doctrine of the Kingdom requires self-conquest and self-sacrifice, the setting aside of petty interests, the renunciation of transitory pleasures,—such is the price required for the lasting possession of the riches of the Kingdom.

Four years ago, an invitation was given and accepted. These chosen daughters heard and answered the voice of the Great Teacher to come and learn better the doctrines which, if followed, lead to eternal life. Today they are gathered at the Great Supper of the gentle Saviour. They have completed their studies under the guidance of their Emmanuel. Invited with them are their devoted teachers to whom has been entrusted the intellectual and spiritual training of their young lives and their parents, who have spared no sacrifice or expense that their children might have the best possible education the Church can give, the complete and holy training of the Catholic school. It is truly a day of rejoicing for our Holy Church. Her college graduates are ever to be considered the flower of her educational system. Wherever life's pathway may lead, they carry with them the virtues they have learned so well within these sacred convent walls. The community in which they live will be enriched by their wholesome influence; their homes will be the more blessed by their radiant presence, for theirs are the greatest ideals of true education which should ever shed greater lustre on that glorious Church which has so faithfully nourished and tenderly protected them.

A former president of our great country recently gave voice to the wisdom of our Catholic principles of education. Ex-President Coolidge, in an address before the National Council of Churches, said: "I have felt a great propriety in coming here, because of my belief in the growing necessity for reliance on the religious convictions of our people. The mere sharpening of wits, the bare training of the intellect, the naked acquisition of science, while they increase the power for good, likewise increase the power for evil. An intellectual growth will only add to our confusion, unless it be accompanied by a moral growth. I do not know of any source of moral power other than that which comes from religion."

This is the very purpose of the existence of the Catholic school, based on the age-old conviction that the world ever needs simple, honest, unaffected virtue. Our Lord taught it by word and by example. If a saturnalia of crime and disregard for lawful authority is spreading throughout our country today, it is because moral teaching has not kept pace with intellectual teaching. Fear of punishment may be a deterrent from crime, but it is never a cure; for man can evade the law. Self-respect, reputation in the eyes of men, will not hold back the uplifted arm of the murderer or suicide, or stay the passions when they clamor for unholy indulgence. Esteem in the eyes of the world is often the mother of a low and base hypocrisy. There is no power under heaven that can insure obedience to the law of God and the law of man, useless it be actuated by religious principles,—the love of God and the consequent love of man.

Catholic education is the invitation to the Great Supper of the Saviour —accepted. The Church takes a child even before reason has dawned in the young mind, before it can comprehend the mystery of sin. The very religious habit of the consecrated teacher is an example to the child that there is something to live for better than the things of earth. The image of the Infant Jesus is kept before the child; it captivates the young sense, and teaches the beauty of heaven before it can comprehend the dangerous beauty of the world. As sooon as reason is attained, it is taught the first lesson of man's responsibility to God, by a preparation for Confession, with the duty of self-examination. When the intellect is grown more perfect, that child is brought with Baptismal innocence shining upon its soul to receive the Body of Our Lord in Holy Communion. In the subsequent years of academic training, for every lesson of human knowledge that is taught, there is also the corresponding lesson of Divine Knowledge. The Catholic student is taught the geography of the glorious kingdoms of earth, but as well, is instructed in the meaning of the Kingdom of God. In the Catholic school, the student is inspired with the glory of earthly heroes, those who have made our country a land of freedom, prosperity, and power; but above all there is the inspiration given by the knowledge and love

for the Great Hero of all time, Christ Jesus, Who died for the eternal freedom, prosperity, and power of mankind. The various languages of mankind are translated and explained, and with them the language by which men talk with God. The Catholic student is trained in domestic science, as well as in the ideals of the Holy Family of Nazareth. The many sciences which train the intellect are expounded by teachers, competent in their field and consecrated to their work, who also teach the science of the spiritual life to strengthen the will as well as the mind. Each year our Catholic schools send forth young men and young women, ready to take their places as leaders in every field of human endeavor, and if true to the ideals of their training, they carry with them a maturity of mind that has grown apace with a soul that has not forfeited a ray of childhood innocence.

It is remarkable that in the gospel story of the life of Christ, no woman ever brought sorrow or disappointment to His Sacred Heart. It is less astonishing perhaps when we reflect that Our Lord stood forth as the Defender, the Champion of womanhood. Among the pagan nations the position of woman was not a respected one. She was regarded for the most part as a slave, a chattel for the gratification, pleasure, and comfort of man. The true feminist movement began when Our Savior came upon this earth. His teachings, His attitude of reserve and delicate kindness toward women, and the veneration of His Blessed Mother, gave to woman her proper place in the plan of God's creation. Paganism with its Helen of Troy, or Cleopatra, or the Virgins of Vesta, wrote but another page in the history of mankind, but it added nothing to womanly grace. Even today in countries of the East, the traveler from Christian lands is sick at heart to see the fetters which still bind woman, who has not been blessed with the beneficence of Christ's teachings. Even the great heroines of the Old Testament, Sara, Rebecca, Rachel, or Ruth, never attained the freedom of their sex that Christ established. Esther and Judith, though saviors of their people, could not approximate the virtues and graces that were born of Christianity. Restless, never content, woman went her weary way through the ages, until God's angel Gabriel dispelled the gloom, and at God's command announced to Mary the glad tidings of divine motherhood. A woman, conceived immaculate, was placed on the throne left vacant since the downfall of the first woman in Eden. In her, womanhood has achieved its greatest triumph and found its everlasting model. As it was the holy women who sought to soothe the sufferings of Our Lord along the way of the cross, who remained unafraid at the foot of the cross on Calvary, and brought sweet spices to the Tomb, so the history of the early Church records the delicate acts of charity, the faithfulness and constancy of noble women, whose greatest

adornment was their faith. As the Acts of the Apostles beautifully expresses it, "They were persevering in prayer with Mary." From the very beginning of Christianity we find numbers of women who were distinguished for their religious fervor, high character, and astonishing fortitude. St. Peter and St. Paul are careful to give their meed of praise to their women helpers in the propagation of the faith. The story of the early Christian martyrs is resplendent with the fortitude of an Agnes, a Cecilia, Perpetua, Felicitas, and a host of others. From the writings of the Fathers, we observe the most attractive home life, and great numbers of examples of beneficent educational influence on the young, sponsored by Christian women. The exemplary lives which so many Christian women lived in the midst of luxury and corruption, forced from the lips of Libanius, a pagan teacher, the exclamation: "What noble women these Christians have!"

The later history of Christianity is replete with examples of brilliant Church women, whose saintly lives and achievements were due to the faith that nurtured them. If the emperor Constantine saw the Cross of Christ in the heavens and adopted it as his standard in the Roman empire, it was the womanly instinct of his saintly mother, Helena, that prompted her to undertake a pilgrimage to Palestine to find the true cross, and establish Churches over the sacred places where Our Lord lived and died. Not only does St. Augustine give a most touching acknowledgment of his debt to his mother, St. Monica, but a similar tribute is paid by St. Chrysostom to his mother, Anthusa, and by St. Benedict to his sister, St. Scholastica. St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, and others, attribute their religious training and inspiration to a mother, sister, or pious relative. In fact we read in the lives of most of the great Fathers that some saintly woman exercised a blessed influence over them, whether in their youth, or in the labors of their mature lives. Around St. Jerome in Rome and in Bethlehem gathered such noble women as Marcella, Paula, Fabiola, and other members of the Roman aristocracy, and he acknowledges the valuable assistance they rendered in his literary labors. St. Patrick, the Book of Armaugh assures us, was ably assisted in the conversion and the education of the Irish by the gifted St. Brigid, the "Mary of the Gael." When St. John Chrysostom had to face the persecution of an enraged empress, he was encouraged and assisted by Olympias, the "Glory of the widows of the Eastern Church," who devoted her time, energy, and immense wealth to the personal service of the sick and the poor.

If by feminism is meant that fortitude, mental ability, vision, holiness, or any other great quality can be the possession of woman as well as of man, then surely the Catholic Church in all ages has inspired her daughters to be its leaders. Pope Gregory VII was ably assisted in the

trying days of his pontificate by the Countess Matilda; the beautiful charity of St. Francis of Assisi was made the more heavenly by the co-labors of St. Clare; associated with St. Francis de Sales was the great St. Jane Frances de Chantel. The list could be multiplied indefinitely: St. Hilda, the Abbess, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Jeanne d'Arc. In the early days of our own country, the intrepid missionaries who labored among the savage Indian tribes beheld the extraordinary asceticism of Tegawitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks." In our own times we have witnessed the tremendous influence of that beautiful child-saint of God, St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus. While other great women have exerted their saintly power before the thrones of kings and emperors, in the hallowed vocation of motherhood, her influence was born in the cloister of a Carmelite convent. She did not preach to thousands, she wrote but one book, she knew nothing of the marvels of science, but her secret of sanctity has astonished the world. In an age of the smart, the clever, the flippant, she has taught by her beautiful life the true secret of womanly influence.

The Catholic Church has always insisted on the dignity of womanhood under the Christian dispensation. In every century she has fought for the integrity of the souls of her daughters. Every lustful device of man to rob her of her high place in God's creation has been fearlessly combatted. In days of old it was the noxious inventions of paganism to dishonor her. Today it is neo-paganism which threatens to destroy home life, a paganism which would bring the relations between the sexes back to the blackest days of the heathen, that would make the holy sacrament of matrimony a state of legalized vice. A paganism which blatantly asserts that surgery can eliminate sensuality, legislation can supplant lust, environment will eradicate gluttony, abundance of this world's goods can destroy covetousness, perfect health will make anger impossible, a God-like pride will make of humility a mock virtue. It is the invitation to the Great Supper of the Master, spurned and rejected. It threatens to take from woman the most priceless jewel in the diadem of her charm, her honor, her glory as the helpmate of man, by making her the abject creature of a divorce mill, or by denying her the precious privilege of motherhood.

Members of the Graduating Class:

Our Blessed Lord once preached a Baccalaureate sermon. His hearers were the first emissaries of Catholic truth, the Apostles whom He had chosen and trained for the most stupendous mission ever attempted: to preach the gospel to every creature. For three years they had listened to His words of Divine Wisdom. Each day they had been blessed with the example of Jesus, who could stand before His accusers

and say, "Who among you can accuse Me of sin?" The gates of the apostolic college were about to close; the classroom of Peter's boat would soon be without its Teacher; the assembly hall of the Mount of Beatitudes would no longer resound with the ring of His voice. The textbooks of Moses and the Prophets had been interpreted for them; their chapels—the desert, Mt. Tabor, Gethsemane, where they talked with God, where they had carried their sorrows and found consolation—they must reproduce in other lands. Their days of training were over. They must go forth to sow the seeds of Divine learning in the hearts of their brethren. The Master gathered them together for His farewell address: "Father, I have manifested Thy name to them Thou has given Me out of the world. Thine they are, and to Me Thou gavest them, and they have kept Thy word—Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as We also are. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil. Sanctify them in truth. Father, I will that where I am, they also may be with Me, that they may see Thy glory which Thou hast given Me."

This morning Our Saviour speaks thus to you as your College, founded in His sweet name, Emmanuel, bids you farewell. You have been trained in the same doctrines as were the Apostles. With you also the Divine Teacher has dwelt in the lonely places of struggle and conquest for learning. Like Peter you have said to Him, "Lord, to whom can we go, for Thou hast the words of eternal life." Now your devoted teachers say to you: "The words Thou gavest me, I have given to them. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given to Me." Keep them in Thy name, faithful to that faith which is their dearest heritage, for which martyrs have died in an ecstacy of bliss, their guarantee of eternal happiness. "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil." The world will be the better for their presence, for wherever they go, they carry with them the ideals of their Catholic education. Therefore may they be spared for a long life, that the world may be illumined by their shining example. But keep them from the contaminating influences of a world that is fast forgetting the teachings of Christ. Keep them from the evils of a twentieth-century paganism with its disregard for lawful authority. Keep them unsullied from a gross materialism that subverts the position of woman. Their Catholic ideals, here nurtured so tenderly, may soon be challenged. But in that hour, their Christian education will be their safeguard and protection, and, "Where Christ is, they also will be with Him that they may see His glory."

We congratulate you on the successful completion of your studies, on the great success you have attained. A few years ago, your devoted parents entrusted you to the care of the noble Sisters of Notre Dame. It was a mark of their great love for you, a sign of their faith in God and His Holy Church. It was their answer to His invitation to the Great Supper. You now return to them, ready to repay them for the sacrifices they have made in your behalf. May you bring a true blessing to them, by nourishing the sacred flame of womanly honor, by exemplifying in your lives the fairest type of womanly honor. May the honors you have won be but the foreglow of even greater triumphs in the future that lies hidden from you. May you be ever numbered among the noble, high-minded women of our country, the models of all that is purest in the life of our great nation.

Silver Spoons

"Good morning, Madame Louise. May I have a finger wave today, please?" A diminutive creature in the latest-styled "Skipper Blue" suit asked the question of the Beauty Shop proprietress.

"Why I think so, Miss Brandigee. Just wait a moment, please, 'till I answer that 'phone." If there was any surprise in the Madame's voice at the frequency of Elizabeth Brandigee's finger waves, she concealed it, as became a good business woman.

The girl moved to the window, a smile hovering around her lips. From this vantage point she could observe the outside world, and to her the outside world meant a young bronzed six-footer working on a building construction just across the way. Sometimes the huge derrick which he manoeuvered swung near the Beauty Shop window, and then Elizabeth Brandigee felt that she could almost say for sure that his eyes were of a deep blue. Madame was still talking, but Elizabeth did not care. She was in no hurry. "He doesn't know it, but some day he will,—he's my secret passion!" She sang the popular radio hit almost gleefully. This tanned young working lad had indeed become her ideal! What matter if her father were president of the National Trust? Had he ever introduced her to a worth-while young man? No, she had never before seen such a wholesome-looking, interesting youth.

"Madame," she began solemnly, when she finally heard the receiver click, "I have just decided something. I shall never marry a rich man. Don't you think poor men are much more desirable?" She turned upon receiving no reply, and found that the usual calm and tranquil face of Madame Louise was troubled, and that her fingers were hurriedly turning the pages of the telephone book.

"Did you hear that, Miss Brandigee? Rose Marie's mother is ill, and she won't be in until Saturday. Here it is only Monday. That means I shall have to get a new manicurist. Oh, that noise! Why did the steel company have to decide to build right next to my shop. Why?"

Elizabeth gurgled. To think that the Madame did not appreciate the fact of his being there. Elizabeth appreciated it anyway, as she had since the day she drove her roadster by this very spot and almost bumped one of the construction trucks. A gruff "just another woman driver," addressed to the men standing there, made her look twice at the speaker. Something in his voice attracted her. She couldn't see his face as he turned away sharply, but something told her that he was nice in spite of that gruffness. She had driven by several times since, and she had even formed the habit of visiting the beauty parlor more frequently, but as she told herself laughingly, he had never even noticed her.

"So what will you have to do now, Madame?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh! I'll have to get a manicurist from one of the schools, and my nerves are all on edge anyway from that infernal racket going on outside. I'll have to get some new, stupid girl, and if there is anything I hate, it's having new people around."

"Madame Louise, would you? . . . could I? Well, you see, I can manicure. I always take care of my own nails. See! And well . . . well . . . I'd love to take the position, and after all, Madame Louise, you know me pretty well."

Indeed Madame did know Elizabeth Brandigee. Every one knew the wealthy Brandigees. And here was the only child of the Brandigees applying for a position, and as a manicurist. Of course it was impossible, but as Madame Louise said to herself "impossible," she looked at the anxious, upturned face of the girl. After all it was only for a week, less than a week, and the girl was old enough to know her own mind. If she wanted to work, well . . . to Madame Louise, it meant a pleasant week now.

"Sold!" she cried delightedly. "This very minute! You will find Rose Marie's uniforms in the cabinet. I think you're just about the same size."

"I know they'll do, Madame. They'll have to!" The last was almost a solemn whisper. Elizabeth was more enthusiastic than she had been for months. In truth, of late she had been a very bored little rich girl. But now! The "Skipper Blue" outfit with its label "Vionnet-Originale" and the charming roughest of rough straw hats with its "42 la rue de Madelon" were cast aside, and she stood there in the starched white uniform obviously delighted with her newest venture. For would she not be near the unknown?

The morning passed quickly. She sat at her little table by the window manicuring, the table being at the window nearest the new building.

"I'll move that over here, Betty," Madame Louise had said, for she was to be "Betty" now. "You don't want to be so near the noise."

Betty's heart had skipped. "I love the noise," she faltered.

And so she stayed. Once when the huge crane had swung up, she had caught the eyes of the boy standing on it, and they had smiled. Betty felt that there was a glorious week in store for her. Of course that evening there would be explanations of all descriptions for the benefit of the family. She would be told that she was impossible; and that this week, of all weeks, she should rest; for a party was to be given in her honor on Saturday night. But she could stand all that, she knew she would win her point finally. So now she was deliciously happy.

The too-good-to-be-true happened several days later when she was alone in the shop. The derrick swung out, as it had so many times before, but this time the tanned boy signalled to her to open the window. She did so, and as the machine swung by, he threw a white package right into her hands. On a piece of rough paper, wound around a tiny stone, he had written:

"My dear Miss Manicurist,

Of course I could bring this to your door or I could send it by a messenger, but there seems to be something of the romantic in throwing it from my chariot of the sky. When and where do you lunch? Am I too bold? Really, Miss Manicurist, we're old friends now, for I have been looking at you for three days. Surely we don't need an introduction. Let's talk over our lunches today. The Amsterdam at 12.45. Please.

JIMMIE."

Again the crane rumbled by, and Jimmy smiled as he saw her laughing nod. There was a flash of white teeth, and the sun glinted on his tossed-up curls. "Why should a boy have hair like that?" Betty murmured.

Over the Dutch luncheon (and it was doubly "dutch") they chatted together and had a glorious time. "Name please?" Jimmy asked, and "Betty" was the answer given.

"First names are not sufficient," went on the persistent one. "Betty what?"

A sudden panic filled Betty. Everyone knew the Brandigees. If he knew she was wealthy, then they never would see each other again. He would just go out of her life. She couldn't lose this happiness so quickly. Suddenly she remembered that as a child she could never manage "Brandigee" and had called herself Betty Rand. So like a flash she answered now, "Betty Rand."

"And I'm Jimmy Dunn," he gave as information. "Jimmy Dunn, chief pilot of the derrick of the steel construction building." Together they laughed and talked and made standing engagements for daily luncheons at the Amsterdam.

Saturday brought Rose Marie's return, and somehow when Betty left the shop with her twelve-dollar salary, she felt that it was the end of everything that was pleasant. She and Jimmy had planned to spend the afternoon together, and he had even promised to hire a car for the day. She wished that she were brave enough to say, "I have a Chrysler of my own, Jimmy," but how could she? At least she would have this one afternoon to remember, even though the rest of her life had to be one long unhappiness.

Jimmy looked nice in plus fours, much nicer, Betty decided, than in working clothes, but he still had that glorious out-of-door look. They drove and drove, and over their picnic luncheon talked as if they had been silent forever before, and must needs be silent forever afterward.

"Betty," Jimmy said solemnly, "sometime I'm going to ask you to marry me, just as soon as I find that I can make good in the contracting business. You know I'm crazy about you, Betty. You're just the kind of girl I've always admired, a girl who is poor, works for her living, and is contented without the luxuries of life—a girl who dresses simply." The eyes of the boy were earnest.

To Betty there was just a bit of strange humor in the situation. At least it was like a boy. Her stockings had cost a pretty penny, her shoes were far from inexpensive. Evidently Mr. Jimmy did not know that one must pay for simplicity in this world.

"Oh, Betty" he went on, "I will never marry a wealthy society girl. I haven't that much for them." He snapped his fingers. "You're the girl I want to marry, and some day I hope you'll have me."

Betty refused to be sad on this day, so she chatted with him, laughed, and joked, and then—back to town and to reality.

"You can drop me at the 'Y," she had said. She did not add, "I'm not Betty Rand, I shall not be at the beauty shop Monday, and I'll probably never see you again!" She merely said "Good-bye, Jimmy!"

And then she walked home slowly, home, past all the old Boston mansions, home to the oldest and richest looking of them all, the Brandigee home, situated on the world-famous avenue. She walked slowly and reluctantly. Betty knew now that she loved Jimmy, loved him as she'd never again love anyone, and he had said that he would never marry a rich girl. But oh! money shouldn't matter. It couldn't, if she were willing to give it up and start at the bottom with him. Jimmy would forgive her for being rich. She would go to see him on Monday and tell him she was through with money, that he was the only one in the world who mattered. Tonight would be her last night as the belle of the Brandigee home.

For tonight was the night of the dance in her home, a social event for which her parents and all the élite had been planning for weeks. Tonight Elizabeth would go to the dance, but this would be her last!

"My dear, he's coming!" her Mother began, as a trim maid put the finishing touches on Betty's brown locks.

"Who, what?" Betty asked, the only worth-while "he" in the world being out of the question.

"He is coming, Jameson Stewart Dunster, 3rd!"

"Now, Mother, what do I care about Jameson Stewart Dunster, 3rd?"

"Well, you ought to care," her mother defended. "He's heir to the Dunster millions, and he never goes to parties. He refuses to enter society at all, but his father prevailed upon him to come to your party. The social columns will be filled with it tomorrow. This ought to be quite a feather in your cap, 'Lizabeth."

"It isn't, Mother. In fact, Jameson Stewart Dunster does not impress me a bit."

Soft music; the choicest floral pieces the city could provide; girls in lovely pastels, and ankle length creations; proud and anxious mothers; perfectly tailored young eligibles; and shining among them Elizabeth Brandigee! The pale pink chiffon of her dress and slippers was just the shade that her cheeks had acquired in the open air that day with Jimmy. "Pretty as a picture," murmured several of the matrons, and indeed Elizabeth was a perfect hostess! No one could possibly guess that her thoughts were far, far away, in fact in the uppermost part of a derrick. She was poised, the finished product of sophisticated aristocracy. But she herself realized, as she had never realized before, that she was utterly and completely bored. The girls and boys, she decided, were silly; their would-be facetious remarks fell flat; everything seemed so trivial!

She was dancing with a gaunt, pale boy, and pretending to be very gay, when she found herself wondering if Jimmy Dunn could dance, and suddenly she saw him, yes, it was Jimmy. Even in the tuxedo, he looked different from the other young men present! Before she could even gasp, he had "cut in" on her dance, and as he led her away (oh! so easily!) he spoke quickly. "So you're Elizabeth Brandigee. Your mother pointed you out to me. A bit of a surprise, especially when," he chuckled, "I've been trying to 'duck' Elizabeth Brandigee for ages."

"But, Jimmy, how did you? Who? . . . How do you happen to be here?"

"James Stewart Dunster, 3rd, at your service." He smiled. "You know, Betty, I've been trying to think up a way to tell you all week that my name isn't Jimmy Dunn. You see I felt you wouldn't love me for myself if you knew I was rich, and I loved you from the first moment I saw you in that little white uniform. I'm learning my father's business from the bottom up," again he smiled, "and as I have always hated rich girls, I fell in love with the most adorable manicurist in the world and now, through force practically, I come to a party and I find that manicurist just as adorable as ever. Betty, I didn't know a rich girl could be like you!"

"We were both wrong," Jimmy Dunn concluded to Betty Rand later that evening. "We were both set against people with money, and here we are . . . Betty, it is just fate!"

Louise Fielding, '31.

The Wild Knight in Parnassus

For thirty years Chesterton has sung the triumph of Christianity over the materialism of the modern world. For thirty years he has poured forth a never-ending stream of literature, both poetry and prose, decrying the anti-Christian trend of the times, and prophesying the return of peace with the return of the world to Christ. But the poetic fame which is rightfully his has been somewhat obscured by the attention and admiration which has been lavished upon his prose. We have been so engrossed in it, that we have failed, perhaps, to appreciate with Joyce Kilmer that "this great humorist, this formidable debater, this brilliant novelist, this sound critic, this accomplished essayist is, before and above all things, a poet." Perhaps it has been because the volume of his poetry is so small in comparison with that of his prose. Perhaps, again, his personality as a lecturer has been so charming and so satisfying that we have not paused to inquire into the less frequent and less public ways of his versatility. And yet, if one does not know Chesterton as a poet, he does not really know Chesterton at all; for it is in his poetry that one finds all that tremendous vision, that elemental innocence, and that awful humility of which his essays and his other prose works are but overtones. It is in his poetry that one most clearly sees him as the exemplification of the Catholic spirit in modern literature, and in which one can most successfully unravel the triple strand of thought which Theodore Maynard says, separates itself into these three fundamental qualities: violence, humor, and humility. The Catholic spirit as embodied in Chesterton's poetry is, then, a fighting spirit, springing out of faith in Christ; a humorous spirit, springing out of innocence of heart; a humble spirit, springing out of common sanity.

All the robust vigor and love for the glory and the romance of things which is innate in Mr. Chesterton, has found an outlet in his war poetry. "Many poets write of war," said Joyce Kilmer, the poet-victim of war, "but they are too sophisticated, too grown-up, too self-conscious. They are too busy getting lessons from the war to say anything about the actual battle. But Chesterton's war poems are splendid, primitive things, full of the thunder of crashing arms, of courage, and of faith." Perhaps no more potent illustration of this militant love of battle can be offered than these lines from the well-known and widely admired *Lepanto*. Here the violent crusader paints his medieval battle scenes with great sweeping strokes, mingling gigantic blots of color with chaotic bursts of sound and awful silences.

Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war.
Stiff flags straining as the night-blasts cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in his brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

The battle as a mere conflict of armies is not the poet's primary consideration; but the battle as a conflict of principles, as a war between right and wrong standards of living, as a symbol of the warfare of good and evil in life,—this is the battle in which this modern Crusader revels with all the exulting enthusiasm of his soul. Proclaiming that the Christian faith will save the world, he has flung himself into the fight under the banner of Catholicism, and where he is, there, too, is the cry of all Crusaders . . . "Domino Gloria!"

In *The Ballad of Saint Barbara,* Chesterton uses the war theme to teach that the true perspective of life can be gained only through the eyes of faith. The whole lesson of the poem is embodied in an ancient legend of the life and martyrdom of Saint Barbara, "the saint of gunners, and a stay in sudden death." The legend is recounted in the short, simple lines of the ballad form:

Barbara the beautiful
Had praise of lute and pen;
Her hair was like a summer night
Dark and desired of men.

Her feet like birds from far away
That linger and light in doubt;
And her face was like a window
Where a man's first love looked out.

In splendid contrast to such exquisite, Thompsonian simplicity are the long, rolling lines of the description of the Battle of the Marne, which roar around it ominously, as an angry sea crashes against the shores of a smooth, green island in its midst. Here the rousing glamour of the

fight has caught the poet, and the battlefield looms up before us, a vivid image.

The torch and the tornado; all our guns give tongue together,
Saint Barbara for the gunnery and God defend the right,
They are stopped, and gapped, and battered as we blast away the weather,
Building window upon window to our lady of the light.
For the light is come on liberty, her foes are falling, falling,
They are reeling, they are running, as the shameful years have run;
She is risen for all the humble, she has heard the conquered calling,
Saint Barbara of the Gunners, with her hand upon the gun.

The cry for a return to orthodoxy becomes almost biblical in its grandeur in a poem which Chesterton has called *The Ballad of the Battle of Gibeon.*

Stand thou still, thou sun upon Gibeon,
Stand thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!
Shout thou, people, a cry of thunder
For the kings of the earth are broken asunder.
Now we have said it as the thunder says it,
Something is stronger than strength and slays it,
Now we have written for all time later,
Five kings are great, yet a law is greater.

Against the lawlessness of the age, he wields one weapon—the law. To the revolt of the "moderns" against restraints and responsibility imposed by dogmatic religion, he reiterates the words of Solomon the Wise: "He that keepeth the law, happy is he!"

We have said that the violence of Chesterton is a spiritual violence, a sort of spiritual ferocity. The war poems, vivid and vital as they are, constitute, after all, but a symbolized expression of that spirit. They exhibit in a tangible way, the flame of righteous warfare in the poet. But the humorous poems, of which there are many, very definitely expose the weapons which the Wild Knight wields in the battle, laughter, satire, and irony. There are too many people who think that G.K.C. is a mere humorist, a common rhymester with no deeper purpose in his writing than to popularize himself with half the public by poking fun at the other half. Such a conception of him is the very opposite of the truth. Chestertonian humor is a weapon fashioned for war: it cuts, it wounds, it kills. It is the supremely effective weapon of the reformer, for beneath all his light-hearted gaiety and his hilarious laughter, Mr. Chesterton is a reformer. Chestertonian literature is a protest from beginning to end: a protest against pessimism, against spiritualism, against humanitarian-

ism, against hypocrites and pharisees and materialists. Light verse is only an effective means of attacking these enemies of truth and of sanity. To some who persist in misconstruing Chesterton's laughter, I may be permitted to say that there is the word of the poet himself to testify to his sincerity. He has publicly declared that the charge he most laments is the charge of being flippant. "Mere light sophistry," he says, "is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things . . . I know nothing so contemptible as a mere paradox . . . I never in my life said anything merely because I thought it funny." His laughter is a great leveler of pride and egotism. Man must be humble in order to fulfill the purpose of his destiny, and to render the proud humble, he aims at them the arrow of laughter, trusting that it will pierce through the cloak of pride and show men their vanity and insignificance in relation to the Creator. The perfect irony of *The Good Rich Man* is evident:

> Mr. Mandragon, the Millionaire, I am happy to say, is
> dead;
> He enjoyed a quiet funeral in a crematorium shed,
> And he lies there fluffy and soft and grey, and certainly
> quite refined
> When he might have rotted to fruit and flowers with Adam
> and all mankind.

And again, in *The Song of the Strange Ascetic:*

> If I had been a Heathen,
> I'd have crowned Neora's curls,
> And filled my life with love affairs,
> My house with dancing girls;
>
> But Higgins is a Heathen,
> And to lecture rooms is forced,
> Where his aunts who are not married,
> Demand to be divorced.

The little quatrain called *A Broadminded Bishop Rebukes the Verminous St. Francis* (and that saint is the object of G.K.C.'s special devotion) is an excellent example of the poet's power of condensing his thought into a few pungent lines, an accomplishment which is especially effective in this serio-comic verse.

> If Brother Francis pardoned Brother Flea,
> There still seems need of such strange charity,
> Seeing he is, for all his gay goodwill,
> Bitten by funny little creatures still.

Chesterton's humor has been likened to a pure and gusty gale blowing out of the corners of heaven itself. Its function in the Chestertonian crusade is obvious to anyone possessing even the most superficial acquaintance with this laughing philosopher. He who calls it purposeless brands himself as a puny mind upon which the Comic Muse may well look with compressed lips.

One can hardly read a line of Chesterton without realizing that he has found in religion the Great Romance which the world still seeks in realism. Particularly has he grasped that most telling of the Christian virtues, humility, and it has stamped him with a solitariness not to be found upon the work of any other modern writer, gifted and renowned as some of them certainly are. The poetry which is most characteristic of the Chestertonian spirit as a whole, may be classified as his religious poetry. All the qualities of his poetic genius have met and rested in these tender, simple verses, which create a quiet atmosphere of peace even as they warn of warfare. Intense love, sublime humility, child-like simplicity, manly courage—these are the emotions that have built these splendid poems.

> Great God, that bowest sky and star,
> Bow down our towering thoughts to thee,
> And grant us in a faltering war
> The firm feet of humility.
>
> Lord, we that snatch the swords of flame,
> Lord, we that cry about thy car,
> We too are weak with pride and shame,
> We too are as our foemen are.

Trust and perfect realization of man's dependence upon God can be felt in lines such as these:

> Take not thy thunder from us,
> But take away our pride.

And in the same poem,

> Bind all our lives together,
> Smite us and save us all.

The height of poetic power has been reached by Chesterton in the poems which he has written around the Christmas theme. That mystical blending of the lowly with the mighty, which is at once the mystery and the light of Christmas, has a natural fascination for one who has woven the two states of being into his own personal life. Delicate reverence, dignified restraint, tremendous humility mark every line.

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light,
O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

A charming naiveté is characteristic of many poems of this group. One of these, which shows the spiritual childlikeness of the poet, is *A Song of Children* from which the following lines are taken:

The grown folk mighty and cunning,
They write his name in gold;
But we can tell a little
Of the thousand tales he told.

He taught them laws and watchwords,
To preach and struggle and pray;
But he taught us deep in the hayfield
The games that the angels play.

A more sophisticated poet might disdain to write such simple verse. But Chesterton is not sophisticated. He is,

". . . as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

The concluding stanza of the poem is perhaps the simplest and the most powerful.

But the dark day came: they gathered:
On their faces we could see
They had taken and slain our brother,
And hanged him on a tree.

The same visionary simplicity is in another of his early poems, *The Donkey,* which is coming to be almost as well-known as many of Mr. Chesterton's more spectacular works. There is real mystic beauty in its subtle suggestiveness and its powerful and startling metaphor. I quote but two of the four stanzas, the first and the last.

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet;
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

Contrasted with the superficial pedantry and the nauseating cynicism of too much of our contemporary literature, the songs of a man who still retains a sense of wonder and a proper sense of values, are a treasure to be cherished. The vision of the mystic, the touch of the master, the simplicity of the child, have united in his violent, humorous, humble verses, and have lighted them with the rich, warm fervor that dies not in an hour nor in a day, but only when truth and love and beauty are no more. Because of his startling achievements, the Parnassian gate should swing wide at his touch. He will have many a scroll to win him entrance there. Indeed, if he went with only his masterpiece, *The Ballad of the White Horse,* that great modern epic which is too wide in scope and too lengthy in treatment to be included in this paper, he would find a welcome there. But somehow, as one reads and rereads the poems, and as one touches his hand and speaks to him, as it was my privilege to do not very long ago, one feels that G.K.C. has no intention of going to Parnassus at all. He is preoccupied with the business of getting to Heaven, and of taking with him everyone whom he can in any way induce to accompany him. For Chesterton was very much in earnest when he wrote:

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.

To an end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

The spirit which has made him famous in life, however, is far too great to rest forgotten. In spite of himself, the Wild Knight will live among the immortals. Let minor critics carp upon the frequent slips of his pen, upon his hasty construction, his obvious rhymes, his exaggerated figures: weighed against the mightiness of his Catholic spirit, these technical errors are insignificant. It is the spirit of a man's poetry which is the criterion of his immortality.

Anne McNamara, '30.

For Seniors

Never think that though you've done with me,
We shall not meet again: I send
My spirit after you to walk forever
By your side. No heights however steep,
No depths however black, that knowing you,
Shall not know me; though blinded by the sun
Or by hot tears, you shall not see me clear,
You still will feel my presence. Nothing fine
Shall touch you that shall not reflect me first;
No beauty that you seek, and finding, set
On high, but I shall be a part of it;
No burden that you bear, but I shall feel
Its weight; no sorrow, but I too shall weep.
Down humble pathways I shall follow you.
Through lonely arches I shall bend my head;
Should your name ring with greatness, mine will echo
After it; for I have made you mine.
And when you look within your heart, you'll find
Engraved on it, as Browning once his Italy,
The nearer, dearer name, "Emmanuel."

Helen Foley, '31.

The Turn of Fortune

It was one o'clock when the 'phone rang in the reception hall of the Clark mansion. Myra, the charming daughter of Alton Clark, attorney-at-law, ran expectantly to answer it.

"Hello, oh, hello, Bob." Then, laughingly, "Yes, Mr. Wright, this is Miss Clark speaking. Oh I'm so sorry, but of course you can't help it. If you aren't delayed too long, come over for dinner. No, of course I don't mind. All right, Bob, I'll be expecting you. Goodbye."

She hung up the receiver with a slightly disappointed expression and walked slowly from the room. Bob had intended to call that afternoon and the fact that he was forced to work did not lessen her disappointment.

He and Myra were engaged, but there was one obstacle, for Bob would not marry until he could offer her at least a small part of the luxury to which she was accustomed. He was a member of the staff of the Chicago *World,* but thus far his position carried no prestige with the editors. He was regarded merely as a high-class office boy, and, because of his versatility with the camera, he was often used as the utility man (reporter and photographer) when they were short-handed at the office.

On this particular afternoon he had expected to finish at two o'clock and had been anticipating a long afternoon canoeing with Myra. An unexpected assignment was given to him, however, and he was forced to follow up the lead. It consisted of an appointment to interview an old antique dealer, who, it was rumored, had accumulated untold wealth and had hidden it in his shop. Many other fantastic stories had been whispered concerning him, until now he had become a subject of such general curiosity so fraught with opportunities for a good story, that the city editor had sent Bob out as a utility man to cover it.

When he reached the shop his interest was almost immediately absorbed by the various types of furniture, clocks, and statuary, which crowded the musty room. An old grandfather clock intricately carved stood in one corner. Bob judged from its style that it was very old, but in spite of its apparent age the mechanism seemed perfect, for it was ticking the hours away with definite exactitude.

Old man Carver, the miser-dealer, was a glum individual, and refused to give much information regarding his life and business. He allowed Bob to take some pictures of the shop, however, and after much persuasion agreed to pose in one of them himself, as he stood beside the old grandfather clock.

About seven that evening as Myra and Bob sat talking, they were roused by the loud cries of a newsboy outside. Bob rushed to the door to purchase a copy of the latest edition. Across the top of the sheet in

glaring headlines he read, "Antique Dealer Found Murdered. Slippery Joe McCann Held On Suspicion."

"Whew!" ejaculated Bob, "that's what I call news. Say, Myra, that's the old fellow that I interviewed this afternoon! He must have been murdered just after I left there. Wouldn't it be just my luck to miss that scoop. Say, I think misfortune kissed me at birth and I'm still affected by it!"

Myra pouted. "Now, Bob, don't say that! Don't be pessimistic. Everything will turn out for the best, I know."

One week later Attorney Clark sat in his luxuriously furnished office wrapped in deep thought. When he accepted the defense of Slippery Joe McCann in his trial for the murder of Ezra Carver, antique dealer, it had looked like an easy case. He really believed that his client was innocent, and thus far had accumulated a great deal of evidence in his favor. Of course, McCann's previous criminal record was against him and it was more on the basis of this record that he was being held on suspicion than upon any positive indications of guilt.

Attorney Clark sat there musing aloud.

"If I could only find witnesses to prove that McCann was in that restaurant from two until two-thirty as he claims he was, I'd be all set."

He combed his steel gray hair back from his forehead between his fingers and continued his low mutterings. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his prospective son-in-law. In spite of the serious business in hand he greeted Bob cordially, for this striving young reporter was a particular favorite of his.

The conversation turned almost immediately to the subject of the murder, and Mr. Clark with a vehement nod of his head said, "It's a funny thing, Bob. That man must have been murdered between two and three o'clock according to the physician's report. Now I have conclusive means of accounting for McCann's actions during the entire day of the murder, except for that one half-hour from two until two-thirty. He claims he was in a restaurant on the East Side, but we can't get any witnesses to verify it. Fate certainly seems to be handling McCann a rough deal, because I honestly don't believe he's guilty."

He stopped a moment, and then added, "Of course, I'm holding all this from the press because I want the fellow to have a chance when the trial comes off. I hope you realize this isn't to be released."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Clark," Bob replied, "it's safe with me. Much as I'd like to grab off a lead on the other sheets, I won't do it."

Mentally he was saying, "A story like this would certainly make the boss sit up and take notice of me. I'd be set for life."

Then he continued to Mr. Clark. "But say, that man wasn't

murdered between two and two-thirty. I know that because I was in his shop until almost three o'clock that afternoon. Haven't you been reading my stories in the *World?* They've been featuring my interview quite a bit during the last few days."

"Yes," replied Clark, "and that's the very reason I've sent for you." "Do you know definitely what time you left the shop? Think hard, son, it might mean the saving of McCann from the electric chair. His life depends upon that half-hour."

Bob sat in deep thought. He knew he had called Myra about one o'clock to break his engagement for the afternoon. He had returned to the office at three-thirty. When else during that interval had he looked at the time? Surely he must have some reason for believing that it was nearer three o'clock than two, when he left the antique shop.

He continued in deep concentration to review every movement of his visit. Suddenly his face lighted up, and with unusual alacrity he picked up his hat from the desk and rushed from the office, calling back over his shoulder, "I'll be back in an hour. I think I've got something worth while at the office."

When the door closed, Mr. Clark was too mystified by this turn of events to make any comment save, "Great Jupiter! what's up now?"

About an hour later Bob burst into the office. "I've got it! Look, Mr. Clark, isn't that a peach!"

With this exclamation he strode to the desk where the lawyer was seated and placed before him a large photograph. Clark looked at it with a puzzled expression, and then exclaimed:

"Say, this is a picture of old Carver, isn't it!"

Bob's enthusiasm could hardly brook interruption.

"That's who it is all right! I had that negative in the office. That's one of the pictures I took on the day of the murder, and never developed. You see that old clock that he's standing beside? That's the old antique that he always kept wound, and just look at the hour that it's pointing at. It's exactly 2:40! Old Carver wasn't dead at that time because I was there photographing him at that very minute. That ought to serve as pretty good evidence in your case, Mr. Clark."

The attorney's eyes brightened and standing up he grasped Bob's hand.

"Son, you've certainly brought me the goods this time. When the trial comes off, I'm going to give you the first release. It's the least I might do for you when you actually solved this case for me."

Bob muttered a few words of thanks, and the lawyer continued, "Come home with me for dinner, Bob, and Myra will help us to celebrate our scoop together."

CATHERINE GRANT, '31.

A Wish Rides By

A wish rides by at dusk of sea
And gold of moon. Tonight will be
  One more of evanescent ray,
  See on the filling sea's great way
The golden moon in fee.

When moon and tide come thus to me,
I know the hour at last will free
  Me from a sadness—seeming gay,
    A wish rides by.

When moon and sea fill all the lea,
Make one dear wish, because, you see,
  It will come true on some near day.
  There is no need to think of pay.
All that is naught, as fleetingly
    A wish rides by.

GRACE JOYCE, '31.

Joan of Arc

People have long since ceased to be shocked by Mr. Bernard Shaw's astounding statements anent social and religious problems, and have come to accept the inconsequential pronouncements of a very ill-informed arbiter with the indifference they deserve. Therefore, when Shaw in his usual insidious manner states that Joan of Arc was the "first Protestant Saint," we do not get perturbed about it, for we know that even a cursory view of his book, "Saint Joan," will reveal woefully poor historical treatment. It has always been the author's weakness to present fiction as fact that quickly crumbles under the steady gaze of the truth--seeker. In this case Shaw does not disappoint us.

In his Preface to the play, he presents Joan as a naturally virtuous girl, but he absolutely rejects any possibility of communion with her "voices." He calls her a visualizer, one possessed of remarkable imagination, but does not claim for her any extraordinary spiritual gifts. On the contrary, he makes her a masculine type of woman with a natural inclination for military life and its attendant thrill and excitement, rather than one imbued with a profoundly sincere patriotic love for France. Right here, he excludes her from hagiology and strips her of any claim to sainthood. Between his Preface and his play he displays marked inconsistency. In the former, he depicts Joan as anything but a saintly personage, even inferring that her attempted escape from Beaurevoir Castle, where she was held a prisoner by the English, was suspiciously suicidal; while in the latter, he depicts her as zealously patriotic, ecstatically religious, albeit flippantly jocose.

Shaw bases his case upon Joan's trial held in Rouen in 1430 and 1431. He tries, but most ineffectually, to prove that the trial was valid. If he can show that Joan was tried by a fair-minded body of churchmen, then her repudiation of them will be *ipso facto,* a denial of the Catholic Church! These men unjustly called themselves true representatives of the Church Militant, and when Joan refused to acknowledge them as such they accused her of being a heretic.

The true facts of the case are that after the French had disgracefully sold Joan to the English for 18,000 livres, the latter plotted to accuse her as a heretic and apostate and then to burn her as a witch, thus ruining the cause of Charles VII, and ridding themselves of a formidable foe. To aid them in this wicked endeavor they employed Cauchon, a base and treacherous man, the deposed Bishop of Beauvais. Of this villain, it is stated "that the name Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, will go down to the latest posterity with the execration of humanity, for the part he

played in the tragedy of the worst of judicial murders of which any record exists." The trial was held under the authenticity of the Inquisition and conducted by the unscrupulous, half-schismatical University of Paris. The tribunal was composed of crafty theologians whose sentiments were strictly English, although professedly French. They wearied themselves daily throughout four long trials in prodding her with foolish questions cunningly put to make her commit herself as a witch.

The report of the proceedings as recorded by Manchon gives us a picture of the innocent girl who was harried mercilessly, her belief in her revelations being her undoing. He says: "Being denied a legal advocate, Joan defended herself, and when she pleaded that her case might be sent to Rome to be judged by the Pope, her request was refused. There is not one redeeming feature in the whole trial, yet Shaw vainly tries to camouflage the facts. He glorifies Cauchon, presents her judges as fair and kindly gentlemen, and creates sympathy towards Joan in her most avowed enemies.

After Shaw's unhistorical and untruthful presentation of the trial, Mark Twain's treatment of Joan's life, written, as it were, by her page and secretary, "The Sieur Louis de Conte," is a marked contrast. In it we see men like Lohier, refusing to attend such a legal farce and being compelled to flee from the country for their expressed opinion of it. The coercion directed against Joan to sign The Twelve Lies drawn up against her is one of the most perfidious acts of the whole proceedings. Tormented by the sight of the fire prepared for her, if she did not recant those words and acts pronounced evil by her judges, and after answering her accusers with the words, "I submit them to God and to the Pope," half unconsciously she yielded to the jurisdiction of the infamous court.

When it was borne in upon her that she was only to be granted life imprisonment, she again declared that she was divinely commissioned by God and her voices. This was of course what the wily Cauchon wanted. He at once declared her a relapsed heretic and ordered her to be burnt at the stake. Thus does history and Mark Twain, but not Shaw, describe the trial, which we may summarize in De Quincy's words: "Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence and all its hellishness of attack."

The death of the Maid of Orleans, the Deliverer of France, was the crowning triumph of her life. She met it with marvelous fortitude and resignation and with malice towards none. It must have struck shame into the hearts of her murderers and her ungrateful King to see her standing amid the flames, gazing upon a crude cross that an English soldier had made out of two sticks of wood and praying in a loud, clear

voice for her country and its people. The Holy Name of Jesus came frequently from her lips, and it was not long before He and her Saints welcomed her as a Daughter of God.

Shaw praises her steadfastness in her belief, and decides that she is the precursor of Protestantism, because she would submit only to God directly, and not to Him through His Church. He calls her a theocrat; we call her a Catholic Saint and Martyr.

In his typically Shawian manner he treats of the period of her rehabilitation begun at the instigation of her mother twenty-five years after her death, in which Cauchon's sentence was annulled and the whole trial declared false. Joan's fair name was cleared of all charges and the people of France put into execution the first of the steps necessary for her canonization which was completed in 1920. We were appraised of her acceptance as a Saint by the Church by the following words: "On every thirtieth of May, being the anniversary of the death of the said most blessed daughter of God, there shall be in every Catholic Church to the end of time celebrated, a special office in commemoration of her; and it shall be lawful to dedicate a special chapel to her, and to place her image on its altar in every Church. And it shall be laudable for the faithful to kneel and address prayers through her to the mercy seat."

Thus, today, exactly five hundred years after her death at the stake, we of the Catholic Church worship her as one of our most glorious Saints. Joan of Arc, a victim of English hatred and French guile, died a martyr, a true daughter of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is ridiculous for Mr. Shaw to present his absurdities to sane, thinking people. If he is sincere in styling her a martyr of Protestantism, he is to be pitied rather than censured. In any case he is to be ignored.

Anne M. Sullivan, '31.

Circumspect

From the world's beginning to its close,
In works of verse, in lines of prose,
We've heard and e'er again shall hear
That human life is a ship to steer
Across the sea of a thousand joys,
Through sorrow that ever our hope destroys.
But stalwart captains we must be
That we may land at last, and see
The port where every ship is docked,
Where souls are freed and treasures unlocked.
So we stand on the bridge today
To look back o'er miles that have passed away,
And forward o'er the now peaceful sea
To the radiant sun of eternity.

Elinor D. Rich, '31.

Stroke Won

"Am I ready?—Say, I'll make Pearse look as though he had never seen a boat before. You wait!"—and "Count" Simmons was off, to sell his prowess at rowing to the next victims of his pathetic "self-appreciation."

"He's pretty sure of himself, isn't he? How do you feel about it, Dave,—who is going to be 'stroke' for good old Merivale,—Pearse, or Simmons?" asked one from the group who were just recovering from the "Count's" oration on his own accomplishments. The boys, grouped in two's and three's, started on their stroll around the Merivale campus.

Dave White lit up his pipe, and answered the weighty question thus: "Well, you can't room with a fellow like Jim Pearse for four years and fail to appreciate him. All things considered, I'd just as soon see Jim row against Bradford. They are pretty strong this year and I'd have all the confidence in the world in Jim. What do you think, Bob?"

"I don't like to be pessimistic," Bob answered, "but the 'Count' has written to his family inviting them down here to see him 'stroke' in the race on Saturday. That looks pretty much to me as though Coach Ayer has assured him of the place."

The Bradford crew race, the first of the activities of the Merivale Commencement week, meant more right at that time than all the degrees ever conferred. Every student at the college was keenly interested in the final clash of the season; and especially interested because of the indecision as to who would act as "stroke" for Merivale. Jim Pearse and "Count" Simmons were the two eligibles; and Coach Ayer was at his wit's end as to which of the boys should have the position. In order to avoid any evidence of partiality, Ayer ordered a special trial, to "time" the two boys, and the winner was to act as "stroke." Five o'clock Thursday evening found "Count," Jim, and Ayer on the platform outside the boathouse ready for the trial. "We had better toss up to see who'll take the boys up the river first," Ayer began, getting out his stop-watch. "Heads or tails, Jim?"

"I'll take tails," Jim shouted, and in a moment the flipped coin had landed "heads."

Just as the "Count" started up the river with his men, the stillness was broken by the sound of a familiar Bosch horn heralding the approach of one of Merivale's most enthusiastic supporters, in the person of Rosemary Woods.

"Hello, Jim," she began, and before she could continue, he was standing beside her. "Why aren't you out there?" she inquired. "Has something happened?"

Jim kept one eye on the swiftly moving shell. "No, indeed," he said, "nothing has happened, but this is a pretty tense moment for me. These tests tell which of us 'stroke' against Bradford Saturday."

"Oh, Jim, I do hope you win. I have told Dad all about you and he is coming to the race just to see you."

Jim's expression brightened. "Humm," he thought to himself, "Merivale's richest man coming to a race to see *me*—not so bad!" His reverie was interrupted by Ayer's, "Ready, Jim."

"I'll do my best, Rosemary," and Jim was immediately in position to meet his fate.

On Friday morning Jim Pearse was the happiest boy in the college. For four long years he had looked forward to the Bradford race, and at last his ambition was to be realized!

In their room Jim and Dave discussed all the possibilities of the race, including Rosemary. "If you have a girl like Rosemary interested in you, you're certainly lucky," Dave advised as he groped to get a statement from Jim on the girl question.

Jim surprised him: "Yes, she certainly is a sweet girl, but she is accustomed to chaps like the 'Count you know, plenty of money, clothes, cars, family, and all that. But I admit she hasn't been exactly slighting me lately."

"What are you going to do on Saturday, Jim, with two of them, girls I mean, to take care of? Maybe Rosemary won't be so attentive when she finds out that your 'girl' from home is coming. Had you thought of that?" Dave settled himself to write a few letters at the good old faithful desk, and Jim sat back to enjoy a minute's respite from the congratulations and well wishes of his fellow students.

It seemed no time to Jim until Saturday noon held him in the spell of its excitement. He and Dave were just leaving the dormitory when they were met with a message for Jim. "Who is sending the congratulations this time? You might as well open it and see."

Jim tore open the envelope and as he read he turned, first red, and then a ghastly white. Dave took the message from him and as he read, "Come at once—mother very ill." He too experienced a weird sensation.

"Get a car quickly," Jim pleaded, "I've got to go."

"But the race," Dave protested. "We need you to win."

"I'll have to see Ayer at once and arrange that. Let's go!" and Jim was on his way to the coach. Ayer reasoned with him and agreed to let the "Count" take Jim's place. In a few moments Dave and Jim were speeding, in Bob Galvin's roadster, toward the station. The town was alive with visitors and natives, all in town for the event. Nothing, however, impressed Jim save the thought of his dying mother. At the

station they learned that the train would be ten minutes late in leaving. Impatiently they walked the platform until they were met by a group of students awaiting an incoming train scheduled for that time.

"All set?" they asked of Jim, in their usual way. Dave's explanation was their only answer; Jim was too grief-stricken to hear them. The train brought many newcomers. "Count" was there to welcome his family. Dave could hear him telling them how he "beat Pearse by a couple of minutes, etc., etc. . . ." Jim could see nothing but a sea of faces, fading and reappearing at intervals. At last Jim's train came grinding into the little station. Just as he was boarding it, he was pulled back with: "Message for you, Pearse. Station master has it."

"My God!" Jim gasped. "She is dead!" With lightning speed he headed for the master, only to bump very awkwardly into one of Merivale's guests.

"Well—is that the way to treat company?" came a clear, fine voice from the victim. Jim almost cried with joy. "Mother!" he cried, "I thought—"

"You thought that I didn't have pep enough to come away down here alone," she interrupted, "but I wouldn't miss my Jimmy's commencement for the world."

In one sweep the boys had the dear little woman between them in the roadster. As they passed through the great gateway they were hailed by Coach Ayer, Rosemary, and the "Count" and family.

"Don't wait to explain, Jim," Ayer broke in, "there will be plenty of time for that later. Hurry, get ready!"

That the "Count" sent a "fake" wire to Jim Pearse was an unknown item to all but those two from that day on. In fact, so completely was it camouflaged that the "Count" was present to celebrate Jim's double joy: Merivale's victory, and Rosemary's engagement.

Ann L. Grady, '31.

Highlights of '31

By the shores of Muddy River,
By the murmuring, trickling water,
Stood the home of One and Thirty.
They the mighty of all classes,
They the strong and brave in study,
They the fearless in athletics,
They the upright in their conduct.
Shy at first they were and artless,
Little knew of Latin authors,
Knew not how to follow Logic.
Then one day in Indian summer
When the leaves were turning yellow,
When the sultry sun was shining
On the river's shimmering bosom,
Marched they to the halls of learning.
There they met their Junior sisters,
There began their life at college.
On the next day went to classes,
Much disturbance caused by schedules.
Then these timid little Freshmen
Sought with awful fear their classrooms.
Followed soon the first assembly,
Where they sat in solemn council;
Listened to the words of kindness
Spoken by the Dean, who courteously
Welcomed them with cordial gladness,
Spoke to them with words of wisdom.
So upon the paths of Learning
Forth they went to try their mettle,
As a hunter stalks his quarry,
Quiet first and unobtrusive.
Soon they found they were not learned,
Soon they saw they were but atoms,
For the mighty chiefs, the Sophomores,
Scorned the timid little Freshmen,
Dressed in garbs grotesque and awful,
At a picnic at Lake Pearl
In the Indian town of Wrentham.
Scarce a month had waxed and waned,
Till the clan was called to council
And Ann Grady chose as leader.

When the robin, the Opeechee,
And the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Northward turned their fluttering pinions,
They, the young folk, held their Tea Dance,
At the Somerset held their Tea Dance,
Ably planned by Alice Larkin.
Bright it was with happy dancers
Like the purple sky at sunset.
Then when came the stormy winter,
Once again they met in council,
Choosing once again new leaders,
Alice Gallagher was the next chief.
When at last the weary winter
Spread its wings and slowly vanished,
Like a gay and gaudy fairy
Came the summer blithe and bonny,
Came with singing birds and flowers,
Rustling winds, and skies all golden.
Then the tribe thus freed from studies,
Scattered into many quarters,
Some into the fragrant forest,
Some beside the sparkling ocean,
Where they passed the summer gaily,
Whiled away the golden moments.

So three summers and three winters
Slowly came and slow departed;
And with every passing summer
Grew the knowledge of the tribesmen,
Knew they all the lore and culture,
All the wisdom found in volumes,
Gained in skill with every new moon,
Rose to honor 'mong the tribesmen:
Conquered Freshmen at a picnic
Held at Fieldston-on-Atlantic.
With Lou Doherty their chieftain,
Conquered they the ways of science.
Learned they could not cut Religion,
Found attendance was a duty.
Then the Seniors held a class dance
To their Sophomore sisters given.

For many deeds was that term famous,
When Betty Killion was the chieftain.
Passed the summer in gay abandon,
Came back Juniors in September;
Welcomed they their sister Freshmen,
Anne Sullivan then their charming leader.
Held the Junior play so famous,
Called "The Aunt From California."
The second moon's twenty-first evening,
Oh, night of nights to happy Juniors,
Mary Spencer, sweet and gracious,
Led the braves in Junior Prom Dance.
Next the warriors held their class day,
Produced a play called "Any Girl,"
Written by Louise and "Bunny";
Mary Mullane then made her debut;
Collette Murphy, the tribe's chieftain,
Played in character "Emmanuel's Spirit."
Thus the joyous year sped onward,
Rose from Junior Braves to Seniors;
Till at length it was their honor
To be called at last "Big Injuns."

Then began the year of wisdom,
Year of great and grand achievements:
First the day of Caps and Gowns,
When they first before the clansmen
Wore their academic robes.
Susan Brennan, charming, stately,
Led the noble line of Seniors.
Then they gave their Senior Hour,
Full of fun and lively laughter.
Passed the year of great endeavors
Bringing honors to their college.
Learned the braves new paths of knowledge,
Learned what meant the rule of campus,
Let experience be their teacher.
Long and golden grew the days then,
Soft and warmer grew the breezes,
As approached the glorious summer,
Then did come the Farewell-Brave-Dance;
Sad yet happy were the Indians,

Gay yet sorrowfully they tripped it.
Bright one June day gleamed the sunshine,
Shone with dazzling splendor downward,
Downward on the happy tribesmen.
In their hands the Virgin, Labor,
Placed the white and priceless sheepskin,
Prize for toil and faithful study,
Faithfully sought for by the tribesmen.
Then with tears and laughter mingled,
Sadly turned and bade their farewells
To the tribesmen at their parting.
In the woods a gentle zephyr
Heard the slowly dying echo.
Heard it as it wafted softly,
Rustling o'er the grassy hillsides,
O'er the plains and far-off prairies,
Till at last the pine trees heard it,
Till the solemn pine trees heard it;
And the forest faintly whispered,
"Fare thee well, great One and Thirty!"

Mary T. Macken, '31.

Reveries

Catch up your shawl, and let us roam
  The time-mellowed paths by the sea,
And recall the moments (how the sea foams!)—
  When the world was for you and me.

How we thrilled as we mounted the starlit ways,
  Where dancing fairies preside!
How we sang and rejoiced in those happy days,
  Youth and you and I!

How gaily we entered the sacred ways,
  Where gamboling elves reside;
Oh, the eager urge of those happy days,
  Laughter by our side!

Then recall how we paused as the woods came in sight,
  How we sought the needed guide,
How we feared to grasp the cudgels of life,
  And laughter had fled from our side.

Then she came, the strength, the life, the hope,
  Came like a trembling bride!
With her as our leader, we ceased to grope,
  For Emmanuel was our guide.

A fragile dream, a memory,
  To soothe these later days.
Emmanuel! our thanks to thee
  For lighting up our ways!

Mary Spencer, '31.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

LIFE

The Answer of Three French Novelists

"A French novel!" She raised her eyes in horror. Such criticism exasperates me. To be sure, the pages of French literature are not free from blots—dark blots, which give rise to these sharp condemnations. Some of the books in this class are weeds of no value at all; others are like poisonous plants, evil in themselves and corrupting and destroying everything that touches them. But what place in such a criticism have the novels of Bourget, Bazin, Bordeaux, Barrès, Claudel, and many other popular French writers, whose works are characterized by a remarkably clear and deep understanding of life according to the Christian ideal?

Let us examine three Catholic French novels, each one of which, while dealing with a distinctly different phase of the problem, arrives at the same solution—to live is to serve God; and in serving Him to love, to suffer, and to sacrifice for Him and for our neighbor.

Perhaps it will be well to take first *Le Sens de la Mort* by Paul Bourget, for here the first and most important problem is solved. Michael Ortègue, a brilliant doctor, the cleverest in his profession, enjoys the homage and respect of his associates, possesses wealth, honor, health, and the love of a beautiful young wife. He loves his work and lives like a prince. A rationalist, he believes in nothing but what his keen, penetrating intelligence can understand. He lives through the horrors of the World War, and is afflicted with an incurable disease, as a result of a very simple accident. As a consequence the apparent injustice and futility of everything overcomes him. Faced with the prospect of suffering intensely and indefinitely, he decides on suicide, and persuades his young wife, Catherine, to accompany him into the "nothingness" beyond. Through the influence of Le Gallique, her young cousin, Catherine is saved from committing the awful deed. In the life of Le Gallique, a gallant soldier, a sincere and ardent Catholic, we have the answer: there is a supreme personal God, Whom we must serve; by our sufferings and death we can satisfy for our own sins and those of others; death is not the end, but a condition of entrance to an eternal life.

Henri Bordeaux in *La Peur de Vivre* develops another angle of our problem: how one should live. "Vivre, c'est aimer, aimer de tout son coeur, jusqu'aux grands sacrifices." These are the words of Mrs. Guibert

to timid Alice Dularens, as, alone, feeble, and weighed down by old age, her husband dead, and having just returned from bidding farewell to Paula, her "dernière enfant," she begins the last mile in her life of love and sacrifice. Paula and John go forth courageously and eagerly to establish their home in distant Tonkin, to encounter hardships and dangers, secure in their love for each other, and with a firm trust in a kind and merciful Providence, the fruit of the teaching and example of Mrs. Guibert.

Finally, in our third novel, *Les Nouveaux Oberlés,* we have Réné Bazin writing on a political theme, yet one cannot fail to feel lively faith mingled with unselfish patriotism, and deep Catholic principles rooted in the lives of his characters. For love of their home, their family, and their country, the two brothers are willing to fight, to suffer, and to die. During Peter's journey through France with the army, his faltering faith in France is fanned and blazes forth into new life through contact with the French peasantry, with their solidity, courage, and faith. *Les Nouveaux Oberlés* is the picture of a people, a strong and noble race, who for a time have seemed to fall away from their God and their country, old ideals, but whom the war is drawing back. The author's plea for energy is a call to live and to live life fully: "Nous essayons, à Dieu la réussité."

No spirit could be higher, finer, more truly Catholic than the tone of these novels. Their penetrating analysis of the problem of life is an answer to the materialism, the individualism, free-thinking, and selfishness, so prevalent today in the literature of every country. Their answer is simple and noble; simple in its calm acceptance of life, noble in its teachings of unselfishness and courage.

Dorothy Lee, '31.

ALFRED NOYES—THE POET OF OPTIMISM

Mr. Noyes stands somewhat apart from other poets of his own generation in his outlook on society and social forces. He has a wholesome optimism which he continually manifests by his staunch faith in the saneness of man and of the world. Although poetry is not philosophy, yet every poet must have a sound philosophy, and very often we find singers of verse whose hearts are heavily laden with the "isms" of the day and whose work falls into the murky streams of pessimism. In Alfred Noyes, however, we meet a healthy, inspiring, and almost divine hopefulness. In his poem, "The Two Worlds," he says:

"The outer world is but the pictured scroll
  Of worlds within the soul,
A colored chart, a blazened missal-book,
  Whereon who rightly look
May spell the splendors with their mortal eyes
  And steer to Paradise."

Again in speaking of the future life he betrays none of the uncertainty and vague doubts which is such a predominent theme in Henley, Hardy, and a host of other modern poets. The last stanza in "The Lights of Home" is an excellent example of this:

"Pilot, how far from home?—
  The great stars pass away
  Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam!
I see the lights of home."

His cheerfulness is not the sign of a superficial mind as many erroneously believe, but rather the delightful outpouring of a childlike heart, sensitive to the joys and beauties of life.

The poems of Alfred Noyes also lack that strain of melancholy which many today falsely believe to be the sign of deep thinking. He has always loved life, and his poetry is filled with the joy he has experienced in living. In his famous poem, "The Barrel-Organ," we find an expression of this, and also of his love of beauty in the world.

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
  Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's wonderland,
  Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)"

Some one has said that we receive enjoyment from his poems just because Noyes himself has taken such pleasure in writing them. It is this irresistible human touch and understanding heart of the author that win the admiration of his readers. In the poem, "Pirates," we find that he has gone back into the past to pluck the strings of memory, and thus set in tune the sweet music of long-forgotten boyhood scenes and pleasures. Surely none of our ultra-modern verse writers with their assumed sophistication could have expressed with such simplicity and sincerity the charms of youthful piracy. They could not have resisted the desire to smirch the picture with the coarseness of realism. They could never portray the exuberance of youth which is so artfully drawn for us in these lines:

"Come you shall be chief: we'll not quarrel; the time flies so fast:
There are ships to be grappled, there's blood to be shed, ere our
playtime be past:
No: perhaps we will quarrel, just once, or it scarcely will seem
So like the old days that have flown from us both like a dream."

"The Highwayman," perhaps one of Noyes's most popular poems, gives evidence of the singing quality and rhythmic beauty of his verse. The lines follow along smoothly, weaving the tragic love of an inn-keeper's daughter:

"The wind was a torrent of darkness, among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door."

The optimism of Alfred Noyes never failed him in life as it has never failed him in his poetry, and has been the means of bringing him safely within the walls of the "Strong City." Standing before the very portals of Catholicism he says of himself:

"Then, then, I cannot tell
What strange thing happened.
Only, as at a breath of midnight air,
These eyes, like two staunched wounds, had ceased their bleeding
And my despair has ended my despair."

As Father Maxwell, S.J., has said: "Mr. Noyes has come to the full blessing of his optimism. His theme changes; he lifts his song from the minor key of doubt to the major chords of apocalyptic joy. He is within the City, the strong city, the City of God. He has followed his optimism, though it groped in perplexity, followed it to the happiness it sought, faith in God, faith in Christ and in the Spouse of His bleeding Heart, the Church which He founded on Peter."

Lorraine Cassier, '31.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

PRACTICALISM

"Quarry the granite rock with razors. or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and pride of man." This statement of Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University" expresses in a graphic manner the futility of that narrow rationalistic and materialistic philosophy which is now the sole creed of many thousands of persons. The devotion of certain sects to form and appearance has developed so perniciously that recently an organization of Christian churches solemnly championed an intrinsically vicious piece of legislation, showing an astounding unreligious attitude in so-called religious leaders. But the most fatal effects of modernism are to be found in the complete separation of religion and education which has led to an unparalleled menace to civilization—a godless generation.

In the shifting vortex of present-day life with its uncertain standards and its endless hypotheses, the Catholic college stands a Gibraltar of sanity and truth. From within her protecting walls the student, secure and content, looks out into the world. He knows that, eventually, he must leave her shelter, but, despite the sorrow of the parting and change, the world-conqueror-to-be is not too unhappy. During his four apprentice years he has learned a great deal,—a little from his successes, and far more from his failures. His Alma Mater has provided him with many sources of inspiration and strength. She has taught him not to take himself too seriously; she has given him of her own grace and sweet tolerance; she has refined his overexuberant spirits and purged him of vulgarity. He is, or should be, as conscious of his own littleness, as he is aware of the strength that such a true consciousness engenders. Above all, she has made firm and unassailable his faith in himself and in God.

Through the four years passed under her tutelage the student has been fashioning for himself a tool. Gradually as it took shape and revealed itself to be a sort of measuring-staff shaped from highly sensitized steel, he began to love its perfect beauty. This measuring-stick, in aftertimes, is destined to spare him a great deal. Whatever doubt or indecision confronts him, his unfailing staff solves the difficulty, for he measures all things by the magic rule of Alma Mater's standards.

To explain the secrets of his wondrous staff to all he meets on the road of life is the mission of the Catholic college graduate in the hope that they, too, may make one. If one were to guard his precious metal overzealously, such an action would defeat its own end, for selfishness corrodes the metal more than anything else.

Human, natural virtues are not enough to enable man to battle against the world-storms of false doctrines and unmoral standards. Man's will and man's intellect need the support of a supernatural creed to help him fight against his passions. The Catholic college teaches that true humility and that trust in the supernatural, which are the basis of Christian principle, and which are the incomparable gifts of those who follow her guidance.

KATHRYN L. FLYNN, '31.

VALE!

After years of preparation, the knights of the Round Table were ready for the quest, the boon which was to prove their mettle. Sometimes they met with treachery and disappointment, sometimes they sought the unattainable, often they found exultant joy. But King Arthur had trained them in love and fealty, in obedience, and best of all in reverence to their conscience. They had been steeled to meet the foe. So in every life there comes an important turning-point, an event that marks the beginning of a new period. The year 1931 holds that turning-point for you, Seniors, and opens to you, also, the other end of the road, for which your whole life until now has been but a preparation. No years have done more to prepare you for the way ahead than the past four spent at Emmanuel. Now it is yours to proffer thanks by your lives. May every act be an offering of love and praise to your college and to Emmanuel, who will "make them pure in Himself."

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

E. C. ECHOES

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Thanks are due to the Historical Society for obtaining Rev. Father Michael Ahern S.J., well-known director of the Catholic Truth Period, to lecture to the student body. His subject, "The Evolution of History," was interesting and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. At the close of his lecture Father Ahern gave a brief summary of the beginning of the Catholic Truth Period and the splendid work it has accomplished.

ARBOR DAY

On May first, Arbor Day, the faculty and student body assembled on the Campus to witness the planting of the tree presented by the Senior Class to the college. A tree song, composed by Margaret Culver, '31, was sung by the Seniors after which Susan Brennan, Senior president, planted the tree, while Alice Gallagher, vice-president, affixed the inscription. The tree oration was delivered by Louise Fielding, '31.

"ACE IS HIGH"

The Junior play, "Ace Is High," written by Mary Barry, was presented on Wednesday, April twenty-ninth. Many members of the Junior Class were included in the cast, Agnes Geary taking the heroine's part, Margaret O'Connell, that of the dashing Mr. Jim, who sang a delightful solo. The stage managers were Dorothy Leighton and Stella Bayko.

The committee in charge of the day's program included Mary Barry, Mary Kenney, Agnes Geary, Eleanor Stafford and Eileen Koen.

PARENTS' DAY

The Parents' Day reception was held this year on Sunday, May tenth. The faculty, the mothers and fathers of the students, and the students themselves, met in the auditorium, converted for the occasion into an attractive social hall.

The result of the essay contest, open to all the students, was announced by the Reverend Father Lynch of the faculty. The prize-winning essay was written by Dorothea Ryan, '31, who was presented with a gold medal.

The best poem submitted in the poetry contest was written by Elinor Rich, '31.

Music was provided by Bart Grady's Orchestra; there were also several vocal selections by Mr. Joseph Ecker.

The success of the afternoon was due to the efficiency of the various committees in charge. Susan Brennan was chairman ex-officio. Mary Spencer had charge of decorations; Grace Sullivan of entertainment; Mary Heffernan, of finance; Anne Sullivan, of hospitality; Kathryn Flynn, of printing; Mary Bradley, of reception; Catherine Smith, of refreshment.

SPANISH BRIDGE

On Wednesday, April twenty-second, the Spanish Club sponsored a bridge party in the gymnasium, under the competent direction of Sally Carroll, Mary Grandfield, Catherine Cosney, Clare Martell, and Miriam Walsh. The affair was very successful.

EASTER WEEK POETS

Due to the fact that the year 1931 marks the fifteenth anniversary of the Rebellion of Easter Week, 1916, no more fitting subject could have been chosen than "The Poets and Patriots of Easter Week," for the Historical Society lecture by the Reverend Terence Connelly, S.J. The establishment of the present Irish Free State was the result of this rebellion and the men who chiefly contributed to its foundation did so at the cost of their lives. Reverend Father Connelly explained the careers of the three important poets and patriots: Padraic Pearse, Joseph Mary Plunkett, and Thomas McDonagh. Of these Pearse is reputed the greatest. In the course of his lecture Rev. Father Connelly read many of Pearse's poems, and we feel deeply indebted to him for his delightful interpretations.

ELECTIONS FOR 1931-1932

Senior Class Officers:

President, Margaret O'Connell.
Vice-President, Helen Casey.
Secretary, Marion Kelley.
Treasurer, Helen Donahue.

Junior Class Officers:

President, Winifred Killoran.
Vice-President, Ruth Grush.
Secretary, Dorothy Hatch.
Treasurer, Margaret Riley.

Sophomore Class Officers:

President, Catherine Lane.
Vice-President, Mary McInerney.
Secretary, Gertrude Webber.
Treasurer, Madeline Dwyer,

The 1932 *Epilogue* staff:
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Business manager, Dorothy Mullin.
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The 1931-1932 *Ethos* staff:
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Business manager, Rose Rooney.
Assistant editors, Anna Joyce, Mary Clancy, Betty Wild, Catherine Leonard, '33.
Assistant managers, Madeleine Navien, Mary Burns, Anna Bigelow, Margaret Lynch, '33.

Historical Society—Marie Kelley, '32, president; Catherine Minahan, '32, vice-president; Miriam McCue, '33, secretary; Grace Maloney, '34, Sophomore representative.

Athletic Association—Helen Casey, '32, president; Dorothy Curran, 32, vice-president; Elinor Grady, '33, secretary; Margaret O'Neill, '33, treasurer.

Musical Society—Agnes Knox, '32, president; Lillian Collins, '32, vice-president; Barbara Hall, '33, secretary; Agnes McHugh, '34, treasurer.

Sodality—Mary Kelley, '32, president; Agnes Knox, '32, vice-president; Mary McCarthy, '33, secretary; Rosemary O'Neill, '34, treasurer.

Dramatic Society—Miriam Walsh, '32, president; Madeleine Navien, '32, vice-president; Colette Fulham, '33, secretary; Mary Burns, '34, treasurer.

Foreign Mission Society—Eileen Koen, '32, president; Mary Kenney, '32, vice-president; Mary Koen, '33, secretary; Helen Keating, '34, treasurer.

Literary Society—Teresa Delaney, '32, president; Kathleen Sullivan, 32, vice-president; Mary Flatley, '33, secretary; Susanne Davoren, '34, treasurer.

El Club Español—Catherine Cooney, '32, president; Gertrude Parsons, '32, vice-president; Miriam Walsh, '32, treasurer; Mary McCarthy, '33, secretary.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot — Catherine O'Leary, '32, president; Gertrude Parsons, '32, vice-president; Marion Barry, '33, secretary; Rose Maffeo, '34, treasurer.

Classical Society—Margaret Burke, '32, president; Helen Donahue, 32, vice-president; Mary Flatley, '33, secretary.

Publicity Committee—Mary Barry, '32, chairman; assistants: Marie Kelley, 32, Teresa Delaney, '32, Helen Morgan, '33, Mary Barrow, '33.

ALUMNAE NOTES

SOCIAL EVENTS

The Annual Bridge and Fashion Show of the Alumnae Association was held April seventh at the Hotel Somerset. The committee was very ably headed by Miss Mary Foley, '27. Helen Good, '32, and Helene Crosby, '33, were among those who modeled the costumes shown by F. P. O'Connor of Boston.

SPRING DANSANT

The Alumnae Association sponsored a spring dance at the Commonwealth Country Club on May fifteenth, under the capable direction of Miss Susan Murdock, '29, chairman. The music was furnished by Bart Grady's Orchestra and the affair was one of great enjoyment.

SOMERVILLE EMMANUEL CLUB DANCE

A very enjoyable evening was spent by those who attended the Somerville Club Dance, held on May eighth at the Hotel Commander, Cambridge. Miss Loretta Robinson, '33, was in charge of the committee.

MARRIAGES

Margaret McCaffrey, '27, to James Campbell.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Michael Groden, mother of Eleanor Groden, '28, and Dorothy Groden, '31.

Mr. Tilley, father of Mrs. Anne Strassel (Anne Tilley), ex-'31.

Mrs. Lynch, mother of Margaret Lynch, '33.

Mr. John Campbell, father of Mary Campbell, '28.

Mr. Morris, father of Ethel Morris, '28.

The ETHOS recently received notice of a pamphlet edited by Miss Anna Finnerty, '29, in collaboration with Thorne M. Carpenter and Robert C. Lee. On request Miss Finnerty has sent us the following letter which may be of interest to the readers of the ETHOS.

The pamphlet is entitled:

Ein Apparat für die exakte und schnelle Analyse der Gase
aus einer Respirationskammer von
Thorne M. Carpenter, Robert C. Lee, und Anna E. Finnerty

It is one of a series of monographs on scientific research to be published in English, and one of the first to be printed in Germany where it has been welcomed by German scientists.

Dear Editor:

You were indeed fully justified to write that I was "taking a good deal for granted" in expecting you to make much out of my German article on gas analysis, for without a knowledge of scientific German, I understand that even a good vocabulary of college German is inadequate. I am happy, therefore, to grant your request and "explain myself."

Not only because it is the universal language of the scientific world, was my article written in German, but also because Dr. Carpenter has described his apparatus some years ago in "The Journal of Metabolic Research" and "The Journal of Biological Chemistry,"—both in English. During the last few years we have made so many changes in the apparatus, and since those former publications we have learned so much more about gas analysis, that the publication of "An Apparatus for the Exact and Rapid Analysis of Cases from Respiration Chambers" resulted, this time appearing in German, to facilitate matters for European laboratories, where the apparatus plays a prominent rôle in metabolic research.

The need for an apparatus, capable of analysis not simply to .01 or .02, but into the third significant figure, .002 or .001, for a high degree of accuracy and precision in specialized metabolic work at the Nutrition Laboratory resulted in the conception of a modification of the far less accurate gas analysis apparatus of Haldane. Today, there are only two other such apparatus in existence: one, the apparatus of Sonden of Stockholm, extremely difficult to use, and not at all transportable; the second, the apparatus of Dr. Krogh in Copenhagen, used only by one person, for, having been taken down and reset up in his new laboratory, nobody has been able, as yet, to use it.

The principle in gas analysis is simple enough: namely, the drawing of a sample into the apparatus and the absorption of the gases by pushing them into solutions. In my article you will find a description of an automatic device, recently perfected, that takes care, mechanically, of the absorption of the oxygen gas. The veritable "horrors" of gas analysis lie in trying to keep such a delicate apparatus functioning perfectly, at all times, and under all conditions.

Nature has provided gas analysis with a perfect control: namely, the outdoor air. The Nutrition Laboratory, after years of research, believes outdoor air to be the only mixture we know of, possessing the definite composition of a chemical compound. In the last two years I have made thousands of analyses of outdoor air, in all seasons and under all conditions of wind and weather, and have found the carbon dioxide to be .030 per cent and the oxygen 20.940 per cent. Unless I can get these results within a range of +.003 per cent, I do not consider the

apparatus is functioning perfectly, and begin to look for trouble. You can never imagine how much work and trouble the free air you breathe can make for gas analysists!

As an authority on gas analysis, it is our privilege to answer inquiries and receive visitors from all parts of the world. Such fascinating and different work I knew would interest you tremendously, and I am hoping that your next attempted perusal of my article will be with the confident feeling that you know now just "what it's all about."

Very sincerely yours,

ANN E. FINNERTY, '29.

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME IV NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1931 No. IV

Heroes

(To Poets)

We are the thunderers, we are the doers,
You are the frail ones, the beauty-wooers.

We are the mighty, the trophy-bringers,
You are the dreamers, the hero-singers.

We are the proud ones, the laurel-wearers,
You are the strong ones, the battle-bearers.

Oh, we are the thunderers, we the earth-breakers,
But you are the heroes, the music-makers!

ANNE M. MCNAMARA, '30.

Vere Dignum et Justum Est

As Catholics we are obliged to hear Mass at least once a week, on Sunday, and it is to be feared that sometimes it is this obligation alone that makes some go to Mass. This lack of interest comes without doubt from lack of knowledge of the Mass and of its beauties. Such a knowledge of the Mass is an easy thing to obtain from the Mass Book or Missal, which contains the Masses for each day of the year just as the priest says them. As one reads the Missal every day he becomes imbued with wonder at the very idea of the Mass, he acts during the Mass as Christ commanded, he learns to love the Mass and to anticipate it, rather than to regret the time he spends there.

The first Mass, which took place at the Last Supper, was celebrated on the feast of the Jewish Passover, and included the psalms ordinarily used on this occasion as well as the specially prepared lamb of Jewish tradition. This occasion was marked, however, by a distinctly different feature from that of any previous passover: Jesus Christ giving Himself to the world in the words: "Do this in commemoration of Me," after the blessing of the bread and wine. About this action and those words centers the whole Mass as we know it today, completed as it is by the psalms and prayers of our Lord.

As far as we know, the early Mass had entirely extempore prayers, but with the third century we find written prayers of thanksgiving, or eucharist, to God for His great gift to man. Likewise, the term "Fraction," which we have in the Mass, comes from the Latin word meaning "to break," and concerns the breaking of the bread by the priest. From the early years of the Church, the Mass has had the principal parts as we know them today, among them the Canon (rule) which has grown through the centuries, but the Canon of the Roman rite of the fourth century is the oldest and most venerable example of all Canons, and includes the Offertory, the Preface, the prayers for the living and the dead, the Lord's Prayer, and the prayers before and after Communion, all of which were contained in the early Mass.

The first part of the Mass up to the Offertory was, we are told, the Mass of the Catechumens, which, in turn, is probably a survival of the service in the Jewish synagogue on the Sabbath. The two are much alike in the chants they contain from the Psalms, and in the prayers and teachings taken from Holy Scripture. With the advent of written prayers for the Mass, the Missal, which was first called the Sacramentary in the West, had its beginning. Yet the Missal as we have it differs greatly from that early book, for we now have all the prayers of the Mass in that one book without reference to the Bible as was required at first.

Many parts of the Missal have their origin in the period before the advent of Christ or immediately after His departure. Such expressions as *Amen, Alleluia, Dominus tecum,* were all in use among the Jews before Christ's time. *Pax tecum, Deo gratias, et cum spirito tuo* were used by the early Christians in their salutations. So too, the *Ite, missa est,* the *Mementos,* the *Kyrie Eleison,* the dialogue before the *Preface,* all go back to historic times; likewise, the names of the stational churches, a custom which dates from before the Middle Ages when the Popes went to say the Mass of a particular day at a certain basilica. So the Mass for Sexagesima Sunday, which is at the church of St. Paul on the Ossian Way, contains frequent references to the saint. The historic foundation of the Missal proves, therefore, that despite the changes and developments that the Church has always fostered, she never has denied her past, but carefully guards her traditions through the years.

The Missal, as one of the six officials books used by the Church in her liturgy, receives a particular respect from her. After Holy Scripture itself, nothing is held in higher esteem in the Church than the Missal, as can be seen by the fact that at High Mass the deacon holds it in his hands for the reading of the Gospel, that he incenses it as a sign of respect, and that the priest kisses it because it contains the word of God. In the Middle Ages, all the arts were lavished on the Mass Book to ornament it with gold and precious jewels.

Recognizing the fact that there is no truth without beauty, it is not amiss to consider the wealth of poetical beauty in the Missal. The Church has always encouraged beauty of form, as her cathedrals and the lyric and religious psalms testify. The liturgical hymns and sequences all follow the laws of rhythm and prosody, the prayers and collects are composed with the idea of making the sound of long passages pleasant to the ear with harmonious combinations of words and syllables to give a fixed movement to the prose. An excellent example of this is the Tract for Quinquagesima Sunday:

"Jubilate Deo, omnis terra: servite Domino in laetitia. Intrate in conspectu ejus in exsultatione: scitote quod Dominus ipse est Deus. Ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos."

Besides the Bible verses, the *Gloria in Excelsis,* the *Prefaces,* the litanies, and the *Reproaches* of Good Friday are fine illustrations of the beautiful expression of sublime thought.

The "Legem credenti lex statuat supplicandi" or "the law of prayer fixes the law of faith" of a fifth-century pope, has been the opinion of the Church ever since. She discards any formula of liturgy which she considers doubtful and leaves only the "authentic expression of the Catho-

lic faith" to the Missal, which, although it is not a Dogmatic Theology, contains all the articles of Faith. All liturgical formulae are divided into three categories, the first of which are lections from the New Testament which furnish a regular course of teaching on Faith and Morals. Many Sunday masses have an Epistle and Gospel both containing our Lord's teaching on some particular point. The second category contains the *Nicene Creed,* the *Gloria in Excelsis,* the proses or sequences. All the other chants are from the Bible and frequently have application to some doctrine, as for example the gradual of the Common of the Blessed Virgin:

"Benedicta et venerabilis es, Virgo Maria: quae sine tactu pudoris inventa es mater Salvatoris. Virgo Dei Genetrix, quem totus non capit orbis, in tua se clarsit viscera, factus homo. Alleluia, alleluia. Post partum, Virgo inviolata permansisti: Dei Genetrix, intercede pro nobis. Alleluia."

The *Collect,* the *Secret,* and the *Postcommunion* belong in the third category. Originally, the *Collect* was said by the celebrant after the congregation had arrived at a stational church, to express the object of the festival and the special petitions for the day. The masses which we have for those special days often contain such a collect, a typical one being that of the mass of St. Venantius:

"Deus, qui hunc diem beati Venantii Martyris tuo triumpho consecrasti: exaudi preces populi tui, et praesta ut, qui ejus merita veneramur, fidei constantiam imitemur."

Often, too, the *Collect* has a certain doctrine to present, as those of Paschal Time and the Time after Pentecost have the common object of expressing the doctrine of divine grace so fully that they are complete objections against Pelagianism.

At the *Offertory,* the early Christians came forward with their offerings of bread and wine and with their alms for the poor. The priest recited prayers which embodied the idea of an exchange of gifts between God and man. The *Secrets* prove that the mass has always been regarded as a sacrifice, they teach the doctrines of Transubstantiation, of the supreme efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice, and of the union between God and His Church, and they remind us of the union between all members of the Church. Let us take from the many existing examples two, the first from the mass for the Fifth Sunday after Pentecost, and the second from the mass for Ember Saturday.

"Propitiare, Domine, supplicationibus nostris: et has oblationes famulorum famularumque tuarum benignus assume; ut, quod singuli obtulerunt ad honorem nominis tui, cunctis proficiat ad salutem."

"Ut accepta tibi sint, Domine, nostra jejunia: praesta nobis, quaesumus; hujus munere sacramenti purificatum tibi pectus offerre."

The *Postcommunion* is the final petition of the Mass in virtue of the divine union realized in the act of Communion. It shows that the active participation of the congregation is expected in the Communion, and bears witness to the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. For illustration, we shall take the *Postcommunion* from the mass for Saturday in Easter Week:

"Redemptionis nostrae munere vegetati, quaesumus Dominus: ut hoc perpetuae salutis auxilio, fides semper vera proficiat."

The Missal, then, is not merely a book for the clergy, but is meant for the use and the appreciation of the people in hearing the Mass. It is the best way in which the Mass can be followed, blessed and honored as it is by the Church of God.

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

An American Student in France

"À la Sorbonne, s'il vous plaît, monsieur."

"Oui, mademoiselle."

And so we were off to the University of Paris, delighted that we were going to be students there for six weeks. We drove down the beautiful Avenue des Champs Elysées, across the Place de la Concorde, up Boulevard Saint Michel to Rue des Ècoles, our destination. We stopped for a few minutes before entering to take a hurried glance at the magnificent gray stone building known as the Sorbonne, which, since the twelfth century, has been a center of learning for the Continent. Upon entering, we inquired the way to the "bureau de renseignments" from the "concierge," who directed us to the office of M. Goy, "directeur" of the University. Our interview with him was very important and none too pleasant at first. We had to explain, first of all, why we were late in registering; for it was then the eighth of July, and the course had opened on the sixth. When he was finally convinced that we were unavoidably delayed returning from Rome, he decided to assign us to the different classes by means of examinations, which, if impromptu, were both concise and precise, and included general and particular questions on French authors and works. After bidding M. Goy "au revoir," we hurried out, relieved that we had been accepted despite our tardiness, which in a French school is highly condemned.

First impressions are always lasting, and mine of the first class at the Sorbonne are no exception. It was like experiencing again my first day of school. As is the custom of all newcomers, I arrived a few minutes before the opening of a nine o'clock class, so that I would be sure to find the right section. As I mounted the staircase, and incidentally, one becomes very weary of climbing stairs in Paris, I met my first acquaintance, a very brusque German woman who, speaking French with a guttural accent, proceeded to tell me in her most gracious way about the arrangement of the classes and the time-schedule. She insisted, however, on the fact that the course would be very hard for an American, but her disheartening prophecy did not entirely discourage me, and I went on to my first class in diction. Madame, our teacher, was most affable, a typical Frenchwoman filled with enthusiasm for everything French. Our first assignment was a "dictée," which Madame read slowly and distinctly in beautiful French while the students, seated at a long table, wrote her words. After a careful correction and a study of each word, followed by a drill in pronunciation, we were ready for our next class in Grammar, conducted by M. Thomas in the "Grand Amphitheâtre," a large room furnished with

benches built on the floor as are the seats in our theatres, and long boards for desks. Such a seating arrangement would prove quite novel and primitive, I am sure, to the American student accustomed as he is to the arm-chairs of our schools. As I was new and unacquainted, I slipped into a back seat about twenty rows from the professor's desk. M. Thomas must have had a presentiment of a new student in the class, for he assigned a short essay on "Mes Prémières Impressions de Paris," quite a fitting topic for a new arrival, who was filled with enthusiasm for the most beautiful city in the world. The third hour was given over to literature. We discussed a well-known author of the eighteenth century, Marivaux, and his play, "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard." To make the lesson more interesting, two of the students, a Swiss boy and a Hungarian girl, read the parts of Sylvia and Dorante in clear, beautiful French.

Our presentation was interrupted by the appearance of a man dressed in sinister black, who proved to be no other than my friend, the "concierge," come to take the attendance, after the French system, by passing a sheet of paper around the room to be signed by each student. Glancing over the paper when it reached me, I was able to gain a general idea of the many nationalities represented in the class. After class, as soon as I had explained to M. Thomas that I was a new student, I rushed off to find the two girls with whom I was staying, to learn what their experiences had been. Discussing our first impressions of the Sorbonne, we started off for Avenue de Ségur where Madame, our chaperon, was waiting to take us sight-seeing.

So the days passed, each more enjoyable than the preceding. Madame's classes were delightful, so diligently did she work with us to give us the "vraie intonation française." For our assignments we had to memorize pages of poetry for class recitation. One has to make very special efforts to study in Paris, as there are so many distractions. Our afternoons were spent at Notre Dame, Sacré Coeur, Père La Chaise, Les Invalides, the Louvre, the Musée de Rodin, et le Conciergerie, and other places of note. Our evenings we passed at the Opera listening to the exquisite renditions of "Aïda," "Samson et Dalila," "Thaïs," "Faust," and "Lohengrin." Our week-ends were taken up with trips to Fontainebleau, Versailles, Châtres, and Chatou. Still the memorizing had to be done, and it was often after midnight when I began it, without regard to the weariness I felt. Shut up in my room, however, far from the others and spurred on by the beauty of the poetry, I would read aloud verse after verse, accompanying my readings with all the gesticulations of an orator, in order to learn it the more easily. There is one poem that particularly interested

me from the group, "Saison des Semailles, le Soir," by Victor Hugo. The first four lines are especially beautiful:

"C'est le moment crépusculaire.
J'admire assis sous un portail
Ce reste de jour dont s' éclaire
La dernière heure du travail."

Perhaps I learned to like it so much because Madame recited it with so much feeling, appreciating as she did each word and each syllable of each word. Day after day, each of us in turn recited the lines for her, but it was a long time before we could say them to her satisfaction. She was patient with us, however, and encouraged us by insisting that the accent would surely come.

As classes continued the students became better acquainted with one another, so that before long we exchanged friendly greetings when we met in the classrooms. At dismissal time, groups would gather to discuss the lectures, the professors, and class activities. These friendly chats were of untold advantage to us, although at the time we were not aware of it, for we were obliged to use French, it being the only common language of the group. One can well imagine the difficulty that would arise if thoughtlessly one were to greet a Chinese or an Egyptian with a "Good morning." We had to be on guard to remember that French was the only tongue in which we could make ourselves understood by all. It was an interesting experience to be in a class with students of so many different countries, and offered an unusual opportunity to learn about the different national customs; for this purpose, Madame often assigned such topics as educational systems, marriage customs, or women in the professions, and the students would tell the class how such affairs were handled in their home-lands.

Our professor, M. Thomas, had very definite ideas about the manner in which he wished his class conducted, and he gave us many an unpleasant moment. Each day he would call on one student to present the lesson for the day to the class. As M. Thomas gazed searchingly down the list of names before him, seeking the victim for the day, complete and awful silence fell upon the class, everyone attempting to hide himself. The one chosen had to take his place before the class and proceed with the lesson, be it grammar or an assignment in our volume, *Les Grands Ecrivains Français*. I shall never forget the day that my name was called and I had to explain the material on the participle, its derivation from the Latin, its forms, and its uses. How grateful I was then for my Latin drill. In the course of the class hour, many would voice their opinions very insistently,

especially my acquaintance of the first day, the German woman, who frequently entered into open discussion with the professor concerning points of grammar, her sulky voice rising and falling like the notes of the scale, while the class tried to conceal their smiles. There was also a young Franciscan friar who often discussed with M. Thomas Voltaire's teaching and Rousseau's philosophy. All this with the addition of a few more dissenters who hurled questions at the professor, provided plenty of amusement for the Americans present.

For the American student there is no section of Paris more fascinating than the Quartier Latin, the home of the Sorbonne, the rendezvous of students from all parts of the world. Of all the sections of Paris it is the one that all people love to visit. Our opportunities came on certain mornings when we had an hour between Madame's eight o'clock class and the next class at ten. Although it was a sacrifice to go so early to Madame, we welcomed our chance to spend the free hour in the Quartier, wandering about leisurely. I had for companion an American, a girl from New York. Together we would saunter along the Boulevard Saint Michel, sometimes stopping at a little tea-room for the breakfast of which the early class had deprived us. The little shops were filled with charming novelties of all sorts; there were neatly clad women selling "Le Matin" or "Le Journal," children running from the "patisseries" with their sundries for the day, students on their favorite promenades, and a little farther on, the Luxembourg Gardens, where we lingered to admire the flowers and the old palace so picturesquely set among the trees. There was no place so lovely on a sunny morning, decked as it was with flowers of all hues, and surrounded by the busy life of Paris. Many a happy hour we spent there in some secluded nook of the Gardens, which breathes forth an incomparable peace and quiet happiness.

Too soon the end came for these delightful student days spent in a most enchanting atmosphere. On the fifteenth of August classes closed and we had to take leave of the pleasant surroundings, the scene of many happy hours. Yes, we had attained one end, at least: that of having studied at the great university of one of the greatest countries in the world. We had had the opportunity to speak its language, study its literature, mingle with its people, converse with them, and discover their splendid qualities, so sociable and affable to Americans. No, our trip had not been in vain; we had imbibed, we hope, the "vrai esprit français," and had stored our minds with never-to-be-forgotten memories of a place teeming with loveliness, a city that is not a city but a world of beauty, charm, and elegance.

MARGARET R. O'CONNELL, '32.

Thanksgiving

Twilight of amethyst, a cold, blue sky,
A horde of russet leaves, that lie
Like shining copper coins, aglow
With the stolen rays of a sun dipped low.
And then the mammoth silver moon
Scatters the evening all too soon,
Ascending over lands and seas
To light the earth through gnarled black trees.
And Jack Frost treads the lighted way
With glistening footprints seen next day
Along the meadows, down the lanes,
And sketching pictures on window-panes.
The harvest time's here and the days grow cold,
The breeze is a wind in his armor bold,
And he rents the air with a lashing whip
And brings a glow to the cheek and lip.
There's a friendliness about the world
After Nature's colors have been unfurled,
And have gone to rest till a Springtime day,
For behold Thanksgiving is on the way!

Ruth M. Ellis, '32.

"Finesse"

"Folks is queer, Buddy." Captain Ancient removed his line from the water, caught the baited hook deftly, and gazed at it pensively. "Now, why would anybody want to stay cooped up in cities, in clubs, restaurants, theatres, when they might be out here where a body can breathe?" He turned the hook over reflectively. "Give us the worms."

Buddy passed over a battered tobacco can. A strange pair they made. Buddy Meyers in his frayed overalls, freckled, his mop of flaxen hair shading his eyes; the Captain, thin, stooped, perhaps old at sixty, perhaps young at eighty. His eyes were arresting, they missed nothing, and yet their faded gray depths revealed nothing.

The advent of the Captain had created quite a stir in the little town of Twin Rivers. Where he had drifted from was a subject of conjecture as was his history. He arrived one morning on the early local, and after a few inquiries bought a tiny house on the edge of the town by the river. "Paid for it in spot cash, too," according to John Crawford, the postmaster. When questioned about his name, he replied that "most folks just call me 'Cap'n'," and because of his questionable age, the townspeople named him "Cap'n Ancient."

Buddy Meyers had happened upon him one morning, when the fishing urge had been much stronger than the lesser urge of geography and arithmetic, and, being kindred enthusiasts for the sport, they became fast friends.

"What's new today, Bud?" the Captain asked after a while, puffing laboriously on a stained clay pipe. "How is Dick?"

"Dick?" Buddy looked up from his float. "Oh, he makes me tired. He's got an offer for a place down in South America, and my sister, Mary, wants to marry him and go down with him. Now, tell me, Cap'n, why does she want to go off with him when she has a perfectly good home to stay in? Even if she is my sister, sometimes she wants the funniest things."

The Cap'n removed his pipe for a minute and gazed reflectively at the bowl.

"Natural, Bud, natural," he answered. "Folks always want to be where they ain't, and then wish they was back where they was. Guess it's human failing. Except you and me—fishin'."

A sudden rustling in the bushes arrested their attention.

"Somebody's coming," Buddy announced. "Oh, here he comes."

" 'Lo, Dick," called Buddy.

"Hello, son." The Cap'n looked up as the young man approached. "What's bringing you out here, Dick?"

The young man regarded them with surprise. "Oh, I didn't know you were here. Hello, Cap'n. Hello, there, 'tough guy.' How are you?"

Buddy thawed beneath the compliment and grinned.

"Sit with us?" he invited. "I've got an extra line; here's the worms."

Dick slumped down on the bank. "Sure, I'll always fish. How deep is it?"

"So deep." Buddy adjusted the float.

Dick removed the remnants of a mummified worm from the hook and replaced it with another.

Silence reigned for a time, broken only by the sound of fish jumping in the water.

"Something worrying you, son?" asked the Cap'n without looking up.

"No," he answered shortly—and then—"I ought to be the happiest fellow in the world. I've got a fine job offered me in Brazil with the Consolidated Rubber—thirty-five hundred a year." He didn't seem greatly enthusiastic.

The Cap'n puffed thoughtfully on his clay pipe. He turned to Dick at length.

"Got any idea what the country is like down there, son?"

"No; not many white men, I suppose; jungle, snakes, and all that."

"It's not too bad," the Cap'n continued, "but it's no place for a white man alone. How long do you stay?"

"Four years, then a transfer back here. Why isn't it a place for a single man?"

"Without a home of his own, he is entirely out of everything."

Dick grunted disgustedly. "You and Mary are a good pair, Cap'n. That's what she says, too. She wants to come with me, but if it's no place for a white man alone, it's certainly no place for a white woman. I wouldn't go at all, but jobs are hard to find, good ones, and I guess I can stick it out for four years. Have you been down there, Cap'n?"

"Guess I've been most everywhere. Yes, I've been there, but not for long. It's too easy to forget it all—I didn't want to——" He stopped quickly, and looked up to see if the last had been noticed, but Dick was too much absorbed in his own troubles.

"There's only one thing to do. That's to go down and stick it out. Four years are a long time when you're young, though."

"Heads up!" Buddy broke into action. "I've got a whale!"

It was an evening in early October, a few nights later—a warm evening for October. The captain sat in the doorway of his little house, his chair tilted against the door jam, a battered accordion in his hands. Buddy was haunched up on the lower step, his arms about his knees. The captain was playing "La Paloma," the soft sweet notes falling about them like a mist.

A white shape came quickly up the flag-stone path.

"Buddy! Daddy is cross with you! We've been looking for you an hour. Have you had any supper?"

"Aw, Mary, why don't you leave me alone? Course we had supper, ham and eggs and biscuits; they were good, too, weren't they, Cap'n?" And suddenly remembering his social obligations, "This is Cap'n Ancient, Mary. Cap'n, this is my sister."

"How do you do, Miss Mary. I've heard quite a bit about you."

"How do you do, Mist — er Ancient. I've heard quite a lot about you, too, from Buddy. That's how I happened to come here looking for him."

"Most folks just call me Cap'n, Miss Mary. Sit down a moment, won't you? We were just having a little music after supper. A few minutes more won't make so much difference now that you've found him, will they?"

Mary laughed. "Not if you'll play some more, Cap'n," she said. "I've been listening to your music all the way up the street."

The captain laughed, picked up the accordion, and began playing a soft, sweet strain. Mary sat on the step beside Buddy. "What was the name of that?" she asked, when the captain had finished.

"*Chalita,*" he answered. "It means 'sweetheart.' He paused for a minute. "I remember I heard it first down in Rio, a serenade over a garden wall."

Mary looked up quickly. "Oh, you've been in Rio, Cap'n? Have you ever been in the interior of Brazil?"

"Yes, to both questions. I've traveled over most of South America."

"What is it like? Cap'n, do you think it's a good place for Dick—I mean a young man—to stay, to live?"

"No, Miss Mary, it's no place for Dick to be alone. I was talking with him the other day. I've been there, and I know the situation. It's no place for him to stay four years alone. He's a fine young man, Miss Mary; you take my advice and don't let him go alone."

"What shall I do, Cap'n Ancient? I want to go with him so much, but he won't let me. He says it's no place for me. What shall I do, Cap'n? Can't you help me?"

She put a hand on his thin knee. "Won't you?"

The Cap'n covered her hand with his rough one. "I'll try, Miss Mary," he said. "It beats all the way you young folks make life so hard, when it could be so easy. I've been thinking over your case—yours and Dick's. I have a plan, Miss Mary, if you're game."

"I'll try anything, Cap'n."

"His boat sails from New York Wednesday, and the first stop is Rio. Supposing your father and I arrange your passage without Dick's knowing it. After the ship has sailed—well, it's up to you."

"I'll try, Cap'n. I'll do my best."

"The Pride of California" was two days out of New York headed for Rio de Janeiro. Dick leaned over the stern rail disconsolately. He was sick of living, and the four years ahead might have been four eternities. Why hadn't he listened to the Captain? After all he knew what he was talking about, he had been there. "We could have been married in New York and Mary could have stayed in Rio." Even though he could have gotten out of the jungle only once a month, that would be a lot better than four years. Four years——

"Dick!" A soft hand touched his shoulder. He jumped square around. "Mary!"

A sympathetically-curious deck steward passed near them some hours later. "——and Dick," he heard her say, "there's the dearest old clergyman in the next stateroom to mine."

Mary K. Clancy, '32.

Songs From Leinster

The critic who credited Miss Winifred M. Letts with "singing with true insight and often with much beauty, the thoughts of the simple Irishman or Irishwoman," has adequately summarized this poet's contribution to the literature of her country. *Songs from Leinster* is truly an excellent little volume, where song, insight, beauty, and real honest-to-goodnesss Irishness can be felt on every page. While I do not think that Miss Letts is a great poet, I think she is a genuine poet, and one who wears some qualities of greatness. Surely she has these essential characteristics: simplicity, sincerity, spirituality, and spontaneity. The fifty-four little poems in this volume are alive with that freshness of vision, and that charm of unsophisticatedness, which endows it in our eyes with the name of real Irish poetry.

There is no gainsaying the fact that Miss Letts' heart is in the very soul of Ireland. It would be impossible to feign the sympathy and the understanding of the Irish temperament and the Irish manner of living, which she manifests in many of her verses. A happy choice for an introduction to *Songs from Leinster* is *The Harbour*. It surrounds one immediately with atmosphere which is to permeate the entire volume, the Irish atmosphere of fervent patriotism, of deep spirituality, of love for the lowly and homely things of life that play so important a part in the daily routine of an Irish fisherman: the shore, the boats, the dripping nets, the harbour lights of home.

"I think if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

"I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip."

All the common things of the homeland would call her back to Ireland, for an Irishman never forgets his Dark Rosaleen. The little houses, the goats, the village gatherings at the well, these are the elemental appeals to the wanderer.

"And then the Angelus,—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against the golden sky,
So God, Who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die."

The Storm enwraps one even more closely in the mist of the Wexford coast village, where the lives of the people depend wholly upon the catch, and where the storm constantly snatches away this means of living. Fear for the men out in the fishing boats is a predominating emotion in this poem, and a prayer of faith in the Saviour of men runs through every stanza of the lament. The starkness of feeling grips one in such lines as these:

"A woeful thing it is to wed
To a man who looks to the sea for bread!
Holy Mary, pity our plight,
Let you pray for our men tonight!"

That the poet has a fine sense of figure and a vivid imagination is evident in the final stanza of *The Storm:*

"The wind of the world is lashing the sea,
The waves leap high like men at a fair,
Wicked old men with their silvery hair.
Sorrow and weeping for someone there'll be,
Toil for the men and danger and fear,
With the cold black death that is waiting near.
God Almighty, pity their plight,
Let Christ walk on the waves tonight."

The Irish are unique in their intensity and depth of feeling. Love seems to be more truly love in Ireland than in any other country. At least Irish love poetry touches the heart more strongly than that of any other nationality. It unites with passion a splendid restraint, a pure spirituality which of necessity elevates the quality of the human emotion.

"She heard the laughter from the house, she heard the fiddle played:
She called her dead love to her side—why should she be afraid?
She took his cold hands in her own, she had no thought of dread,
And not a star looked out to watch the living kiss the dead."

A more quiet love is expressed in *Blessing,* but the intensity of feeling and longing is there also, and the spiritual character is unmistakable.

"May God's love be a mantle now
To shield him from the cold. . . ."

And again:

"O Heart of Christ, shield him I love,
And hold him warm and near."

The Choice is full of the lilt and humor and simplicity that is inimitably Irish.

"Saint Joseph, let you send me a comrade true and kind,
For the one I'm seeking, it beats the world to find. . . .

There's Christy Sheis, a decent lad, but he's too lank and tall;
And Shaneen Burke will never do, for he's a foot too small.
I'll have Saint Joseph choose me a comrade rich and kind—
And if it's Terry Sullivan—maybe I mightn't mind."

Humor is one characteristic which the world recognizes and admires in the Irish. Miss Letts has caught bits of it and has put them on paper in such refreshing little poems as *The Old Wexford Woman, The Bold Unbiddable Child* and *A Sermon.* The old lady, who has little use for the younger generation, says:

"What do I think of the race that we're rarin'?
They're not worth my shawl.
For it's sooner they're threadbare an' nobody carin'.
Mine was the days—but there's no good comparin'.
God help us all."

Motherhood's trials can be seen in the second poem:

"Now what is he after below in the street?
(God save us, he's terrible wild!)
Is it stirrin' the gutter around with his feet?
He'd best be aware when the two of us meet.
Come in out o' that,
Come in,
You bold unbiddable child!"

By far the best of the poems in *Songs from Leinster* are those such as *A Soft Day, Irish Skies, Spring, The Traveling Man,* and *Easter Snow.* In this group, the poet seems to have concentrated her best in artistry. The choice of words is excellent and the various meters seem to harmonize perfectly with the subject matter of the poet's choice. *Easter Snow* was written to music.

"My jewel of the world, she sleeps so fast,
She will not hear you, Spring wind, if you blow,
So let you shake the blossoms of the thorn
Till her bed is hidden deep in Easter snow."

The spontaneity and freshness of the following lines, added to the originality of thought which is apparent, makes them unusually appealing:

"Spring, the traveling Man, has been here,
Here in the glen;
He must have passed by in the glory of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren
Were awake. . . .
The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,

Stepping light on the grass. . . .
Then the blackthorn to give him delight
Put on raiment of white. . . .
My grief! that I was not aware
Of himself being there. . . ."

Beauty of diction is abundant in *Irish Skies*. Cloud-colors are exquisitely described in such phrases as the following:

"Pearl cloud, buff cloud, the color of a dove. . . .

. . . . . .

Grey clouds, white clouds, the wind has shepherded.
The sky, too, is painted with artistic sense and touch.
But the sky above the Three rock was blue as Mary's cloak,
Ruffled like doves' wings when the wind woke."

Sometimes one reads a book of so-called Irish verses which are not, in reality, Irish in background or in treatment. That certain "something" which the heart detects more quickly than the eye, is very often absent from such volumes. But Miss Letts' little book of poems cannot be so accused. Hers is truly in the Irish mode. The impression she gives is certainly an Irish one, and that is the highest praise desired by the truly Irish poet.

ANNE M. MCNAMARA, '30.

Memories

Forgotten things return to haunt me
  While I linger on this isle.
I who once was pride of millions
  Tarry here, a lone exile.
An exile, I! Ah, God, have mercy
  On Corsican who played his part
To bitter end, and then was banished
  To die alone with broken heart!
Forgotten things return to taunt me,
  Old battles, victories, renown;
Then Waterloo, my one great failure,
  Caused king and throne to tumble down.
But yet I smile in spite of sadness,
  For am I not still called "the Great"?
My name will live through all the ages,
  An emblem of ironic fate.

Margaret Budds, '32.

1631 · 1831 · 1931

John Dryden

This, like every other year, marks the centenaries of men and women famous in literature. One of them is John Dryden, who was born three hundred years ago on August 9th, at Oldwinkle, Northamptonshire, into a family of moderate means and estate. He was sent to Westminster School and later to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of A.B. in 1654, and A.M. in 1657. When he left school, he had written but few verses, but in September of the following year on the occasion of the death of Cromwell, he produced a poem of thirty-seven stanzas in his honor. Dryden, who was then residing in London, became an ardent Royalist on the ascension of Charles II to the throne and greeted the King's return with "Astraea Redux," and later with a "Panegyric on the Coronation," equally adulatory. His only poem of any real value in the next seventeen years was the "Annus Mirabilis" of 1666, which after all was not such a wonderful year. In the poem, however, the author celebrated the opening of the war with the Dutch and the great London fire. In 1670, he was made Historiographer-Royal and Poet Laureate of England, from which he derived a considerable revenue. During the next few years, Dryden turned his attention to drama, but, though for a short period he was hailed as the literary leader in England, his dramas were poor and did not outlive their production. At the same time he was doing some hack writing, especially translating, for he had a real need for money. In 1608, James II was deprived of his crown, and although Dryden's many offices were renewed, he failed to collect his salary for almost a year. Better times, however, were on the way. Between the years of 1685 and 1686, Dryden reached the height of his literary excellence with "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," "The Religio Laici," "The Hind and the Panther," and several other minor poems.

"Absalom and Achitophel" is a political satire of about one thousand lines aimed at those who were attempting to wrest the crown from the Duke of York, afterwards King James II, for the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II. About fifty historical characters who figure in the poem can be easily identified. This poem is recognized as the greatest of all English political satires, because of its effectiveness at the time of publication. The poem is vigorous, finished in detail, and has an impetus in the flow of the lines. Samuel Johnson has said that it comprises all the excellencies of which the subject is capable."

"Mac Flecknoe" was the next literary attempt in which Dryden again satirized Shadwell, and was followed by "Religio Laici," written in 1862, in which we see another phase of Dryden's character. The poem is an exposition of the doctrines of the Church of England as they impress a layman, and is written in an easy, rambling style, quite different from the spirited invective of the political satires. The three years following its publication were taken up with miscellaneous writings, but in 1685, on the death of Charles II, Dryden wrote "Threnodia Augustabis," in the irregular Pindaric verse. This poem is particularly interesting as the poet's first use of the verse form he was later to employ so successfully in "Alexander's Feast," since it is neither tender in its feeling nor magnificent in its tone.

Soon after this time, James II, a Roman Catholic, came to the English throne and made it known that he would favor those of his religious persuasion. Dryden became a Catholic and for his act has often been declared a hypocrite and time-server. The poet, however, has written in commemoration of his conversion his beautiful "Hind and the Panther," an allegory in which the Hind, representing the Catholic Church, and the Panther, figure of the Church of England, discuss theological questions, the Hind winning the debate. It is the poetic style of the poem that makes it worth while, rather than the theme.

At the fall of James II, and the ascension of William and Mary, Dryden lost his offices and favors, since, as a Catholic, he could not take the oath required of all office-holders. He was forced to turn to his pen again for support and he first tried the drama. Between the years 1689 to 1693 he wrote "Don Sebastian," "Amphitryon," "King Arthur," "Cleomenes," and "Love Triumphant." These are of no particular importance in the poet's life, but, except for the last, they are in no way inferior to his earlier writings.

After this work, Dryden took up translating, which work, as a satirist, he was well able to do, although his versions are not always literal. Near the end of 1693, Dryden undertook the greatest single work of his lifetime when he started to translate the complete works of Virgil, a work which covered three years and had great success. It stands today as one of the classics of the English language, although it lacks the tenderness, the grace, and the high seriousness of the Latin original.

Ten years before this time, Dryden had written an ode for Saint Cecilia's Day, now he followed it with the most renowned of all his poems, "Alexander's Feast," for the public performance of a London musical society on his patroness' feast day. This ode, which heads the list of English

lyric poetry, is a series of pictures, each expressed in verse that by its music suggests the picture.

Although he received large profits from the translation of Virgil, Dryden still felt the need of making money and so he returned to his translation of Ovid, which he had begun just before undertaking Virgil, and after abandoning an idea to do the *Iliad*. He put into the medium of verse some of Chaucer's tales in "Fables, Ancient and Modern," which showed the kindly spirit of the man grown old. After a short illness, the poet died in Soho on May 1, 1700, and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden's literary reputation has suffered many fluctuations. In his own time he was recognized as a leader, but he lost favor with the rise of the romantic school. At present, though critics pay him tribute, he is seldom read with any interest or enthusiasm.

He lacked many of the highest qualities of a poet. His first works were all occasional, written to serve a purpose rather than to express the poetic inspiration. His serious work did not start until he was well along in years. He describes his characters clearly and forcefully, but his chief emphasis is on their abstract virtues, and we notice the absence of the living person in his poetry. This abstraction, too, is noticeable in his descriptions of nature, to which the poet was utterly insensible. The chief charm and value of his poetry then lies in his complete mastery of the technique of his art, for he was a critic by nature and was keenly susceptible to the beauties of style.

Helen Hunt Jackson

The second of our literary friends, Helen Hunt Jackson, then known as Helen Marie Fiske, the daughter of Nathan Wiley and Debora (Vival) Fiske, was born one hundred years ago, on October 18, 1831, in Amherst, Massachusetts. Her father, a native of Webster, Massachusetts, and a Dartmouth graduate, was professor, first of languages, then of philosophy, at Amherst College, as well as a Congregational minister and an author, publishing a translation of Eschurburg's "Manual of Classical Literature" and a few books for children. As a child, she was famous in the academical circle of the small college town for her bright sayings, and she herself has left us an account of "The Naughtiest Day in My Life," in the St. Nicholas Magazine, September-October, 1880. It is a charming little sketch of the day she and another little girl ran away to Hadley, four miles distant, while the people of Amherst searched the town for them. At ten o'clock she walked into her mother's kitchen saying, "I've had a perfectly splendid time!"

She was educated at the Ipswich Female Seminary and later at a private school conducted by the Reverend J. S. C. Abbot in New York City. When just twenty-one, she married Captain Edward B. Hunt, United States Army engineer, and lived in various military posts. Their first child died when still an infant, and in 1863 her husband was killed. Two years later, her second son, Rennie, died suddenly of dropsy, and Helen Hunt was alone in the world with her grief. She shut herself up away from her friends for several months, but when she again appeared among them, she was vivacious and, outwardly at least, changed. She went to live in Newport, where she first showed interest in literature and especially poetry. Her first poems speak of the grief of bereavement. "Lifted Over" refers to the death of her boy and is signed "Marah." Her next poem, "Tryst," "A Burial Service," and "Old Lamps for New," continued in the same sorrowful strain. Then the influence of literary friends in Newport moved her to attempt prose. In her first sketch, "In the White Mountains," she described the walk up Mount Washington from the Glen House. Although pleasant enough reading, it hardly gives promise of the work she was later to do along more serious lines. At this time, also, she reviewed books for different American publishers, and wrote poems, most of which were to be published in the *Nation,* and a few in *The Atlantic Monthly.* Among the latter were "Coronation" and "The Way to Sing." Emerson was always an admirer of her poetry, and especially of the following sonnet:

THOUGHT

"O messenger, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor be the late
And heavy dews: the morn's bright scornful eye
Reminds thee; then, in subtle mocking,
Thou smilest at the window where I wait
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last in lost despair
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air;
When lo! thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to buy,
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I."

"Helen Hunt Jackson," as she was known to her readers, makes her best appeal in her simple poems, her songs of love, of motherhood, and

of bereavement. Best known of all these, perhaps, is the "Spinning Song," which begins:

"Like a blind spinner in the sun, I tread my days.
I know that all the threads will run appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask."

The fine simplicity of these lines expresses perfectly the picture of human life which so few have the art of depicting truthfully.

In 1870, Mrs. Hunt went to California and thence to Colorado for her health, where, in 1875, she married Mr. William Sharplen Jackson and took up her permanent residence. She was attracted by the nearby Poncan Indians whose condition so aroused her wrath that she wrote "Century of Dishonor," in which she sets forth the terrible abuses of the Indians and the blot on the government for permitting such an unjust state of affairs. As a direct result of this book, perhaps, she received an appointment from the United States Government to report on the conditions and needs of the California "Mission Indians." She visited all the tribes in the spring of 1883. At the same time, she explored the history of the early Spanish missions, and it is doubtless from these two sources that she obtained the background for *Ramona,* her best known work and the one which was to be her last. She herself has said that "Every word of the Indian history in *Ramona* is literally true and it is being re-enacted here every day." It is scarcely necessary and not at all to our purpose to outline the plot of *Ramona.*

Let me say that all her other prose writings, especially *"Merry Philbrick's Choice"* and *"Hetty's Strange History," "Ramona"* has a clearness, a strength, and a certain force as well as a fine literary structure and style.

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

The Crash

"Extra! Extra! 'Prisoner dupes police'! Latest news here! Paper, sir?"

Pop Murray paused in his sweeping. An escaped prisoner! Well, that was something; enough even to warrant a janitor's neglect of his work. Hmm—one thousand dollars reward—young bank clerk on way to police station—at large in Cambridge—tall, well-dressed—one thousand dollars! Unsolicited, a vision flashed through his mind. He saw Jerry, holding a check on which that amount was carelessly scrawled, a happy Jerry, able to have that last year at Harvard, Jerry in football togs, triumphantly carried off the field, Jerry in cap and gown, and he, Pop, in a new suit, congratulating him. He—but a scuffling noise cut in on Pop's reverie. He glanced up to see a young man, obviously in a tremendous hurry, coming down the fire escape. He paused at the bottom uncertainly. "Young, tall, well-dressed." The words were seared on Pop's brain. Almost unconsciously, he clutched the boy by the shoulder.

"Not so fast, sonny, not so fast! Running away from somebody?"

To his amazement the boy assented.

"They're after me. You've got to hide me—I'm done for if they find me! Oh, hurry, won't you?"

Pop thought quickly. "One thousand dollars! Jerry, "bank clerk, reward, young"—why, he wasn't any older than Jerry! What if his son had been a thief? "Desperate need," the paper said, "tubercular mother." Just a boy, like, why, like Jerry.

"Oh, hurry, won't you?"

Pop pushed him roughly.

"Down the cellar, quick! There's a door to the street!"

The four or five men who came hurrying through the court a few seconds later found a gray-haired janitor sweeping with great diligence and whistling cheerfully.

"Didn't see a young fellow go through here 'bout a minute ago, did you, Jack? Mighty important!"

Pop looked up indifferently.

"Nobody's been through here," he said briefly, and calmly resumed his work. But his imperturbed attitude masked a mind in which confused thoughts succeeded one another with kaleidoscopic rapidity. He, Pop Murray, assisting a thief! The word fascinated him with strange horror. A thief! What was a thief, anyway? "One who takes unlawfully what is not his own." This boy stole money. Why, that wasn't right at all,

it was all wrong. It wasn't just the money, it was what it represented. Perhaps it meant the poorhouse for some timid old lady, a neglected corner in strange, terrifying surroundings. Or maybe some young couple dreaming of that magic "home of their own," who had deposited a pitifully small amount every week and had watched it slowly grow. It might even have been the savings of a proud dad, who cheerfully wore the same threadbare overcoat, to send a boy through college, just as he was doing. —One thousand dollars! Freedom from worry!—After all, he would only be doing his duty. A thief was a thief, and here he was was, a law-abiding citizen, deliberately shielding him, all because of a foolish sentiment. All he had to do was to give a sign to those men who were prowling about. But what if it had been Jerry? Would he have thanked the one who turned him over?—One thousand dollars! Jerry at Harvard!—By some strange hallucination it was the runaway who marched in cap and gown, and his son who stood behind prison bars, tortured by the cough of a dying mother.

"I couldn't do it!" he cried out hoarsely. "I couldn't do it!"

That night he was unusually quiet. He toyed with his spoon at the supper table, he barely tasted his favorite dish, thereby incurring a rebuke from his anxious wife, and refused to look at the evening paper.

"Why, Dad, what's eating you, anyway?" demanded Jerry. "Don't you want to hear the news? You know they caught that young bank clerk who ran away from the detectives. He——"

But Pop wasn't listening. Caught! Poor kid, they did get him after all. His sacrifice was worthless. In spite of himself, he was happy.

A few weeks later, Pop's evening nap was rudely interrupted by an insistent ringing of the bell. Who on earth could this be? The Murrays had few visitors, for their home in the basement of an apartment house was small and ill-suited for entertaining. He opened the door cautiously and peered over his glasses at a face strangely familiar. But what a difference! Not the trembling fugitive he remembered, but a calm, smiling youth. Pop glanced quickly beyond him, expecting to see several burly policemen.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Murray!" and as Pop stared at him stupefied, "well, aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Of course, of course," exclaimed Pop, leading the way to a tiny living room. Then anxiously: "How did you get away?"

"Oh, it was easy enough after I gave them the slip here. I went directly home; in fact I just got in from New York tonight. I——"

"But I don't understand," broke in Pop. "The paper said the cops caught you in Connecticut."

"Cops? They weren't cops, only reporters. You see, I'd been dodging them for two days, hiding in a fellow's apartment upstairs. My plane crashed when I was flying to Cambridge to register, and they wanted a 'scoop.' But if the story leaked out I'd be expelled from school, because we're not allowed to own planes. I couldn't have that happen for the world. You know, Dad's funny about college. He's determined I'm going to have all the things he missed. Why, he's even promised me anything I want if I graduate. He was mighty grateful to you for helping me escape; he even wrote it down," and the boy thrust a letter into Pop's hands. Murmuring something about "thanks" and "goodbye," he left.

Dazedly Pop Murray scanned the lines—"and I cannot express my gratitude to you. Enclosed please find check for one thousand dollars, a little amount for the great service you rendered my son. If you've ever hoped and prayed for the day when your boy would march in cap and gown, and you'd stand there, so proud you couldn't speak, you'll know how I feel."

And Pop, wiping away a betraying tear, whispered, "I know! I know!"

Mary Barrow, '33.

A Thought for Thanksgiving

A world that sings of beauty
  To the rhythm of the trees,
A world that breathes of beauty
  With the sighing of the breeze,
A world that speaks of beauty
  In the rustling of the leaves,
  This is the gift of God!

An ear to hear of beauty
  As the bird pours forth its lay,
An eye to see of beauty
  As the bud blooms forth each May,
A soul to dream of beauty
  As the years pass away,—
  This is God's gift to man!

A heart that seeks no beauty
  Beyond its own invention,
A mind that heeds no beauty
  Beyond its comprehension,
A will that deems no beauty
  Beyond its own intention,
  Can this be the thanks of man?

Or is it that God's poems
  Become for man plain prose,
As he forgets the sun will shine
  As the last great storm-cloud goes,
And he minds not that each pricking thorn
  Is blest with a fragrant rose?

ELINOR D. RICH, '31

Child-Life in Irish Fiction

To the reader, who is unfamiliar with the works of Padraic Pearse, there can be no better introduction than a study of three of his short stories. There is an intangible charm in them, while at the same time they are very true to life, for they are stories of children, and who can resist the naturalness and attractiveness of real children? Padraic Pearse unconsciously reveals those traits of character in himself, in which fact we find the reason why his friends loved him so well. His depth of thought garbed in simple childlike language is striking; his words are decidedly musical and have a peculiar fascinating ring, truly poetical, truly Irish.

In the story, "Barbara," the spirit of the true Irish cottage-life is evident. The love of the "faireens" and the pretty Irish tales, fashioned about those elusive little people, show what an important part imagination plays in the life of Ireland. In describing Barbara, a little wooden doll, he says that it was bald, and purblind; but its two cheeks were as red as a berry, and there was a smile on its mouth. Anybody who has a fondness for dolls would give affection and love to it. Pearse thus reveals his own childlike heart, as he does in his delineation of the character of Brideen, Barbara's mother, for he understands her heartaches when harm befalls "the much-beloved doll, Barbara." He laughs with her and sheds tears with her when "Barbara was buried that evening on the side of the hill in the place where she and Brideen spent those long days of summer among the fern and the flowers." In this little story, Pearse has depicted Irish life in one of its loveliest forms, showing the love of mother and child, the peace, the harmony, and God-fearingness of the Irish people.

"Iosogan" is a story of a different type but of the same native Irish simplicity. It is not difficult to imagine a little village in Ireland, a thatched-roofed cottage, surrounded by emerald-green fields and an old man like Matthias sitting outside the door, with eager, wide-eyed children clustering around him, perhaps listening to some story of the past, when "maneens" and "faireens" dwelt in Erin. In this story, Pearse has penetrated one of the most beautiful mysteries of the Catholic faith, the infinite mercy of God. For years, longer than any one in the village could remember, old Matthias had been away from God, yet God in His tender mercy sent a beautiful child, Iosogan, to bring a priest to Matthias in his last hour. Pearse describes Iosogan thus: "A little boy was standing on the door-flag, a boy the priest didn't mind ever to have seen before. He had a white coat on him, and he without shoes or cap. The priest thought that there were rays of light shining from his countenance, and about his

head." The elusive reality and charming mystery that surround Iosogan make him one of Pearse's inimitable characters. He seems to us all that is beautiful and spiritual in the noble Irish character, as his name "Iosogan" suggests. The remarkable faith and hope of the people are brought out also in their affection and respect for Father Sean, the typical village-priest, the confidant of his parishioners, a true teacher, and a kind father to the young and old of his flock.

As in "Barbara," the beautiful love of mother and child is the theme of "Eoineen of the Birds." The music of the title seems almost to tell the story. It is swallow-time in Ireland, and Eoineen, who seems a bit unearthly, more a spirit than a child, is endowed with a special gift, that of understanding the language of the birds. "The swallows came one after another, singly at first, in pairs then, and at last in little flocks. Isn't it they were glad when they saw the old place again! The little wood and the brook running through it; the white, sandy beach; the ash-trees that were close to the house; the house itself and the old nests exactly as they left them half a year before that. There was no change on anything but only on the little boy. He was quieter and gentler than he used to be. He was oftener sitting than running with himself about the fields, as was his habit before that. He wasn't heard laughing or singing as often as he used to be heard. If the swallows took notice of this much—and I wouldn't say they didn't—it's certain that they were sorry for him." They were his friends. Every year in April, he anxiously awaited their coming and was sad when they went away in the fall. Often Eoineen longed to be in the land of the birds, where it was always summer. This desire gnawed at his mother's heart as she saw her beautiful child, "her white dove," as she called him, slipping gently away with his winged companions. On autumn after their departure, Eoineen, too, joined the ranks of the birds and softly flew to the land of eternal summer.

"He let his head back on his mother's shoulder and he put a sigh out of him. There was heard the crying of a woman in a lonely place—the crying of a mother losing her child. Eoineen was departed along with the swallows!"

CATHERINE LEONARD, '33.

The Light of Grace

Two women, each with a child in her arms, stood before the altar in the temple. One seemed about thirty years old, tall and regal, and graced with a beauty typically Jewish. The loveliness of the younger one was beyond description, for the light of Heaven seemed to radiate from her countenance.

According to the precept of the Jewish law these women had to offer to God their first-born sons, and to be purified. When the ceremony was over, an aged priest approached the younger woman, took her child in his arms, and with his eyes raised heavenward, praised and thanked God saying, "Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." Then turning to the mother, he continued: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed."

The other woman stood listening, wrapped in thought and gazing at Mary. She seemed fascinated by the words, yet there was a perplexed frown between her brows. Could this woman be that saintly child who had saved her in such a miraculous way so many years ago? Yes, it must be, no other living person could possess that beautiful, radiant countenance.

And so she spoke to her: "Art thou not Mary, daughter of Anne and Joachim, whom I met in this very temple some years ago?"

Mary turned and instantly recognized the woman, "Ah, Rebecca, peace be with you!" and she laid her hand tenderly on Rebecca's arm.

How well did Rebecca know that sweet smile, that angelic mien! Had she not dreamed of it, spoken of it, and prayed to see it again? And now the whole scene of their first and only meeting passed through Rebecca's mind. She had been placed in the temple against her will. Well she remembered that day she had looked for so long, the last to be spent in the Temple. As she looked out from the roof of the virgins' quarters, she saw a little procession wend its way down the road: a man and woman both well past middle age, and between them, clinging to a hand of each, a little girl not more than three years old. When they arrived at the temple, the child turned to the couple, knelt, kissed their hands, and received their blessing; and then, without turning back, she ascended the fifteen steps to the entrance of the temple, never faltering, never stumbling. There at the door stood the high priest, Zachary, who with outstretched arms received the child into the House of God.

"I wonder who this can be?" Rebecca had mused, as the little girl passed within the portals and out of her sight.

Soon she heard her name called by one of the matrons, Martha, and she hastened down to her cell. There waited Martha and the lovely child she had seen entering a short time before.

"Rebecca," said Martha, "wilt thou make Mary familiar with thy cell? She will occupy it when thou leavest here to-morrow to become the spouse of Benjamin."

When Martha departed, Rebecca turned to Mary, "What, child, art thou to remain here? Thou art so young, how canst thou do without father and mother?"

"Ah, but God is so good! I have consecrated myself to Him," answered the child.

Truly strange and precocious words for a child of three to utter, thought Rebecca. "But what knowest thou of the great Jehovah?"

Mary replied simply, "I know that I have loved Him from the first moment of my existence."

"Why didst thou not wait until thou wouldst be older to come to the temple?"

"I came to give myself to Him," responded Mary, with infinite wisdom," to spend my whole life in His service here in the temple."

"Thy whole life—dost thou not know that it is a disgrace for a Jewish maiden not to marry?"

"But I am His; I have dedicated myself to Him, and shall never know any man."

Rebecca was startled—this child was exceptional—or was she possessed? But, no, that celestial look could belong only to one consecrated to God.

"I shall work and pray for His honor and glory," continued little Mary, "and, oh, Rebecca, do you think it would be selfish of me if I should pray to see the mother of the Messiah born while I live, so that I may praise and serve her as her handmaid, and adore her Divine Son?"

"No, no, pray, child, but I must go now," Rebecca interrupted in great agitation.

She hastened back to the room. Why had this child disturbed her so? What was her power? Two hours ago, thoughts of the happiness and prestige that would be hers when she became the wife of a Roman officer, filled Rebecca's mind. She saw herself meeting her Roman lover, Marcus, secretly that very night,—being married to him,—entering the powerful city of the Caesars, the wife of a noble Roman. She pictured in her mind's eye the lovely villa Marcus had described to her during one of their meetings before she had entered the temple. She saw its courts and gardens, and its Penates to whom she would offer incense. Rebecca had

rather enjoyed imagining the consternation of Zachary, Martha, her parents, and Benjamin, her espoused, when on the morrow, the day she was to marry him, they would find her missing.

But now all the pleasure of such thoughts had vanished. Why did her conscience smite her? Yet, on the other hand, why should she give up Marcus and all his position meant to her, to become the wife of a lowly Jew? True, if she married Benjamin, she would not have to burn incense before false gods, but, as Marcus' wife, she could do that and still believe in Jehovah. Then the words of the child, "Oh, but God is so good!" and "I know that I have loved Him from the first moment of my existence," came back to her and seemed to sear themselves into her mind.

Her troublesome thoughts were interrupted by the sound of little feet pattering up the stairs. Soon Mary came into view, and seeing Rebecca, cried out, "O Rebecca, I love my little cell already, and I shall feel that thou wilt still be there with me, a good friend, even after thou goest to marry Benjamin. Thou wilt marry him, wilt thou not, Rebecca?" questioned the child with unworldly intuition.

At that, a sweet peace and contentment seemed to steal over Rebecca, and she replied quietly, "Yes, Mary, I shall be with thee always in spirit, even though to-morrow I leave here to marry Benjamin."

And now beside her again stood Mary with her Son in her arms. The light of grace flooded Rebecca's soul. She had lived in spirit with Mary as she promised, and now she was receiving her reward by looking upon the face of her Divine Son.

"Oh, Mary, I heard the prophecy of Simeon and now I know that thy Son is the Messiah of Israel. Let me be thy handmaid, and my son, His servant."

HELEN MORGAN, '33.

Dawn

Out of the scabbard of the night
A flashing sword is drawn.
In the East is its bright reflection
And lo! we see the dawn.

Like a roving vagabond it creeps
With an air of mystery;
With awe we watch its measured tread
O'er the mist-covered earth and sea.

ANNE NOONE, '33.

Soup

I lay in bed outwardly peaceful but inwardly experiencing a state of terrific rebellion against that tasteless substance called "soup." On that fatal morning when the doctor had predicted for me, a helpless victim too weak to protest, a diet of liquids, I was born a rebel. The first day I didn't mind; nothing could have charmed my palate then. The second day I had enthusiastically exclaimed on the merits of a deliciously hot broth that trickled leisurely down my throat. The third day, my mouth had not exactly watered, but I had smiled rather like a martyr and supped it with a sort of "Onward, Christian Soldier" spirit. But today was the fifth vapory day, and also to American people, it was known as "Thanksgiving."

The doctor had promised a change of diet today, and ever since early morning I had lain in delicious expectation. The indescribable aroma of roasted turkey floated into the room, and I eagerly sniffed it in. Nothing ever was, or ever could be, exactly so tempting, so savory. My feelings began to soften toward the bitter fluid substance of my previous meals. That was all over. After all, it had not been the soup's fault. Perhaps it was getting just as tired of me as I of it. I might even take some again, some time, after a lapse of two or three years. Had not some one said that, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"? Of course, that was all that was needed. Soup and I would be friends again some time, but just now——

A soothing combination of vegetable odors crept in around me. How luscious! Indeed the heart of a cold vegetarian would quiver with pleasure could he sense it as I did. It must be time for my dinner. Surely, they had not forgotten me. I must be patient. I lay back and imagined that I saw all kinds of little vegetables playing games with a huge turkey, while a poor, frail little soup-waif sat outside the circle weeping. Poor soup! I had been too harsh on it. I was on the point of taking it by the hand and leading it into the circle with the others when I heard footsteps on the stairs, and I awoke from my day dream.

At last, it was coming! My mouth began to water vigorously, but, alas! the steps faded in the distance. Not yet! Did they not realize that a sick person should be served first? I could hear the busy knives and forks clattering down stairs, and the sounds of happy voices at the well patronized table rise to greet me in modulated tones. They seemed to think that sick people were never hungry. Perhaps I was a strange type of invalid, nevertheless I was intensely, savagely starved. Soon I

should scream or even die,—then perhaps they would be sorry that cruel neglect of vitamins had taken away their daughter. But I must be more patient, making a steady companion of that backboneless soup had weakened my will power!

My brain began to chant a new sort of Rudyard Kipling "If":

"If you can keep yourself from loudly screaming
When all about you with hot turkey's steaming;
If . . ."

A determined footstep reached my ears. Here it was at last, very slowly ascending! It must be a very heavy tray. I hadn't been forgotten after all. A fervent prayer of thanksgiving arose in my heart, and a patronizing apology to "soup" mingled itself with it. A Thanksgiving in truth! The first one that I had ever really appreciated!

The door opened and my mother entered, with the glint of a secret shining in her eye. I knew all about it, but I would pretend to be surprised, anyway, to please her. She smiled, put the covered tray down before me, and said:

"The doctor said that you might have something different today, dear. I've spent a long time preparing it for you, and I know that you'll love it."

I smiled happily and smacked my lips with feverish anticipation, meanwhile closing my eyes, in order to drink in the gorgeous delectability of my dinner all at once. I heard the cover being removed, and slowly I opened my eyes—shut them—reopened them. . . .

I must still be dreaming. . . . It could not possibly be true that . . . Mother's voice slowly penetrated my bewildered brain.

"Doesn't it look awfully good? A delicious cream of soup, no more thin, tasteless ones for you. From now on you are to have rich, creamy soups!" I found myself murmuring weakly a feeble "Thank you."

As the door shut behind her, I sighed hopelessly, disappointed beyond power of speech. What was the use of trying to avoid that fiendish soup? Instead of vanishing it had only gained thickness and strength! The cruel verdict had fallen on me unrelentlessly, mercilessly. . . . "From now on a rich, creamy soup." I was condemned to a life of soup.

My appetite entirely gone, I placed the tray, still untouched, on the table beside the bed. Wearily I picked up a magazine. Anything to calm my frenzied mind. I opened the magazine and slowly sank back into the pillow, staring with unutterable disgust at the bold, tantalizing letters before me, "Delicious and necessary at every meal, 'SOUP'!"

Mary Cunningham, '32.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

SABATINI

On Sunday, October twenty-fifth, Boston audiences welcomed for the first time that well-known writer of spirited tales, Rafael Sabatini. A student of history always, he chose for the subject of his lecture, "Fiction in History," by which he meant the many folk tales, legends, and unauthenticated facts which have brightened but have likewise corrupted the pages of history.

To many, history has ever been a source of romantic figures. To some, however, it has been more than this. It has afforded an excellent opportunity for the exploitation of sensation, scandal-mongery, and personal prejudice. Mr. Sabatini would speak against this.

The facts disclosed were indeed illuminating. For generations, I imagine, we have been telling and retelling the story of William Tell. He has been the hero of not a few children, but more than that, the national hero of Switzerland, as an imposing statue attests. How startling to learn, therefore, that he is a mere figment of the imagination and nothing else.

That colorful story of the "man in the iron mask," made famous by Alexander Dumas, Mr. Sabatini exploded in the same way, showing how through many years the tale grew from the bare fact of the appearance in a French prison of a man with a velvet mask. There is not a fact to support the theory that this man was the twin brother of Louis the fourteenth.

Prejudice likewise has clouded the truth concerning various historical figures, and as an example of this, the speaker chose Napoleon and the famous Borgia family.

At the conclusion of his lecture, Mr. Sabatini warned the student of history to rely on the logic of events as the touchstone of truth in history. In this way the pitfalls created by "fiction in history" may be avoided.

Teresa Delaney, '32.

PSYCHOLOGIST-EXTREMITIES

It seems in this enlightened day of age and reason that one cannot breathe two breaths in the allotted time of one, without causing a mem-

ber of those worthy and self-esteemed Paul Prys, more charitably called psychologists, to donate with incomprehensible benignancy to the insignificant and moronic world one of their startling and brain-pricker theories. That their theories possess logic or common sense seems to be no necessary qualification, but they must, with no exception, be flavored by that pungent essence of the "extreme." Although the extreme may become interesting under the exhilarating spark of individuality, it seems that these learned judges, with their Shylock impossibilities, are carrying their decrees to the unretraceable point of absurdity, and are insulting the intellects of the perfectly normal, by believing them to be mere puppets, pulled here and there amidst a turbulent battle of ferocious instincts that will admit no contradictive rebellion by that upstart "free will." In fact, it seems that we have no free will, and that it is ridiculous and "medieval" to consider ourselves the proud possessor of an intellect which generates consequent actions. We are merely sort of human-like "robots," electrified with intangible currents that react in a definite and indisputable manner to varied conditions which present themselves. Apparently it no longer matters what we do, but—why! It appears that in this fast becoming machine-made world, no one ever performs an action because it is the natural thing to do, but because some biologically-raised "gland" and some scientifically-trained "instinct" have clashed—thus we are not responsible. Is it for the eternal mysteriousness and calm indifference to their pleas of "open sesame" that these theoretical psychologists prefer to ignore that essential difference between the electrified machine and us—our "soul"?

With that still undefinable vitality of our life, why do we not rebel against being placed in the categories of such spineless, jelly-like species and reinforce our normal behavior by that undeniable "differentia"—our "free will"! For the "extreme" to annotate the "natural" is a contradiction of terms. Let the psychologists call themselves back within the realms of "naturalness" before they try to magnify us all unscrupulously into creatures "ex-machina."

MARY E. CUNNINGHAM, '32.

"SHADOWS ON THE ROCK"

"Shadows on the Rock" is a story of Old Quebec, beautifully written, and told from the point of view of a woman. The tone is well sustained throughout; the descriptions are very real and show Miss Cather's instinct for detail; the character sketches are true and very definitely wrought. The endurance of great hardships and Indian struggles are

realistically portrayed, but suggestively and with a sure and deft feminine touch. Miss Cather is more interested in giving us a glimpse into the hearth of M. Auclair, *pharmacien* to Count Frontenac, during his last years in Quebec. His charming little daughter, Cecile, has maintained the French love of culture and beauty in their home life and has tried to perpetuate in the New World the home spirit that would have been theirs in the Old World. The atmosphere of tranquillity that is so much theirs in every part of their lives pervades the whole novel and gives it its dominant tone.

Life, to be sure, is not entirely composed of such conservative idealists as Cecile and her father. To satisfy the demands of the realists who desire life portrayed as it is, Miss Cather has included other types of humanity than these cultured, well-living people. To the great satisfaction of many, however, she has not filled her novel with characters whose lives are dragged out in sin, misery, and squalor. She admits the shortcomings of her characters, but does not blatantly magnify them. She has perfectly staged a human drama, more representative of life than any of her "realistic" contemporaries has succeeded in doing. She should satisfy the call for true realism. But in attaining this, she has not lost any atmosphere of tranquillity or delicacy of coloring that is the greatest charm of "Shadows on the Rock."

MARY K. CLANCY, '32

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

At the risk of incurring criticism, we repeat that this is the period of the Great Depression, as we have had forcibly impressed upon our minds by newspapers, sermons, billboards, and radio advertising. But wonderful to see is the statement in a recent issue of one of our weeklies that, despite depression, despite the rumored lack of money, there are "more books of permanent Catholic interest" being purchased today than ever before.

There are three good reasons for this: first, more books of all kinds have been purchased lately than have been for many years. The number of young men and women leaving institutions of higher learning increases every year and if their education has done anything for them it should have taught them to spend part of their time in profitable reading. These young people, then, are the purchasers of many of the books being published. In the second place, people have become convinced that they can no longer afford lavish entertainment, the drama, or even the moving pictures. They have learned to enjoy staying at home with the family and the fireside, both of which are very conducive to reading. So then is the book purchased for reading aloud perhaps. Whether or not these people are saving much money is a disputable point, but they think they are. Thirdly, the recent renewed interest in Catholic art and Catholic literature in particular, which has brought before the public eye such writers as Paul Claudel, Hilaire Belloc, Padraic Colum, and Sheila Kaye-Smith, has revived the Catholic's interest in his own literature, written especially for him because he alone can fully appreciate the beauty of it. He has become eager to read and learn from the great minds of his world and once he has started to do so, has been willing to part with his slender funds to continue.

W. K. W.

REQUISITE

For several years we have been reading a great deal about the undesirability and unfitness of many students registered in the colleges throughout the country. In a recent article in the *School and Society* we noted an article by L. Ruth Middlebrook on just such a question, which we think might be of interest to our readers. Miss Middlebrook says:

In definitely labeling college material I should say that a boy or girl does not belong in college:

1. If he cannot make a list of at least a dozen things that are wrong with him.

2. If his general average is less than "C."

3. If he cannot write a simple passage of exposition without violating the elementary principles of composition.

4. If he has an impatience with books and must literally torture himself to read.

5. If he has any inclination toward doing the minimum amount of work, toward "putting something over" the teachers.

6. If he deems himself superior to routine.

7. If he cannot take criticism.

8. If his code of conduct does not include as much respect for others as for himself.

9. If he is dishonest—mentally or actually.

10. If he blames others too readily for his failings.

11. If he cannot be alone for twenty-four hours and be wholly interesting to himself.

12. If he is not sufficiently curious to read at least a dozen good books in literature, science, and economics published during the year.

13. If he looks upon education as a business proposition or as the ante-chamber to social success.

14. If his intellectual needs do not grow from year to year.

15. If he cannot compete with the rest of the student body, but is eternally requiring special consideration.

16. If he cannot discipline himself to work full quota, even though he may know that the teacher will not check up on him.

17. If he cannot take part in a serious discussion without being bored, self-conscious, or affected.

18. If he cannot stand to be wrong.

19. If he does not "love all beauty, whether of nature or of art."

She states, further, that this is but one angle of approach and that to pretend that these qualities are infallible would be absurd, for, of course, there is no sole measuring rod. In reading these requirements over do you find that you are "below par" in even one? Miss Middlebrook says you should not be. What do you say? We should like to hear your opinion on the matter.

AID YOUR HOME LIBRARY

How often have you asked at your town library for the work of some Catholic author only to be told that it was not included in the vast collection before you? Have you turned away disappointed, wondering why your not too unusual request should meet with such response?

Every library, we are sure, contains a few of the books of the more familiar authors: most of Chesterton's works, Belloc's essays and biographies, the novels of Sheila Kaye-Smith, and some of Newman's writings. But what of the countless others that are so well known in the literary world? Your town library ought to contain many of these books because they are good literature. Again, your town library should encompass a relative number of Catholic books and books by Catholic authors, because a large proportion of the townspeople are Catholics and desire Catholic reading.

Many of these books are not in your library because no one seems to want them. The simple request at the librarian's desk for such a book will bring that book to the attention of your librarian. If four or five more persons apply for the same book, you may be sure that it will be purchased shortly. Thus, you will not only have obtained the book for your own use, but you will have helped to enrich the library. Do not be timid about applying for any book you may wish to read. It is my experience that a librarian is only too glad to buy for the townspeople the books they desire. Or, if you possess the means, temporarily at least, why not give a book to your library and let it remain a silent tribute to your philanthropic spirit?

So make application now for the books you would like to see in your town library. Your action will be appreciated.

The following questions have been presented to us rather frequently of late, and we feel the urge to ask each student to answer for herself:

1. If you do not support your activities, is it fair to expect others to carry on?

2. What has caused the disappearance from our gallery of interested spectators of our basket-ball games? Have they gradually become social satellites, who generously support all our college dances, but never attend other college activities, because such things are too simple, too unsophisticated?

3. Does every Emmanuel student realize the meaning of:

"We pledge our loyalty, our love and fealty,
We give it all to thee, our Emmanuel"?

W. K. W.

Catholic Action and the Sodality

We are "daughters of Eve," yes, but another of our titles is "Children of Mary." Shall we seek under the first an excuse for the perversity of human nature that makes us dilatory in assuming our share in the work of Catholic Action, or shall we strive under the second to take our place in the world as women leaders, imbued with Catholic principles, devoted to Catholic ideals, exemplars of the Catholic Faith?

Today our sphere of influence is limited. We are submitting to, rather than exercising, influence here. Our teachers are developing, not challenging, our Catholic viewpoint; our companions are in agreement with, not in opposition to, our standards of right and wrong. But soon we are to be challenged and opposed and now we can prepare for it. This preparatory work can serve as our apprenticeship to a wider interest and influence in the cause of Catholic Action in the years to come.

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations," said Christ to His Apostles centuries ago. Considering this injunction of our Lord as the inaugural address of the movement known as Catholic Action, we find therein the keynote of its mission. It is a teaching mission and a universal mission. Rightly, then, has the goal of Catholic Action in our time been defined as "the promotion both privately and publicly of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ." Justifiable, too, is the Church's expectation that leaders in the movement are to spring from the students in Catholic colleges. We, like Newman in justifying the establishment of a Catholic University in Dublin, can appeal to the expressed desire of Peter. Throughout his pontificate, our reigning Holy Father has displayed particular interest in the cause of Catholic Action.

With the aim of cooperation in a movement manifestly dear to our Holy Father; with the motive of making its work more vital; with the ideal of furthering the education of its members; our college Sodality has organized a group to contribute through a new project to the work of Catholic Action at Emmanuel. Five committees have been elected, each with a representative from the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior classes presided over by a Senior chairman. The names of the five committees in themselves give indication of the particular phase of the project they aim to develop. By the Eucharistic Committee we are to be aroused to closer union with Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. By the Marian Committee we are to be stimulated to greater devotion to our Lady, her rosary, and her feasts. By the Catholic Interests Committee we are to be kept informed of current topics of vital interest to us in the field of history, science, and art. The Papal Committee will gather and

discuss for our benefit all news related to our Holy Father. The Catholic Literature Committee will strive to further the cultivation of good taste in reading, will review books recommended as worthy of our interest, and will warn us against such works as competent judges have declared contradictory to Catholic doctrines or standards.

It seems particularly appropriate, too, that the members of these new committees should make their debut as public speakers at the first Assembly of National Education Week. In appreciation of their efforts to add to our store of information and to further our education in things Catholic, the student body is rightly expected to manifest interest in these talks. Have Sodality Conferences meant merely "another requirement" in the past? This new mode of activity offers us a means for exercising our firm purpose of amendment. Let us rouse ourselves from a "dangerous passivity" with regard to Sodality affairs to evince a virile Catholic activity.

The members of the above-mentioned committees are:

Eucharistic Committee:
- Catherine Boucher, '32, Chairman
- Mary Curran, '33
- Elizabeth Beahan, '34
- Agatha Maguire, '35

Marian Committee:
- Agnes Knox, '32, Chairman
- Mary Koen, '33
- Mary McInerney, '34
- Marita Dwyer, '35

Catholic Interests Committee:
- Catherine Minahan, '32, Chairman
- Mary Flatley, '33
- Helen Glynn, '34
- Constance Dolan, '35

Papal Committee:
- Margaret McGehearty, '32, Chairman
- Elizabeth Healey, '33
- Agnes Crane, '34
- Ann O'Neill, '35

Catholic Literature Committee:
- Dorothy Parkhurst, '32, Chairman
- Catherine Leonard, '33
- Mary Kenney, '34
- Winifred Burdick, '35

The Senior members of these committees were the first to address the student body. On Monday, November 9, Catherine Boucher proposed a plan of perpetual adoration; perpetual, meaning that every day, though not all day, fifteen minutes will be spent by some student in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Volunteers from each of the classes were solicited, and enthusiasm grew as the students responded in increased numbers. Then Agnes Knox appealed for pledges for a rosary chain by each of the classes. The Senior chain was completed immediately, and the other classes readily promised to follow their example. For the efficacy of any movement, a knowledge of its meaning and end is indispensable. Aptly chosen, then, was the brief explanation of the meaning and aim of Catholic Action as defined in his encyclical by Pope Pius XI, given by Margaret McGehearty. Catherine Minahan selected her topic equally well: National Education Week, as observed by the students in parochial schools and Catholic colleges. The importance of the development of a correct standard of literary judgment and our need of experienced guidance in its formation was stressed by Dorothy Parkhurst. The attention and evident interest of all the students must have gratified the speakers. and encouraged other members who will speak in the future.

Mary F. Kelley, '32.

E. C. ECHOES

REGISTRATION DAY

On Registration Day, September fourteenth, Emmanuel welcomed its thirteenth and largest Freshman class, ninety-two enthusiastic and earnest students. Upper classmen and graduate students were happy to return not only to welcome the Freshmen, but also to see for themselves the renovations that they had heard about during the summer. There was one note of regret: that Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart, President of Emmanuel for the past three years, had left to become the Superior of the new Academy at Granby Street. We are happy to voice through the *Ethos* our gratitude to Sister Superior for all that she has done for Emmanuel, and to express our prayerful wishes for her success in her new field of labor.

In greeting our new President, Sister Superior Julie, we have welcomed back to Emmanuel one who had been a member of our faculty and who had left us but two years ago to go to Trinity College, Washington, D. C. It is a pleasure for both Alumnae and undergraduates to greet Sister Superior.

GET-ACQUAINTED PARTY

On September twenty-first, the first social event of the Emmanuel calendar took place, the Get-Acquainted Party. Every member of the student body betook herself to the college gymnasium, wearing a tag on which was written her name and address. An interesting program had been arranged by the officers of the three upper classes. Lillian Collins sang "Sweet Mystery of Life" for us, and Martha Hurley, a new sophomore, sang "Toujours L'Amour." The Freshman contribution to the program was Helen Kelleher's amusing recitations, "Old Mister Laughter" and "Baby's Logic." A little circus skit was put on by Catherine Boucher, Madeline Navien and Winifred Ward, which we all enjoyed despite our anxiety for their stage properties. After the new members of the student body had been presented to the faculty, refreshments were served, and dancing completed the program.

EL CLUB ESPAGNOL

El Club Espagnol resumed its activities for the year 1931-32 with its usual enthusiasm. Its October meeting, the first of the year, was not so well attended as it might have been, even though a good number of members were present. We are sure that those who were absent will have discovered that it is to their advantage to attend the meetings. The club spent a pleasant, sociable hour. After the business of the meeting was dispensed with, a musical program of new selections was presented, and a new game was introduced, which was based on the many well-known proverbs expressed in Spanish. It proved very interesting and enjoyable: interesting, because it afforded the opportunity of enlarging our vocabularies, and of becoming familiar with these proverbs in Spanish; enjoyable, because of the competition involved in finding the correct combinations of the proverbs.

HISTORICAL LECTURE

On the seventh of October the Historical Society enjoyed an unusual treat in accompanying Father James J. Cronin on his tour through Palestine and the Holy Land. This was the second of Father's trilogy of lectures on his Mediterranean Cruise. While we were startled into admiration by the unusually vivid slides of places made famous in the Near East during the World War, which were presented at the first lecture some months ago, our hearts were enkindled with love and piety by the presentation of sites made familiar through the Gospel narrative of our Lord's life. Pictures of Bethlehem, the scene of our Lord's birthplace, of Tarsus, the birthplace of Saint Paul, of the street that is called Straight, and of the house from which Saint Paul was let down in a basket, were all very entertaining. Special interest was aroused by pictures of the scenes of the Annunciation, of the Nativity, and of later events in our Lord's life. The members of the Historical Society are eagerly awaiting the sequel of this lecture.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC

The Freshmen were entertained in true Sophomore style on October tenth, at the Fieldston. Dorothy Egan, chairman of the committee, assisted by Dorothy Hughes, Helen Maloney, Eleanor Stankard, Margaret O'Neil and Mary Kenney planned a very jolly and entertaining day. The Freshmen were voted true sportsmen and at the end of the day buried the traditional hatchet with sister docility before an assemblage of Juniors and Seniors.

RETREAT

During the week of October twelfth, the student body participated in a retreat under the direction of the Reverend Stephen Koen, S.J., member of the faculty of the Boston College Law School. The daily program consisted of the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, three conferences, and Benediction. Father Koen held our interest during all the conferences, and appealed to us because he relied on reason, not emotion, to win his points for him. The chapel exercises were beautified by such solos as "Just for Today," by Margaret O'Connell, '32; "Agnus Dei," by Louise Hollander, '33; and "Only a Veil," by Martha Hurley, '34. We left retreat feeling that if "well begun is half-done," then the greater part of our year's work, at least, had been a success.

THE BABY PARTY

On Monday, September twenty-eighth, the Baby Party was attended joyously by all members of the student body. The Juniors, attired in traditional nurse-maid costume, maternally supervised the childhood games of their little sisters. Prizes were then given to Ruth Keenan as the cutest baby; to Winifred Burdick as the prettiest baby; to Kathryn Coyle as the healthiest baby, and to Mary Groden as the funniest baby. The Juniors, under the direction of Marguerite Downey, are to be congratulated on their very entertaining and successful party.

CAP AND GOWN SUNDAY

The formal opening of the college took place on Sunday, October fourth, when the Seniors were vested in their academic costumes. After the celebration of the Mass in the college chapel, at which the Reverend John J. Lynch, Professor of Political Science, officiated and delivered a short, eloquent address to the Seniors, the entire student body adjourned to the new dining-room for breakfast and songs. Never did the gymnasium look so attractive, nor the under-classmen so happy, nor the Seniors more charming. The Senior President, Miss Margaret O'Connell, read many telegrams of congratulation, among them one from Helen Donahue ex-'32, whose absence this year is very much regretted. The Sophomores, under the leadership of their president, Catherine Lane, outdid themselves in preparation for the event, and received well-merited praise for their success.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Classical Society on Wednesday, September thirtieth, Miss Margaret O'Connell, president of the Senior Class, lectured on her recent trip to Rome. She mentioned the Roman Forum, the Coliseum, a Trappist Monastery, Saint Peter's, the Vatican, and her audience with Pope Pius XI. The members of the Classical Society and their friends derived both entertainment and information from this interesting lecture.

SENIOR HOUR

On October nineteenth, the student body attended a very original Senior Hour. The committee for the day included Eleanor Stafford, chairman, Marie Kelly, Mary Rooney, Margaret Riley, and Emilia Oksas. They arranged a diary of interesting and humorous events of the past three years, which was read by Eleanor Stafford, with various pantomimes portrayed by members of the Senior Class. The audience was afforded many a laugh and a very interesting hour of entertainment.

MR. T. A. DALY LECTURES

On October twenty-first, a large and appreciative audience attended a lecture given by Mr. T. A. Daly. This well-known poet and humorist chose for his subject "The Laughing Muse," and entertained the students and faculty with impersonations and anecdotes. He dramatized some of his best-known poems, among them "Pasquale

Passes," "For Goodness Sakes," and "Cure for the Blue Devil," all written in Italian dialect. In a few sentences he disclosed his rule of success. "Be yourself. Remember that what interests you will interest others. Above all, be natural."

PUBLICITY BRIDGE

On Monday, October twenty-sixth, the Publicity Committee held its annual bridge, conducted by Mary Barry, chairman, assisted by Marie Kelly, '32; Teresa Delaney, '32; Mary Barrows, '33; Helen Morgan, '33; Mary McInerney, '34, and Margaret Callahan, '34. Among the lovely prizes was a much-coveted Emmanuel pillow, which was awarded to Miss Kathleen Sullivan, '32. Financially the Bridge was an unprecedented success. The members of the committee wish to express thanks for the splendid co-operation they received.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society held its second meeting on Monday, November second. The program included two very entertaining and instructive book reviews of Catholic Book Club selections and three brief appreciations of contemporary poets. "Silver Trumpets Calling," by Lucille Borden, was reviewed by Kathleen Sullivan, '32. It is an illuminating portrayal of the effects of the present Russian regime on family life. Eleanor Stafford, '32, reviewed "Jesse and Maria," by Enrica Von Handel Mazzetti. This book forcefully presents one instance of the religious and civil conflict arising from the German revolt. These reviews were supplemented by brief appreciations of Edna St. Vincent Millay, by Helen Morgan, '33; Carl Sandburg, by Catherine Leonard, '33; and Vachel Lindsay, by Mary Flatley, '33.

LE CERCLE LOUIS VEUILLOT

Although we set a high value on all things American, we certainly are not averse to those things which are labeled "imported," for it is an undisputed fact that all feminine eyes turn towards the modistes of Paris for the final ultimatum on style. But the spotlight was turned upon the city itself on Wednesday, November fourth, when Margaret O'Connell gave the members of the Cercle an excellent as well as a most interesting talk on her personal impressions of Paris, gained through her residence in that most fascinating city during the past summer. Her lecture was enlivened by many personal experiences, which were greatly appreciated by the audience.

Now imbued with the true French atmosphere, we can more readily understand and better appreciate the topics which will be considered by the Cercle in its future seances.

EDUCATION WEEK OBSERVANCE

A special program for the observance of Education Week was held on Monday, November ninth. A slogan contest had been opened several weeks before to the members of Senior Classes of Girls' Catholic High Schools in the vicinity of Boston on the subject: "Catholic Girls should attend Catholic colleges." Three prizes of fifteen, ten, and five dollars were offered for the three best slogans submitted.

There was an enthusiastic response to the contest as well as to the invitation to all Senior classes of which members competed, to be present at the program sponsored by the college on Monday afternoon. The program consisted of a lecture on Catholic Education by the Reverend Francis X. Dolan, D.D., pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Dorchester; selections by the college orchestra, directed by Agnes Knox, 32; a vocal solo by Margaret O'Connell, '32; a harp solo by Agnes McHugh, '34; the awarding of the prizes by the Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.D., Supervisor of Schools of the Archdiocese of Boston, and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the assembly.

The judges of the contest were the Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, Dr. William F. Linehan, Dean of Boston Teachers' College, and a member of the Emmanuel College Faculty.

The prizes awarded were as follows:

First Prize: Grace Foye, Immaculate Conception High School, Lowell.

Second Prize: Mary Barnwell, Boston Academy of Notre Dame, Boston.

Third Prize: Teresa McGrath, St. Mary's High School, Lynn.

Honorable mention:

1. Catherine Cassidy, St. Xavier's Academy, Providence, R. I.

2. Kathleen Trainor, St. Mary's High School, Lynn.

3. Margaret Handrahan, Boston Academy of Notre Dame, Boston.

FRESHMAN TEA DANCE

On Saturday, November fourteenth, the Freshman Class entertained the college at a tea dance at the Hotel Somerset. The party was charmingly arranged; music was furnished by Roy Lamson, and a very delightful afternoon was enjoyed by everyone. Mary Vaas was chairman of the dance, assisted by Anastasia Kirby, Rose Mullin, Eleanor Barry, Naomi Dayton, Eleanor O'Brien, and Ruth McLaughlin.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION

This year the students offered their good wishes to the Sisters of the Faculty at the Assembly Hour on Friday, November twentieth. It is one of the few occasions during the year when we have the opportunity of expressing our good wishes to our Faculty, consequently it is a feast that has grown to mean a great deal to us.

The following program was arranged: A piano solo by Winifred Burdick, '35; the reading of an original story, "The Light of Grace," by Helen Morgan, '33; a vocal solo by Louise Hollander, '33; the reading of an original poem by Ruth Grush, '33; a harp solo by Dorothy Hatch, '33; a vocal solo by Lillian Collins, '32; the singing of an original hymn written by Margaret P. Riley, '32, by the Assembly; an address to the faculty by Mary F. Kelley, '32, president of the Sodality; and the recitation of an Act of Consecration by the members of the Sodality.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

A delightful concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestral Ensemble, under the direction of Paul Shirley, was given on November fifteenth to friends and students of the assisting artist, Mr. Camille Girouard, baritone, gave added charm to the program. An appreciative audience listened attentively to the inspiring renditions of the classic compositions of the great composers and were impressed by the beauty of these lasting monuments of real music as portrayed by the orchestra and its master director, Mr. Paul Shirley.

JUNIOR PLAYS

On November eighteenth, the Junior members of the Dramatic Society entertained the student body with two very charming playlets. The cast of "Happy Days" included Mary Flatley, Ada Erlandson, Helen Cox, Geraldine Soles, Helen Morgan, Celia Gilgun and Loretta Robinson. Mary Farnham, Mary Keenan, Elizabeth McCarthy, Mary Barrow and Louise Theriault took part in "Acacia Cottage."

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

It will be of interest to the readers of the *Ethos* to know that the scholarship, the attainment of which is the aim of the Dramatic Society of the college, has been half-completed during the past year. This remarkable achievement in such a short space of time should make every student in the college very anxious to help in any way possible for the success of future productions of the society, thereby completing the Scholarship.

Verdi's triumphant march from "Aida"; the movement from the Symphony Pathetique by Tschaikowsky, "Allegro con Gracio"; and the exquisite imaginative suite to "Peer Gynt," a selection in which Mr. Shirley interpreted uniquely the melodies and vigorous rhythms of the great composer, Edvard Grieg. The song groups of Emmanuel. Mr. Shirley's choice for the orchestra was distinctive and brilliant:

ALUMNAE NOTES

The Emmanuel College Alumnae Association formally opened their activities for the year on October 17, with a Bridge Party in the Westminster Hotel. Miss Agnes Goode, '23, the chairman of the Bridge, donated a gown from the exclusive shop of Brady & Goode, 230 Boylston Street. The dress was modeled by Miss Esther McCafferty, '28, and was won by Miss Josephine Alberghini, '30. The affair was a great success, with a large attendance from the student body, the Alumnae Association, and their friends.

The Alumnae Association held their first business meeting of the year on Sunday afternoon, October 25, in the College auditorium. The business meeting was followed by a reception to Sister Superior Julie, the recently inaugurated President of the college. Sister Superior is well known to all the members of the Alumnae Association, having been a member of the Emmanuel College faculty. Following the reception tea was served, with Miss Elizabeth Logan, the president of the pioneer class, presiding. Violin selections were furnished by Lorraine Cassier and vocal selections by Grace Sullivan, both of the class of '31.

CONGRATULATIONS

Emmanuel Alumnae and students offer congratulations to the five successful candidates who entered Boston Teachers' College in September, to follow the course for Master of Education degree. Over sixty graduates of different colleges throughout the country competed in examination for entrance. Of the fifteen who have been admitted five are graduates of Emmanel: Clare Martell, Louise Fielding, Mary Thompson, and Mary Grandfield of the class of 1931, and Mary Martin of the class of 1930. Among the remaining ten successful applicants were graduates of Harvard, Wellesley, Boston University, Boston College and Trinity College.

CLASS OF 1924

Sister Emmanuel (Aloyse Doherty) is teaching at the Academy of Notre Dame, Granby Street.

Madame Eleanor Fitzgerald of the Cenacle is in France preparing for her final vows.

Beatrice Macauley is doing social work at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Mary Stavrinos is teaching Spanish in the Jamaica Plain High School.

CLASS OF 1927

Esther Turnbull is teaching in the New Hampshire State Normal School.

Mary McEneany has been appointed in the Lawrence High School.

CLASS OF 1928

Marguerite Coffey has been appointed in a Lawrence Junior High School.

Eleanor Kiley has been appointed in the Watertown High School.

CLASS OF 1929

Esther Barrett is teaching in Somerville.

Agnes Collins and Margaret Doherty are technicians in the neuro-pathological department of the Boston City Hospital.

Clarice Dion has received her Master's Degree from Brown University.

Kathryn Donovan is teaching in Somerville.

Madeline Egan is secretary to her father, Dr. John J. Egan, and to her brother, Dr. J. J. Egan, Jr.

Jean Flynn is teaching at St. Joseph's School, Boston.

Catherine Foley is a statistician in the State House.

Maura Gallagher is teaching in the Roxbury Memorial High School.

Phyllis Joy is teaching French at Emmanuel College.

Elizabeth Kelly is teaching Ancient History in a Junior High School in Pawtucket, R. I.

Mary Kilcoyne is studying for her Doctor of Philosophy degree.

Anne McCarthy has received her degree of Master of Arts, and is now study-

ing for her degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Boston College.

Mary McDonnell is a social service worker for the Catholic Charitable Bureau.

Susan Murdock is teaching Public Health in the Everett schools.

Phyllis O'Connell has received her degree of Bachelor of Science from Simmons College and is teaching in the Jamaica Plain High School.

Kathleen Rogers is studying at Columbia University.

Mary Sheehan is private secretary to Dr. P. F. Kelleher of Cambridge.

Mary Sullivan is doing social service work in Milton.

Alice Willard has received her Master of Education degree at Teachers' College.

CLASS OF 1930

Josephine Alberghini is teaching in the Peabody High School.

Genevieve Bagley is teaching in the Southboro High School and is taking graduate courses at Emmanuel.

Mary Delaney is teaching in the Blessed Sacrament School, Cambridge.

Miriam Donahue, M.A., '31, has entered Bethany Convent for her novitiate in the Order of St. Joseph.

Doris Donavan is substituting in the Boston schools.

Mary Gilman has been appointed in the Boston Public Library.

Margaret Lee is studying for her Master's degree at Emmanuel.

Mary Martin is studying for her Master's degree at Teachers' College.

Eileen Meaney is studying for her Master's degree at Emmanuel.

Kathleen McCarthy is a technician at the Boston City Hospital.

Anne McNamara is teaching in Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton.

Madeline O'Brien is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Theresa O'Flahaven is working at the Verhaeff Laboratory of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Mary Perrin has been appointed in a Lynn Junior High School.

Louise Scannell is teaching in St. Clement's School, Somerville.

CLASS OF 1931

Margaret Ahern is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Mary Bradley is a technician at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Susan Brennan is assisting the Biology department at Emmanuel.

Elvena Cahoon is a statistician in the Public Health Department of the State House.

Sally Carroll is appointed in the Boston Public Library.

Katherine Casey is a social reporter for a Lowell paper.

Dorothy Callahan is teaching in Milford.

Elizabeth Connolley is teaching in New Brunswick, N. J.

Alice Conroy is doing photographic work.

Margaret Culver is working in the Somerville office of the First National Stores.

Elizabeth Cunningham is teaching in Woburn.

Catherine Curley is working for her Master's degree at Emmanuel.

Grayce Carney is a technician at a Harvard University Laboratory.

Lorraine Cassier is teaching in Chelsea.

Anne Dargin is teaching in Cambridge and studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Louise Devlin is taking the library course at Simmons College.

Miriam Dolan is a technician at the City Hospital.

Katherine Flynn is studying at Clark University.

Dorothy Forrest is teaching in Somerville.

Alice Gallagher is teaching in Watertown.

Ann Grady is a statistician for the Salada Tea Company.

Mary Heffernan is substituting in the Salem schools and studying at Boston College.

Mary Killion is studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Katherine Malley is studying Journalism at Boston University.

Agnes Martikke is teaching in St. Joseph's School, Boston.

Helen Martineau is taking the Social Service course at Simmons College.

Mary Mullane is teaching in the Blessed Sacrament School, Cambridge.

Mary Mullaney is a technician at the Boston City Hospital.

Gertrude Murdock is teaching in a Junior High School in Everett.

Collette Murphy is a technician at the Boston City Hospital.

Helen Murphy is teaching in St. Gregory's School, Dorchester.

Margaret Murray is teaching in a Junior High School in Woburn.

Alice McDonald is a technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Carolyn Noonan is teaching in Cambridge.

Gertrude Quinlan is taking a Kindergarten course.

Elinor Rich is a technician at the Quincy City Hospital.

Dorothea Ryan is teaching in St. Mary's School, Cambridge.

Sally Sheedy is doing substitute work in a Dedham Junior High School.

Helen Sheeran is the Librarian at the Woburn High School.

Mary Spencer is taking courses at Emmanuel and Boston College.

Mary Sullivan is doing substitute work in Cambridge.

Katherine Tobin is studying for her Master's degree at Emmanuel.

Louise Fielding, Mary Grandfield, Clare Martel, and Mary Thompson are studying at Teachers' College for their Master of Education degrees.

The Alumnae Association is sponsoring a dance at the Copley-Plaza, Thanksgiving evening. Mary Barry, '27, is the chairman.

ENGAGEMENTS

Marion McDonald, '25, to Daniel Sheehan.

Rose O'Neil, '26, to George Sweeney.

Esther McCafferty, '28, to James F. Collins.

MARRIAGES

Elizabeth Logue, '23, to Frank Driscoll on August 22.

Anna Fulham, '24, former president of the Alumnae Association, to Joseph Healy on October 12.

Gertrude McAloon, '24, to William Duffy.

Alice Merrick, '25, to Dr. Albin R. Seidel on October 24.

Margaret McCaffrey, '25, to James Campbell.

Rosella Kenney, '26, to Edmond Donlan.

Irene McGrath, '26, to Richard Rockett.

Margaret Dyson, '27, to Vincent Roberts, Jr.

Ethelreda McKenna, '27, to Joseph Breen.

Adelaide Mahoney, '28, to Dr. Daniel J. McSweeney.

Florence Duris, '29, to James A. Cully.

Catherine Sullivan, '29, to Henry E. Foley.

Catherine V. Murphy, '30, to Charles MacNeil.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cronin (Eileen Keating, '25), of Lexington, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flynn (Carolyn Moylan, '25) of Kew Gardens, N. Y., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Delay (Mary McGinnis, '26) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Janet.

Mr. and Mrs. James Aimone (Marguerite McDermott, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelso Mairs (Katherine Delaney, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Philbin (Mary Rogers, '29) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Smith (Mary Powers, ex-'31) on the birth of a son, Henry John, Jr.

In Christo Quiescentes

Mrs. Hannah E. McGinnis, mother of Mrs. Frederick Delay (Mary McGinnis, '26).

Dr. John Dunphy, husband of Helen Hurley Dunphy, M.A., '27.

Mrs. Catherine O'Donnell, mother of Kathleen O'Donnell, '28.

Mrs. William Crowley, mother of Margaret Crowley, '30.

Mrs. Thomas Grandfield, mother of Mary Grandfield, '31.

Mr. Richard Dooley, father of Grace Dooley, '31.

Mr. John H. Cronin, grandfather of Elinor and Lillian Cronin, '33.

Mr. George Bain, father of Dorothy Bain, '33.

Mr. William McIntyre, father of Elinor McIntyre, '33.

Mr. Edward Quinn, uncle of Helen Gately, '33.

Mrs. Honora Stankard, grandmother of Dorothy Hatch and Eleanor Stankard, '33.

Miss Anna Hurley, aunt of Anna O'Dowd, '33.

Mr. Albert E. Leland, father of Mary Leland, '30.

Mr. Djiaugis Vileikis, father of Placida Vileikis, '30.

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